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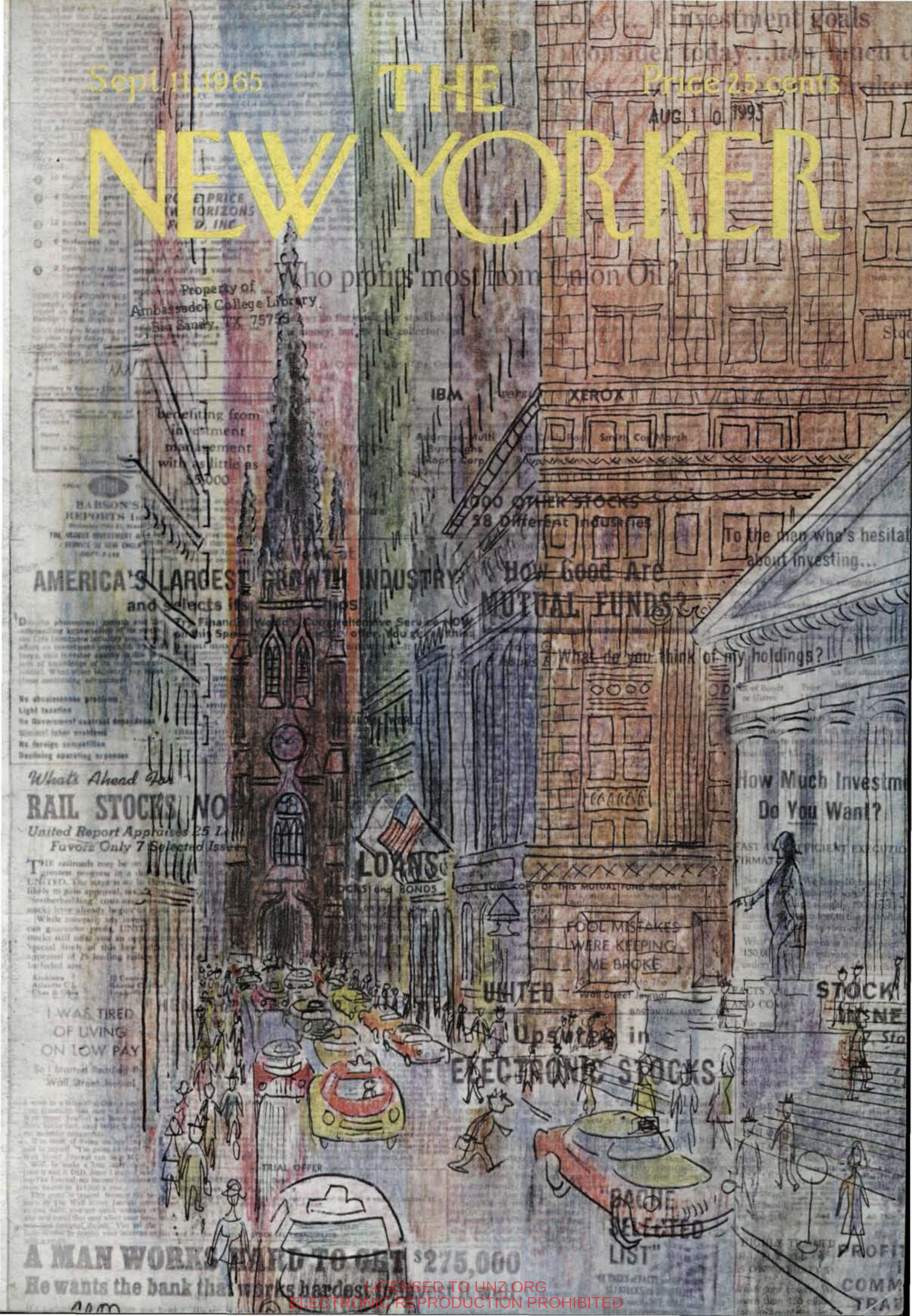
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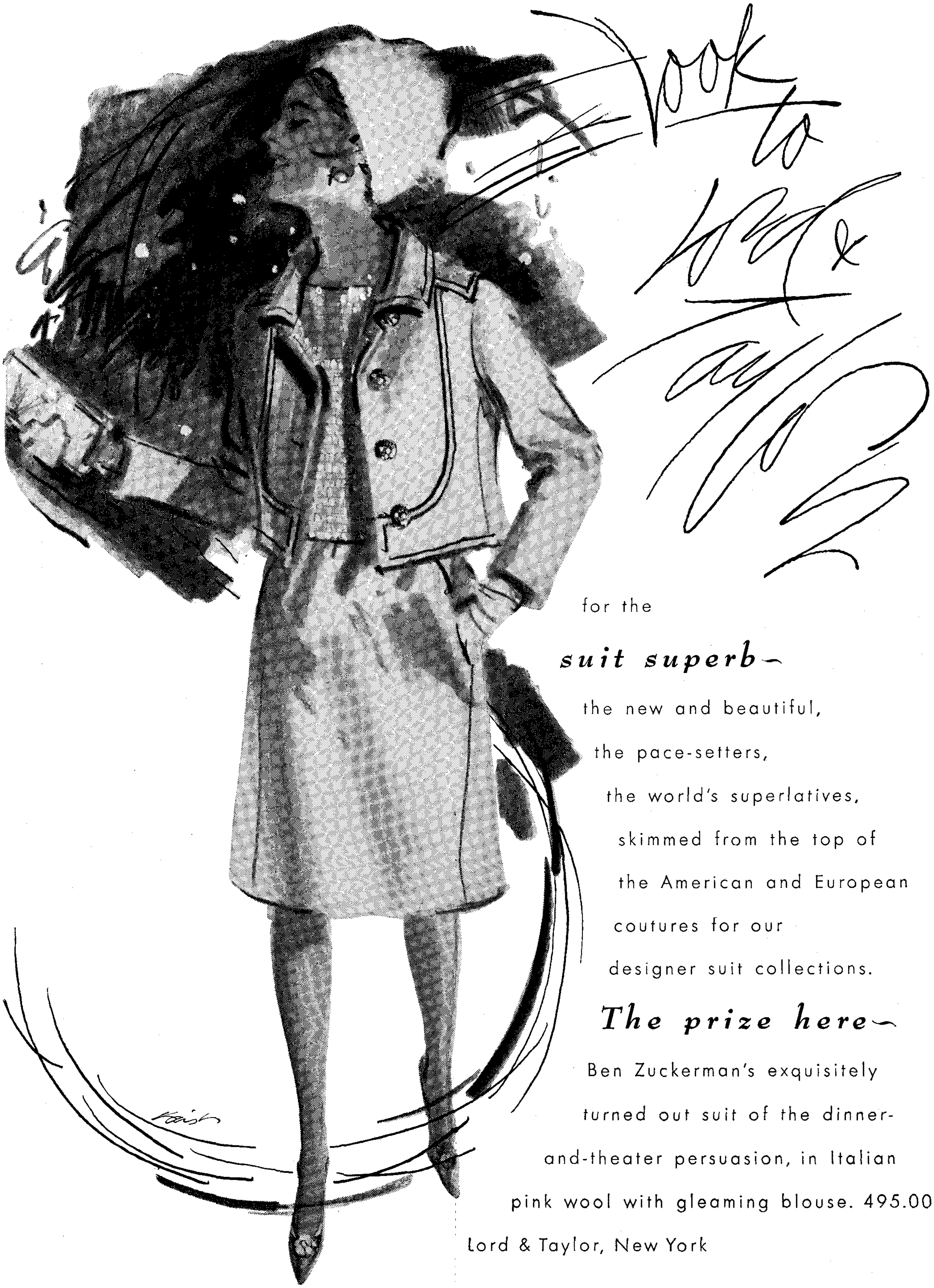

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—Farley Granger, Hal Holbrook, Carol Rossen, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 12.)

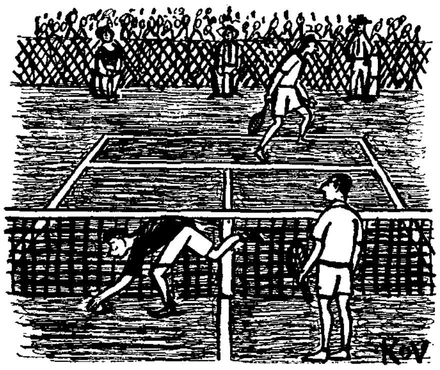
Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Gabriel Dell, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson as three very confused neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the owl and the pussycat:** A two-character comedy about a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye and Inga Swenson a lady in love with him. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Oliver!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Luther Adler in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Dawn. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **carousel,** with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, and Edward Everett Horton, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 18.)

Amato Opera Company—"Aïda." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 9-10, at 8:40: "Ruddigore."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 3 and 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 14-15, at 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16-17, at 8:40: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 3 and 8:40: "Ruddigore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Baal—An adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. With Kenneth Nelson, Micki Grant, and Lee Beery. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Sept. 12.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Days—Madeleine Renaud in a two-week engagement of the Beckett play, in French. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 14, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 26. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a daffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tidy housing project. The play is lively at

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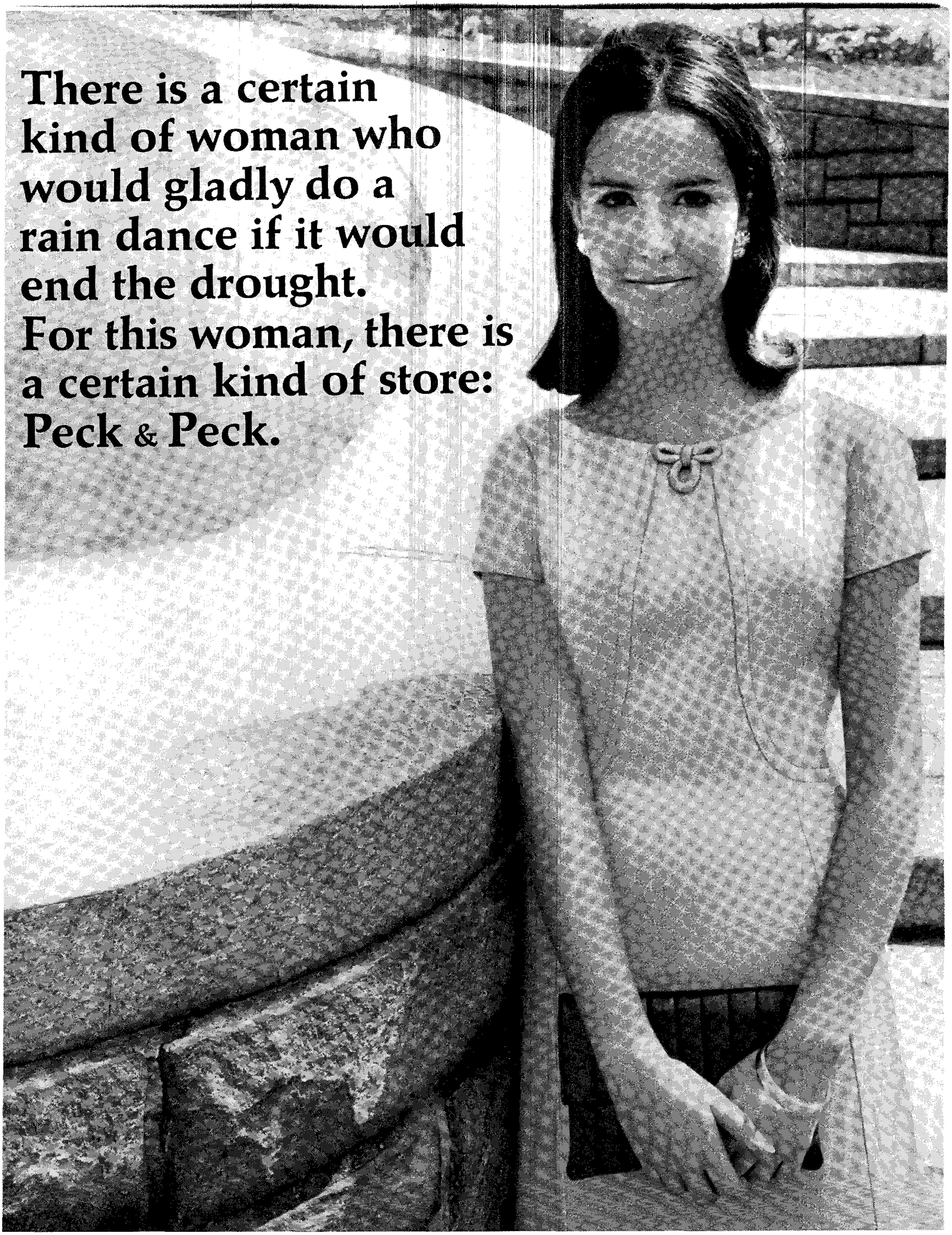

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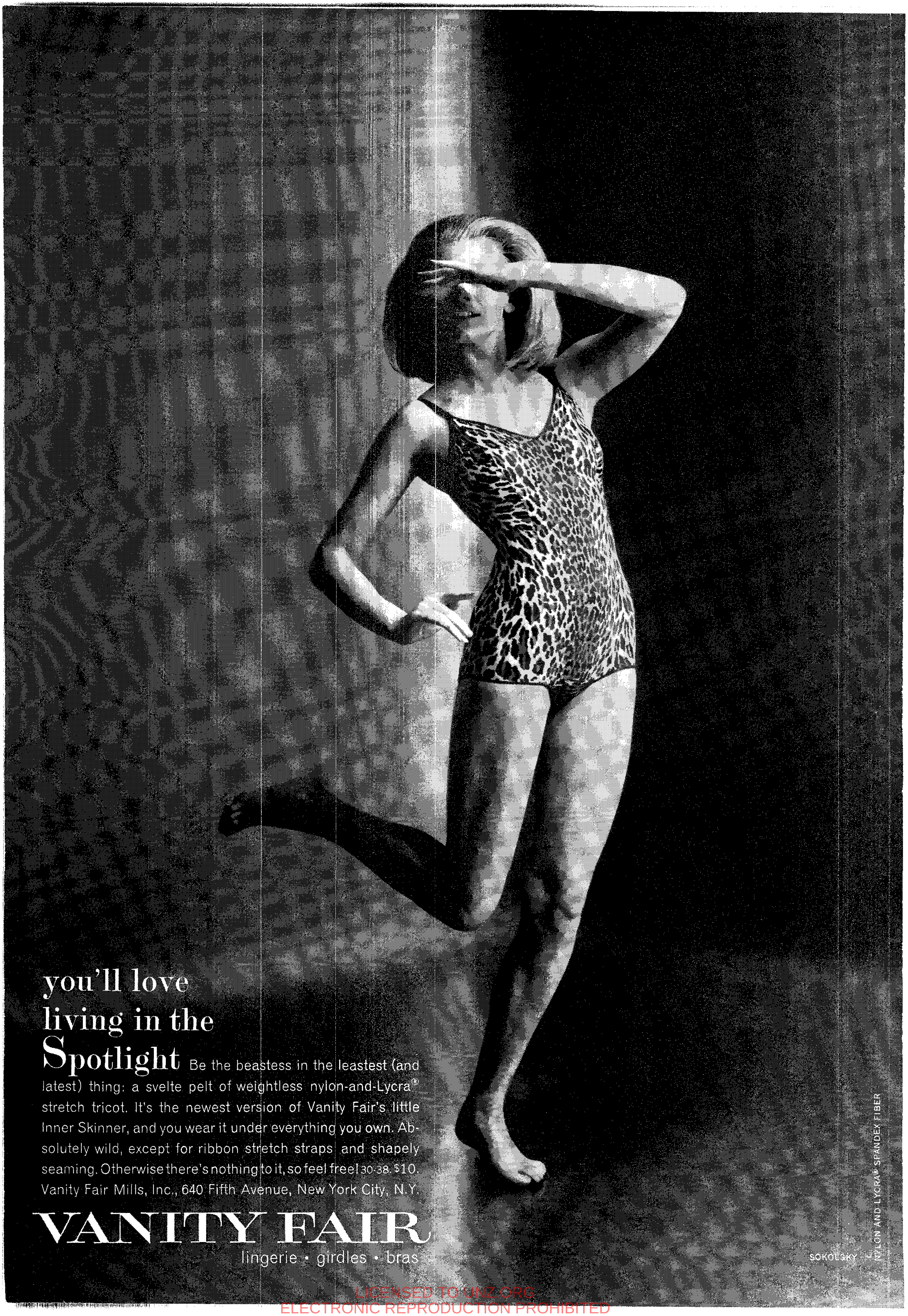
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

times and tedious at times, and the same can be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trojan Women—A three-week return engagement of Euripides' tragedy, translated by Edith Hamilton and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Moves on Sunday, Sept. 12, to the Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St., CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

Robert Joffrey Ballet—The last four in a series of performances. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, there are songs by Rosemary Clooney, who can get her teeth into a good lyric without chewing the scenery. Her companion is Dave Astor, a soapbox orator. The orchestra of Lee Evans, one of the best in town, is around most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): George Anaya's Latins move back into the restaurant on Friday, Sept. 10, when polishing of the parquet will be resumed—nine to twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—To be seen or not to be seen, and with whom—that is the question. The proper question-and-answer music is proffered in the throne room. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Life on our inland waterways was never more handsomely memorialized. On one deck of this many-tiered restaurant, the worthy project of bringing the big bands back alive (not on tape) is currently administered by an orchestra that is the proud possessor of the Glenn Miller arrangements. On Tuesday, Sept. 14, the intricate crew in the charge of Les and Larry Elgart will take on the assignment. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is working out under lights on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre.

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Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Milk-and-honey is the diet prescribed by the ballads of Jane Morgan, the dinner-and-supper tenant of the Persian Room, which gets snap-the-whip music from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and more stately sound from Burt Farber's contingent. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one.... ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—The great fountain comes up like thunder, and a small dance band comes up like a summer breeze, on the floor of this sunken garden. The music runs from nine until two every night but Sunday, and the kitchen of the English Grill stays open late, too.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The Ark on top of Mount Ararat. Michael Longo's folksy orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of all who climb this pinnacle. Turecamo's band, fresh as a daisy, and Charles Quintero's orchestra, which is quite at home in Latin, do their level best from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Woodsmen of the world will like the arboreal laboratory—the first in the world to grow electric-light bulbs on trees. Beneath their handsome sunlight, one may dine and dance from seven-thirty until after midnight every night but Monday. Everybody out of the pool if it rains.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No great rush disturbs the peace of this residential quarter of Florence, nor does any great sound, except when some tenor or other (he is usually Franco Pagani) and a soprano undertake one of those set pieces by Puccini or other old neighbors. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays.... **Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That thing called love and what tied it into Gordian knots are dealt with, wisely and wittily, by the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the dean of women singers. Sam Hamilton's piano is her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays.... **Sheraton-East,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a richly embossed slice of city-scape, every *geste* is *beau.* Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays.... ¶ Le Palais, a short cut to a Vienna that likes to take its time, reopens on Monday, Sept. 13. The chef comes from the Prater, and so does the zither of Hans Hansberg. The dinner and the music go on from seven until ten. Closed Sundays.... **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays.... **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday.... **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays.... **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays.... **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **Café Renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music (José Luis Franco) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **Café Renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, likewise providing room for Andalusian guitar (Gustavo Lopez), and on the same schedule, every night but Sunday.... **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays.... **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out.... **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport.* The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner.... **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays.... **L'Intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): A late-evening playroom gets its second wind on Monday, Sept. 13, when the cast—Nancy Steele and Murray Grand—returns from its summer vacation. The music (Ronnie Ball's duo) commences

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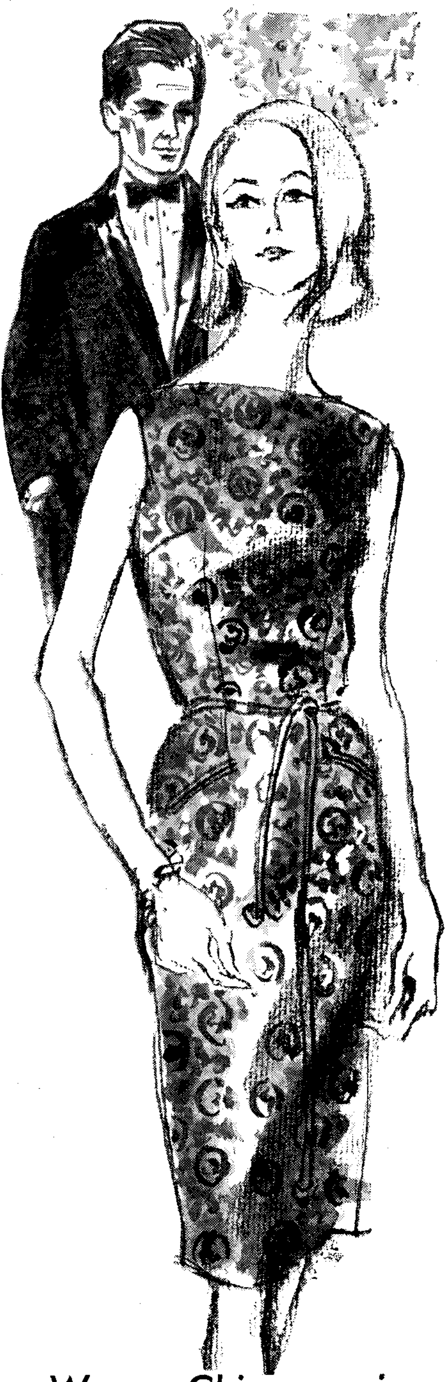

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at eight-thirty; the Steele ditties and the Grand piano commence after the theatre. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except Mondays: Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The open road to a bustling Rome, rife with chatter and floating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): *Lebensraum* for stars of stage, screen, and radar after the theatre, but there is space for mere mortals, too. At nine, Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble with a guitar and a tenor, starts patrolling the premises. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St. just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): This little dukery begins its new season on Friday, Sept. 10, again with the watercolor piano of George Feyer. Eight-thirty until two is his speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube, which means that zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease plying their trades, which they do with grace and gentleness. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he must be in the prompter's box when his waiter hastily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella*, into Scarpia or Rodolfo. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life that is too much with us, is represented at its best by **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and often populated by citizenry of a certain seniority. The appointments are opulent, the music is vehement. From seven to ten, it is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until three or four; Sundays, when one is curfew time, the music is entirely popular mechanics. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon, and how to let youth have its fling. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Another children's home. All the Pied Pipers here, though, are windup toys. The hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **THE GARRISON**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): In a wing of El Morocco, mechanical marvels sing their steely songs and marching music from eight until four every night but Sunday. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Another enterprise in which even the walls have earphones, but the turmoil that issues from them is more subdued than it is in most discothèques. The architecture is sort of homey, and there is a supper menu. Nine to four is the scheme, and all is silence Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ENTRE NOUS**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the major consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey feeds the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The big thing is a tremendous and tense song recital (good show, good show!) by Johnnie Ray, who represents the agony and the ecstasy of it all. There is also a cool customer, Lynda Gloria, who says she's a soubrette from the Folies-Bergère and splendidly proves it. And there are the resident dryads and nymphs, happy and lively in their carefree exercise clothes. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, the Headless Horseplayer of Sleepy Hollow, is waxing biographical and biological in his grand old manner; Joi Lansing is declaiming in standard soprano style; a new lot of Copa ballerinas are doing follow-the-leader. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where it is always three o'clock in the morning, there is Erskine Hawkins' quartet from ten o'clock until and until, every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together swings together, which means that Los Chavales de España are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights. Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," the collected works of a philosopher who circled the world and found it square, gives Kaye Ballard an opportunity to run riot—a sport in which she holds track records. Harold Lang's footwork makes up for the absence of a chorus. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The stop-press additions to the third edition of the minute revue called "The Game Is Up" have much improved the editorial content. The current cast is inclined to give the jests an *accent grave*, but Ruth Buzzi is the exception to that rule. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison's piano and Jim Hall's guitar, both of which have learned to think for themselves, are the bases of their respective trios. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; Mondays, Tony Scott is master of jazz-hounds. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Royal progress is what Miriam Makeba makes out of her African ballads, and pure silver is what Hugh Masekela, who runs a quartet, makes out of his intense trumpet. Mondays, the place is given over to a collection of Latin bandsmen and to Symphony Sid, who has some forgettable homilies about music always at the ready. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to two every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino*, in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. Mike Settle, who has an undying faith in the efficacy of true folk music, is principal boy. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer sits on the porch of its old homestead and spins yarns that are hard to believe. On Tuesday, Sept. 14, a new group takes over—Wes Montgomery's foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The fivesome of Max Roach, a Judgment Day drummer, calls the shots as it sees

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them. Jorge Morel's Iberian guitar does the musing. Mondays, another band fills in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The business-as-usual here is the plain, simple, old-fashioned outgoing music produced by Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Morey Feld, and quite often, too, by Eddie Condon himself. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Jimmy Archey, and Henry Goodwin are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely *issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the* populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in various mediums by the gallery artists, among them Oliver Andrews, Jack Levine, and Marcia Marcus; through Oct. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: The inaugural exhibition in the gallery's new quarters consists of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by such artists as Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through Oct. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, prints, and watercolors by Gaston Lachaise, Arthur B. Davies, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to dark; through Sept. 19.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Engravings and drypoints by the young Japanese artist Masuo Ikeda; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon;

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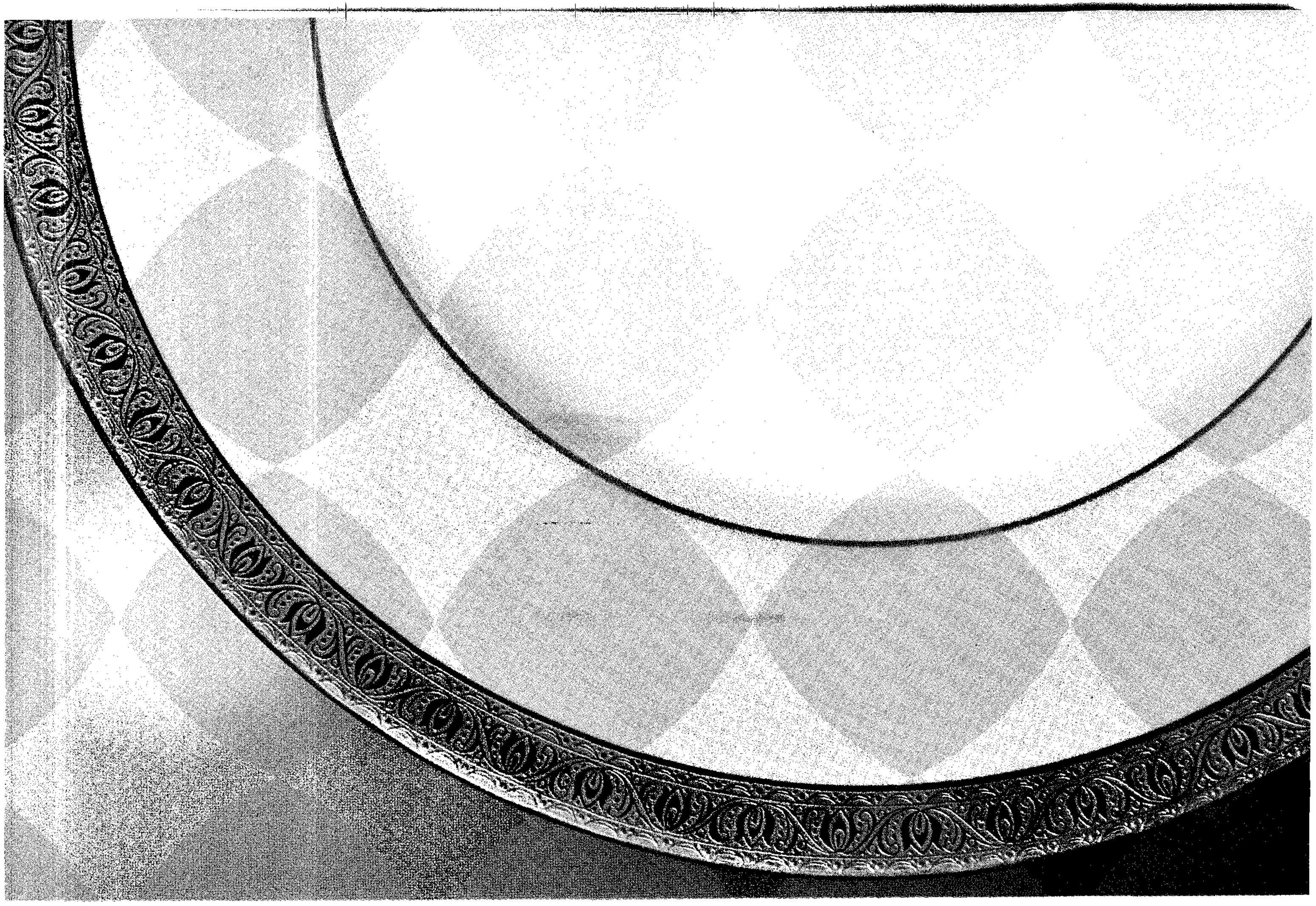

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through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sunday, Sept. 12.... ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and graphics done by the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) in his later years; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10.... ¶ A survey (1917-64) of paintings, drawings, and gouaches by the abstractionist Jean Xceron; through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sunday, Sept. 12.... ¶ Jewish ceremonial objects, jewelry, miniatures, paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Ilya Schor; through Sunday, Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11.... ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 15, with a memorial retrospective of the abstract paintings of Stuart Davis (1894-1964). (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Vivaldi series of three concerts. Tuesday, Sept. 14: "The Beginning."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16: "The Middle."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19: "The End." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Sept. 10, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 14-15, at 8, and Thursday, Sept. 16, at 2.... **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 12.)

College Football—Navy vs. Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 1:30.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8.)

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12.)... ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 11, and Saturday, Sept. 18.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30. The

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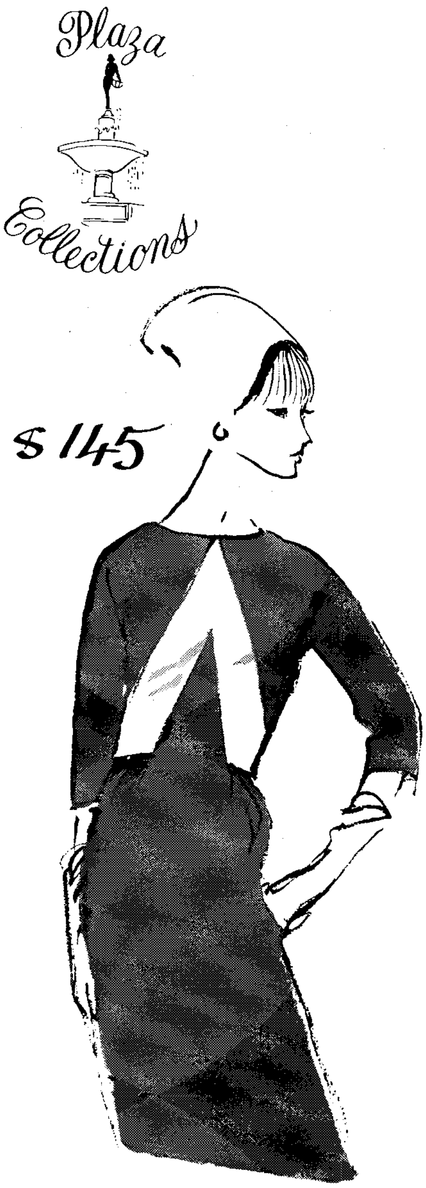

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matron, Saturday, Sept. 11, and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, Sept. 18, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2.

TENNIS—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Through Sunday, Sept. 12.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27.

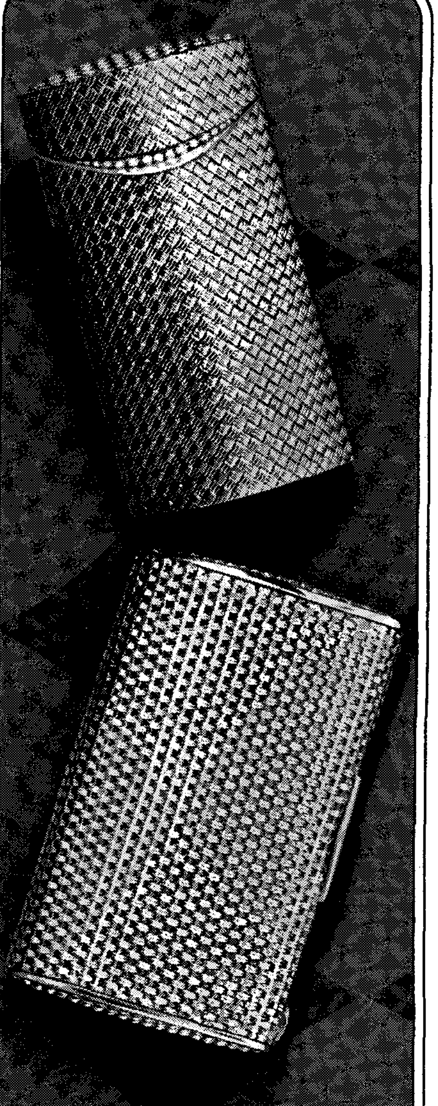
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 9, at 6:30: "Raven's End" (Sweden, 1965). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 9, at 9:30: "The Shop on High Street" (Czechoslovakia, 1965). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 6:30: "Camille Without Camellias" (Italy, 1953). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 9:30: "Charulata" (India, 1965). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 3: "The Wedding March" (United States, 1928). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 6:30: "Black Peter" (Czechoslovakia, 1965). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 9:30: "Thomas the Impostor" (France, 1965). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 3: "Identification Marks: None" (Poland, 1965). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 6:30: "Walkover" (Poland, 1965). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 9:30: "Shakespeare Wallah" (India, 1965). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 13, at 5: "Les Vampires," a ten-part serial (France, 1915). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 6:30: A three-part program of films with Buster Keaton—"The Railrodder" (Canada, 1965), "Film" (United States, 1965), and "Seven Chances" (United States, 1930). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 9:30: "Of Human Bondage" (United States, 1934). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 6:30: "Caressed" (Canada, 1965). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 9:30: "Six in Paris" (France, 1965). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "Le Petit Soldat" (France, 1961). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 9:30: "Gertrud" (Denmark, 1965). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "Between Two Worlds" (Italy, 1965). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 9:30: "Sandra" (Italy, 1965). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 3: "The Koumiko Mystery" (France, 1965) and "Twilight of Empire" (England, 1965). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "Unreconciled" (Germany, 1965). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8:40: "Red Beard" (Japan, 1965).

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through Sept. 11: "The Fight for Life" (1940), a Pare Lorentz film; and "The Window Cleaner" (1945). . . . ¶ Sept. 12-15: "Spies" (1928); and "Lili Marlene" (1944). (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Five programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Sept. 9: "Way Out West" (1937), with Laurel and

Cartier



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Hardy. . . . ¶ Sept. 10: "Babes in Toyland" (1935), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Sept. 11: "A Chump at Oxford" (1940), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Sept. 14: "Pack Up Your Troubles" (1932), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Sept. 15: "Blockheads" (1938), with Laurel and Hardy. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair *is* crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

The Belgian Village—More restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. . . . ¶ Commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan Pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passers-by, are preferable to those inside. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar.". . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. . . . ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free. . . . ¶ Outside the Hall of Education, which appears to have been renamed "Demonstration Center," there is a playground of the future. The more cerebral displays inside include a history of shoes through the nineteenth century ("Animal skins and leaves were the first foot coverings"), and voting booths set up by the *Daily News*, where one can express opinions on teen-age vandalism and the candidates for President of the City Council. . . . ¶ The kiosk outside the Pavilion of Paris sells French magazines, books, records, and cigarettes, and literary shopping bags. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

Lake Area—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. . . . ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.

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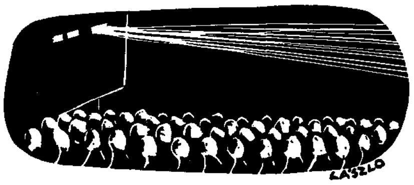
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe have a wonderful time acting and watching each other act in a fast-moving French melodrama. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 15.)

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A funny and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cat Ballou—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players, all of them in good form. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 15.)

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Help!—John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in glorious eruption. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

A High Wind in Jamaica—The adventures of seven children and the band of indulgent pirates that has the misfortune to kidnap them. Adapted from the novel by Richard Hughes. Anthony Quinn and Deborah Baxter are first-rate. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 14.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Ably directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—A simple, flawless account of a marriage that doesn't work and a love affair that doesn't work very well, either. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, at the very top of his bent. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this extraordinary film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 14.)

What's New Pussycat?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Sept. 15.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of handsome pictures. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 15.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 15.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Sept. 14.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 11-13.)

El (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. Formerly called "This Strange Passion." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Sept. 14.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 11-13.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 10-11.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Sept. 15. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 15, tentative.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 11-13.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 14-15.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 10.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 15.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 14.)

Peter the First (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—Taken from Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 15.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 15.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 14.)

Secrets of Women (1961)—A comic appraisal of the horrors and rewards of married life, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 9.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 12-14.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 14.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 14.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 15.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Other Events," page 12.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HELP!

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Sept. 13: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Friday at 2:30, and Saturday and Sunday at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 15: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Hours of Love" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Emmanuèle Riva.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 14: "Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.
From Sept. 15: "La Tía Tula" (in Spanish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Sept. 14: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 14: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 15: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 14: **THE TRAIN**; and another feature, to be announced.
From Sept. 15: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Sept. 14: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 15: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and "Kiss Me, Stupid," revival, Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
HELP!

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARRIED WOMAN (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 10: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (*in Italian*), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
Sept. 11-13: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
Sept. 14: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
From Sept. 15: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 14: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**
From Sept. 15 (tentative): "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 14: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Sept. 15 (tentative): **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Once a Thief," Alain Delon, Ann-Margret.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 14: "Mediterranean Holiday," revival, a documentary about a Scandinavian training ship.
From Sept. 15: "The Reward," Max von Sydow, Yvette Mimieux.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 10: "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Sept. 11-13: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
From Sept. 14: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 14: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA**; and "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.
From Sept. 15: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 14: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** *(in French), revival; and* "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

BOOKS
RARE
NEW
OLD
OUT OF PRINT
THE BOOKSHOP

From Sept. 15: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 14: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Sept. 15: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.

Sheridan, *7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)*
Through Sept. 14: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman; and "Hysteria," Robert Webber.
From Sept. 15: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 14: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 15: "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Hours of Love" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Emmanuèle Riva.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Shepherd Girl" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Life Upside Down" (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

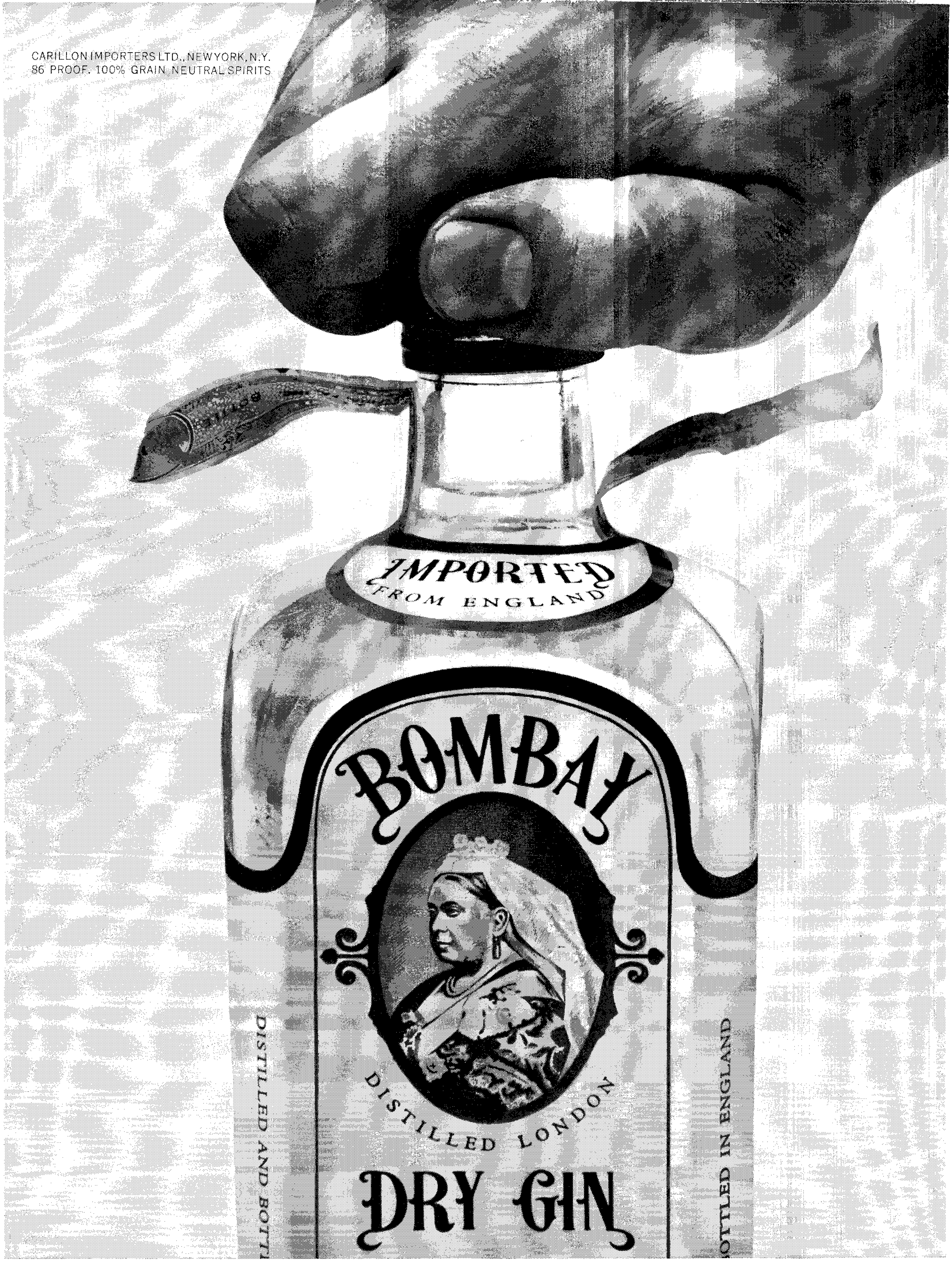
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 10: "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "Houseboat," revival, Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.
Sept. 11-13: "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn; and "Indiscreet," revival, Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
Sept. 14-15: **NOTORIOUS**, revival; and "None but the Lonely Heart," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 14: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**
From Sept. 15: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 9: **PETER THE FIRST** (in Russian), revival; and Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 10: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; *and* **EL** *(in Spanish; formerly called* "This Strange Passion"), revival.
Sept. 11: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Sept. 12: **TUNES OF GLORY**, revival; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Sept. 13: "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane; and "Nazi Terror at Night" (formerly called "The Devil Strikes at Night"), revival, Claus Holm.
Sept. 14: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; plus five short films on the opera and dance.
Sept. 15: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "The Cat" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Sept. 9: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Sept. 10-11: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
Sept. 12-14: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
From Sept. 15: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish and both revivals).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The Surprising Story Behind The Invention of The Button-Down Shirt

(The Holbrook Version)

Two and one-half weeks late, the S. S. Holbrook limped into New York Harbor. Not even the sea gulls noticed. She had fought the winter seas of 1884 to bring, among other unnotables, Ira Katz and Manny Greenheim to America.

While the Holbrook had quaked and shaked across the Atlantic, Ira and Manny clung to the rail with a tenacity that should have left their hand prints in brass. All of it they could have endured except for one thing—the way their shirt collars flapped wildly in the wind, sometimes lifted by gusts so great they stood straight on end covering their eyes.

Ira was the first to break. Mumbling and stumbling below to his bunk, he pulled from his trunk needles, silk thread, mother of pearl buttons.

"I'll get that wind," he muttered. First, Ira made neat little holes in the points of the collar. Below them, he sewed little buttons.

"Eliakazan," he said. "When the wind blows, wham, I'll button-down the hatch."

A shirtmaker by trade and nimble with the thimble, Ira's button-down sea shirt worked with such simple beauty, it was almost with regret that he and Manny landed and realized it was obsolete.

Laughing to themselves, they pushed the button-downs into a bottom trunk corner. "Fine chance we'd have of starting a shirt company", said Manny to Ira, "If anybody caught us in crazy collar shirts like these."

Ira and Manny found their way to New Britain, Conn. where they started a one-sewing-machine shirt company. In search of a good American name for it, they called it Holbrook after the S.S. Holbrook that had brought them to America. In time, they even made their button-down sea collars a landfall.

Holbrook button-downs, the only true copies of the true original, may be perused at the better men's clothiers throughout the entire country. Shouldn't you find it, send for help to The Holbrook Company at 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Shirtmakers Since 1884

The Holbrook Company

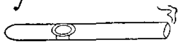
"Voilà de la publicité pour Berlitz."

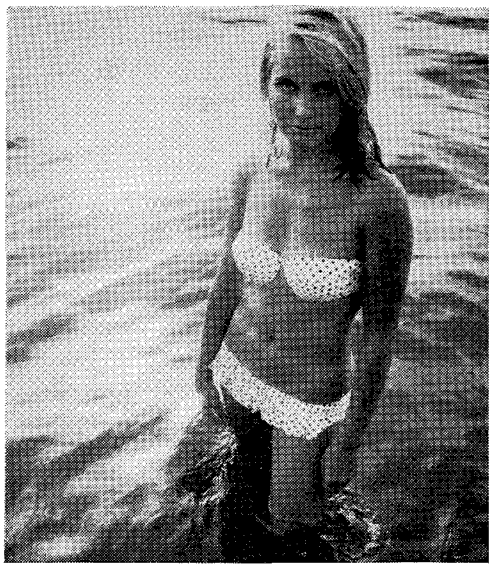
See? You already know some French.

And in a matter of weeks you could be speaking it fluently.

Because the Berlitz method is the fastest and most effective way to learn any language.

Just as we did here, you start right in speaking. Each lesson is private, and your instructor won't speak a word of English to you.

He starts right in with "bonjour" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between une pipe and un cigare  . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Je préfère la pipe au cigare."



With the aid of objects, pictures, and a lot of body English, your instructor will have you speaking fluent French before you can say Jacques Robinson.

Par exemple, regardez la photographie: you see une jolie jeune fille en bikini, standing dans la mer, dans l'eau froide, and later she'll warm herself au soleil lying sur le sable... and now you're beginning to get the picture.

We can have you speaking fluently in five weeks if you can spare your full time, or in three or four months if you can spare only lunch hours.

We guarantee our method if you guarantee your diligence.

Now all you need do is téléphoner à l'école Berlitz de votre localité and make an appointment.

You've already started your first lesson.

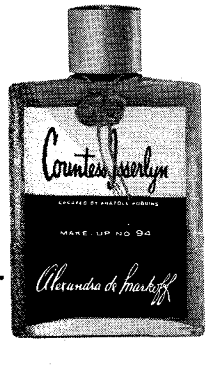
Baltimore, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, East Orange, Houston, Los Angeles, Manhasset, Mexico City, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, New York (Midtown and Downtown), Ottawa, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Pittsburgh, Quebec, St. Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, San Juan, Seattle, Stamford, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D.C., White Plains.

ALL ACCESSORIES, SAKS FIFTH AVE.

Naturally, Countess Isserlyn makes *you* more beautiful

Countess Isserlyn Make-Up specializes in creating beauty mirages. What you actually see is your own color-perfected complexion . . . lit up for close viewing with a new glow and translucence. Hidden are tiny lines, shadows and blemishes. $50, $30, and $20. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE—all stores.

Alexandra de Markoff


Countess Isserlyn
CREATED BY ANATOLE ROBBINS
MAKE UP NO 94
Alexandra de Markoff

©Alexandra de Markoff, 1965

Stripe it hot! Stripe a column long
and straight and full of simmering color.
It's Turquerie, for women of mystery.
$13. At fine stores everywhere.

Van Raalte
because you love nice things

When you fly alone to Europe, you could take Sabena (or any of the other 17 fine airlines).

With friends, you should take Sabena.

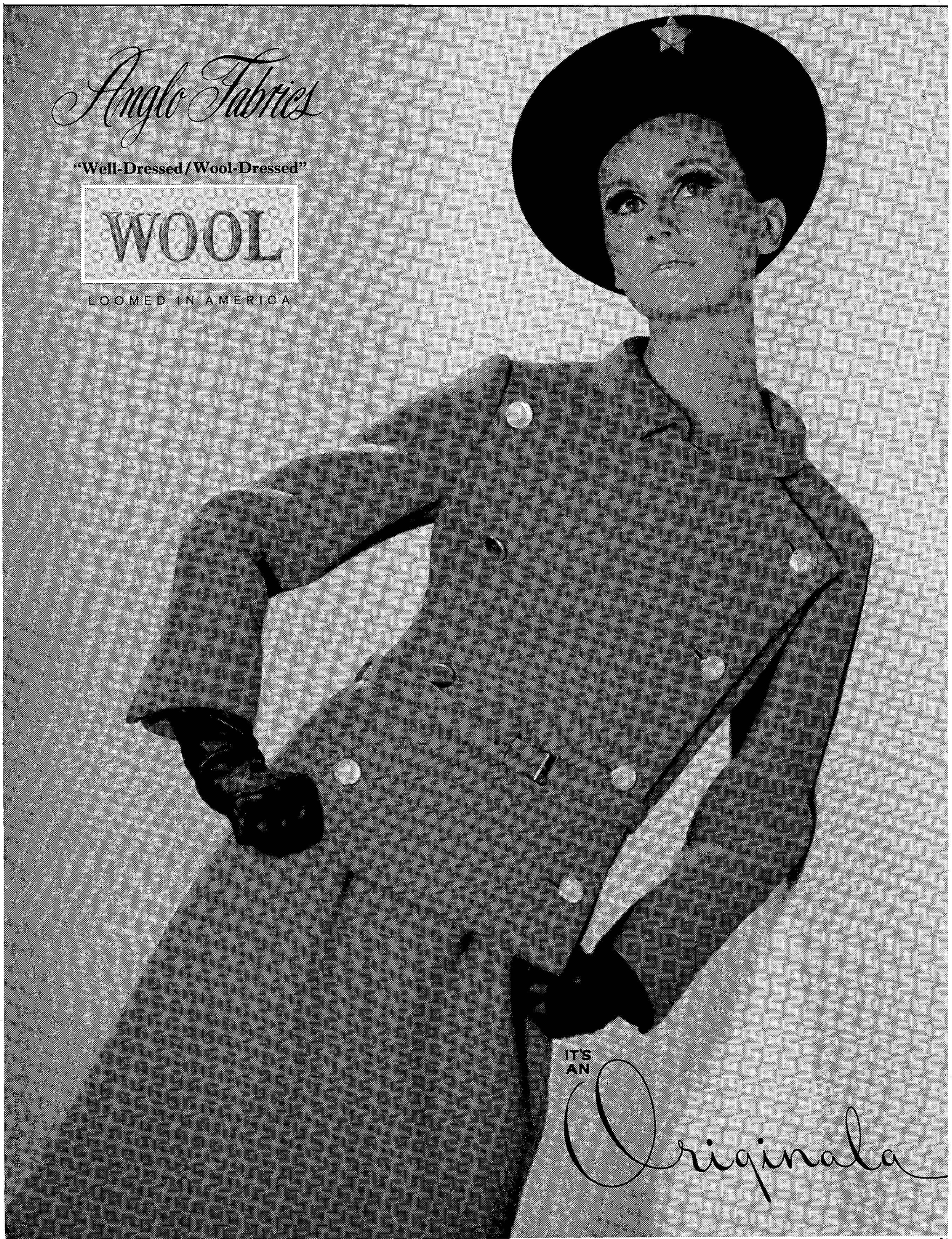
This says drive slowly in German
Langsam fahren

Why does so much of Sabena's transatlantic business consist of four or more friends flying together? For two good reasons: First, Sabena offers you and your travel agent unlimited flexibility in planning tours and itineraries by flying to 68 cities in Europe, Africa and the Middle East. And more important, by specializing in families and friends, Sabena has become expert in knowing their needs. That's why so many travel agents book families and friends on Sabena. Why 4306 U.S. travel agents and their clients call Sabena Europe's most helpful airline. Come to think of it though, there's nothing we would do for a few friends that we wouldn't do for you. Even if you're all alone.

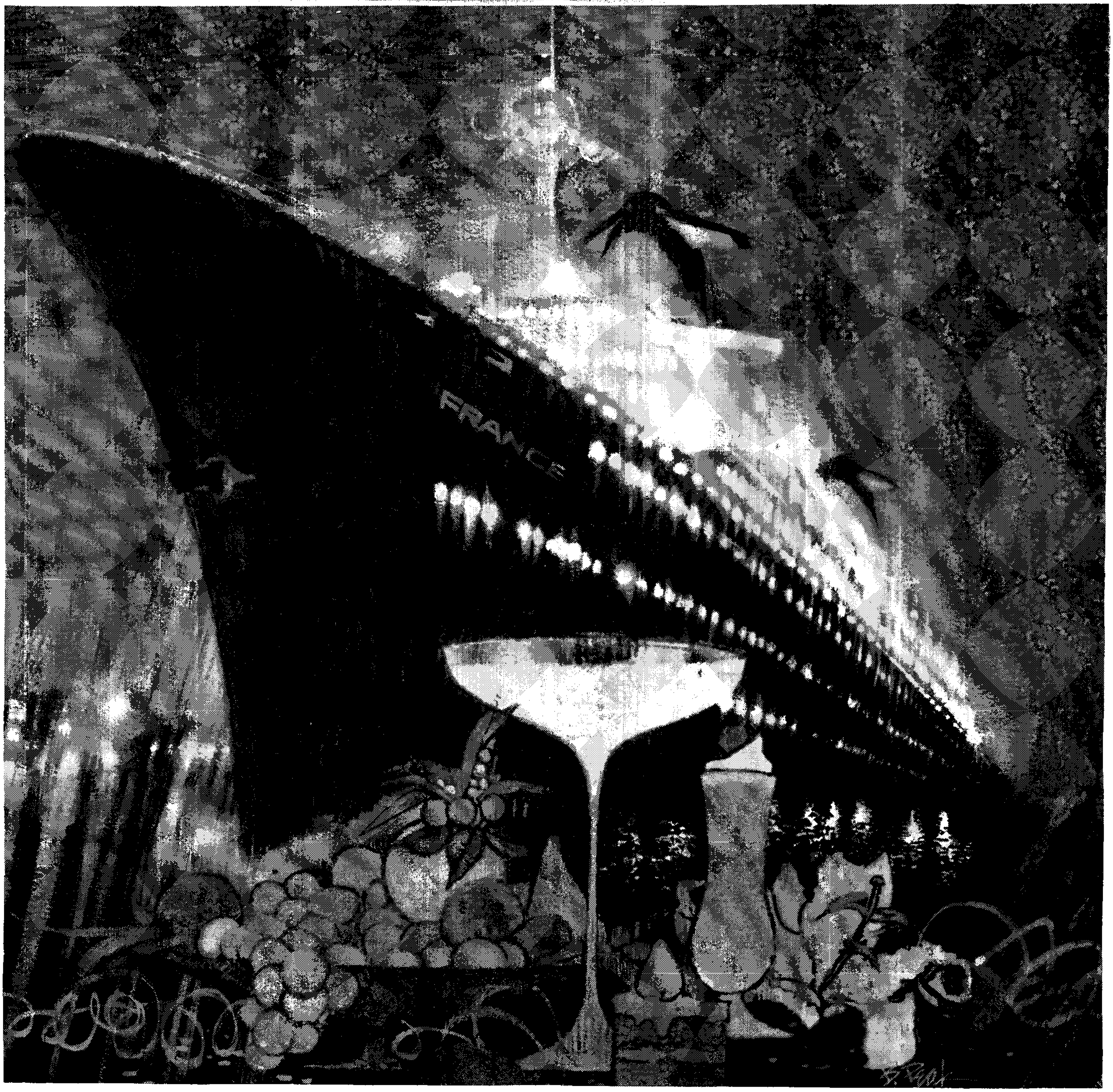
SABENA
BELGIAN World AIRLINES
EUROPE'S MOST HELPFUL AIRLINE

the Wooletin

VOL. 2 WJ2465 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL AND ANGLO FABRICS


Anglo Fabrics
"Well-Dressed / Wool-Dressed"
WOOL
LOOMED IN AMERICA
IT'S AN
Originala

News wrap-up in diagonal pure wool—fresh textured, lightweight and wearable. A natural choice for this handsome couture suit.
ORIGINALA, INC., 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018



Europe and a chance to savor the inimitable charm of FRANCE AFLOAT at your leisure. The great foods and wines. The exquisite service. The generous cabins. The elegant surroundings. The joie de vivre. The serenity of looking at an ageless ocean. To think all this costs less than taking a cab is almost unthinkable.

6¢ a mile*

*Based on ½ round-trip off-season Tourist fare to Southampton—even less with 14% or 25% reduction excursion rates.

Regular sailing to and from England and France, excursion rates as little as $330 First Class and $176 Tourist Class.

Book with your Travel Agent early

French Line®
610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

Bates sets your feet ablaze with fashion
in Fire 'n Brimstone Briarhides. Each pair $23

Bates Shoe Company, Webster, Massachusetts

Vintage Cars need pampering.
Shirts of English VIYELLA® by Manhattan®, never.

Pamper a Viyella shirt by Manhattan®? Never! The more you wash it, the handsomer it looks. The softer it feels. Doesn't shrink. Doesn't fade. The colors mellow.

These virtues started 70 years ago in Great Britain, when a great Briton combined 55% pedigreed English lamb's wool and 45% cotton. Luxurious!

Colors and patterns change over the years. Never the qualities. Don't settle for less than Viyella by Manhattan®. So soft it purrs. Like a great motor.

Nothing compares to the way Manhattan® tailors Viyella. Traditional tartans, plaids, solids, heather tones. Men's plaids, $18.95; knits, $12.95; ladies', $12.95.

Manhattan

Lady Manhattan

The freedom. The grace. The art. Of Kimberly.

About $60. B. Altman & Co., Frost Bros., Bullock's.

AVAILABLE IN U.S. AND CANADA

one touch and you've fallen in love with a glove

Complexion

Next time you're at the glove counter try on a pair of Complexion gloves. As soon as you touch them the magic begins. Complexion captures you with its whipped cream texture, contours your fingers for a graceful new elegance, pampers you as no other glove has ever done. Chances are you'll put your old gloves right in your handbag (or even throw them away). And, you'll be back for more Complexion gloves, and more and more in every length and color. But we must warn you: Complexion is habit forming.

HANSEN Gloves
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Land-Rover 109 Station Wagon with Heat Shield Ro

"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Land-Rover comes from the roar of the engine"

What makes Land-Rover the most conspicuous car in the world? "There is really no secret," says an eminent Land-Rover enthusiast.

1. "Except for rattles, I am against silence in a car," writes John Steinbeck, a Land-Rover enthusiast, "and I don't know a driver who doesn't want to hear his engine."

2. If this is so, then you may like the Land-Rover very much indeed.

3. Our 4-wheel drive (8 speeds forward, 2 in reverse) masterpiece is not mousey. Its throaty authority is assuring in times of stress; which nowadays is usually.

4. Nor is this claim true only at 60 miles an hour. A Land-Rover is more conspicuous even when it is standing still. With the ignition off.

5. The Land-Rover stands nearl seven feet tall. All its features ten to heroic proportion.

6. Therefore, when driving, you wi simply loom over traffic which pre viously had scared the devil out c you.

7. This is not only safe and enjoy

© 1965 Rover Motor Co. of North America Ltd.

AUTHORIZED ROVER (R) AND LAND-ROVER (LR) DEALERS

ALABAMA

MOBILE (LR)
Whites Imports

ALASKA

ANCHORAGE (R & LR)
Universal Motors

FAIRBANKS (LR)
Gene's Auto Service, Inc.

JUNEAU (R & LR)
Dawson's PT Atmtve. Serv., Inc.

KETCHIKAN (LR)
Karlson Motors

ARIZONA

PHOENIX (R & LR)
Town & Country Chrysler Plymouth

PRESCOTT (LR)
Mangerich Lincoln Mercury

SCOTTSDALE (R)
Scottsdale Imptd. Cars Inc.

TUCSON (R & LR)
Bill Edel's Motors

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK (LR)
Continental Motors

CALIFORNIA

ALTURAS (LR)
Tierney Ford Sales

BERKELEY (R & LR)
English Motors of Berkeley

ENCINO (LR)
Frank Millard Sports Car, Inc.

EUREKA (LR)
McCrea Motors

HAYWARD (R & LR)
Hayward Auto Imports

MONTEREY (R & LR)
Bob Baird Motors

NAPA (LR)
Gasser Motor Co.

OAKHURST (R & LR)
O'Rourke Motor Sales

PASADENA (R & LR)
Peter Satori Company, Ltd.

SACRAMENTO (R & LR)
Von Housen Motors, Inc.

SAN CARLOS (R & LR)
Competition Motors

SAN DIEGO (R & LR)
British Motor Sales

SAN FRANCISCO (R & LR)
Paul Felton Imported Cars

SAN JOSE (LR)
San Jose Imports

WEST LOS ANGELES (R & LR)
Ted's Imported Cars

WILLITS (R & LR)
Carbrey Motors

WOODLAND (LR)
Central Motors Co.

COLORADO

BOULDER (R & LR)
W. F. Reno, Inc.

DENVER (R & LR)
Buckley Brothers Motor Co.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS (LR)
J. V. Rose Co.

GRAND JUNCTION (R & LR)
Moss Motorama, Inc.

MONTROSE (LR)
Carrington Chevrolet Co.

SALIDA (LR)
Stotler Motor Company

CONNECTICUT

CANAAN (LR)
Morgan Motors Inc.

DARIEN (LR)
Frank Miller Ford

GREENWICH (R & LR)
Greenwich Automobiles, Inc.

HAMDEN (R)
The Nelke Motor Co.

LITCHFIELD (R & LR)
The Nelke Motor Co. of Litchfield

LYME (LR)
Reynolds Garage and Marine

MIDDLETOWN (LR)
Berkeley Motor Co.

PLAINVILLE (R & LR)
Farmington Ave. Motor Sales Inc.

QUAKER HILL (LR)
Scotch Cap Service Station

WESTPORT (R & LR)
Hackett Imported Cars

FLORIDA

BELLE GLADE (LR)
Hendry Tractor Company

DAYTONA BEACH (LR)
James Motor, Inc.

DE LAND (LR)
Daytona Park Estates Auto Sales

FORT MYERS (R & LR)
Overseas Motors Corp.

FORT PIERCE (LR)
Sunrise Rental & Leasing Co.

GAINESVILLE (LR)
Santa Fe Tractor, Inc.

GREEN COVE SPRINGS (LR)
Roberts Chevrolet

JACKSONVILLE (R & LR)
Brumos Porsche Car Corp.

LEESBURG (LR)
Lake Ford Tractor Co.

LIVE OAK
Suwannee Valley Tractor Co.

MELBOURNE
Bill Lowery Motor Company

MIAMI
Charles Stuart Motors

MIAMI
Growers Equipment Co.

ORLANDO
Hood Tractor Co.

PLANT CITY
Revels Ford Tractor Co.

SANFORD
Sanford Motor Co.

SARASOTA
Harrison Motors, Inc.

SEBRING
Pioneer Tractor Co.

TAMPA
Cralle Hall Motor

TITUSVILLE
Brevard Tractor Co. Inc.

WEST PALM BEACH (R
Hal Jones Ltd., Inc.

WINTER HAVEN
Polk Tractor Company

le, but you will exult to observe w other drivers, awe-inspired by Land-Rover's casual might, yield deference.

(Small wonder that women are ormously fond of driving Land-vers. The easy command of such ssive, maneuverable masculinity eady stuff.)

You may have read of tests ere "imported cars" fared badly collisions? It's a pity we weren't there to help out the side. The nd-Rover is built to resist the arge of a bull rhinoceros; or a bull ncoln for that matter.

9. The Land-Rover's sturdiness of nstruction (the under-frame re-nbles a reinforced section of rail-y track) makes it ideal for track-s wastes, car pools of small chil-en, wretched ordeals, etcetera.

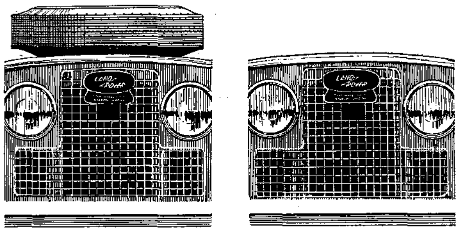
. There are perhaps 14 Land-ver hardy perennials ranging m safari cars and campers to po-e vans and getaway cars. Our st popular passenger models are e 7-seater Model 88 and the 10-ter Model 109 Station Wagons.

-A. An attractive feature of the Land-Rover is that it is precisely attractive as the '64.

2. Both of these have capacious ar doors for unloading bulk or ople. The unathletic may use the ld-down step.

3. The after compartment has fac-g seats. This arrangement, although mewhat reminiscent of riding in a ddy-wagon, is extremely sociable. te at night, it is hilarious.

14. The Land-Rover is available with a spare tire either mounted on the rear door or on top of the hood. The tires are identical in every respect save that it costs $7.40 more to have one on the hood.



LAND-ROVER WITH & WITHOUT TIRE ON HOOD

15. People who feel diffident about driving a Land-Rover with the spare tire on the hood can buy the conventional Land-Rover and save $7.40.

PRICE: The Model 109 Station Wagon illustrated in this advertisement costs **$3,906** on the Atlantic Coast, **$4,092** on the Pacific Coast; at places in between, it costs in between. The Model 88 Station Wagon (shorter by 1 door) costs about **$600** less.

If you would like to listen to the Land-Rover, or to the embarrassingly quiet Mark II Rover Sedan, or to the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan (which has "a little panty mutter when idling that rises to a whispering roar in the lower gears," according to Mr. Steinbeck), please ask any dealer here listed.

(LR) signifies a Land-Rover dealer; (R), a Rover dealer; (R & L R), both.

Thank you.

SPRINGS
rd Tractor Co. (LR)

GEORGIA

AH
nne Chrysler Plymouth Inc. (LR)

HAWAII

LA
a Kea Motors (R & LR)

IDAHO

D'ALENE
Motors (R & LR)

ALE
edale Tractor & Equip. Co. (LR)

ILLINOIS

OREST
z Continental Autos, Inc. (R & LR)

LOUISIANA

EPORT
Lee Tractor & Implement
. Inc. (LR)

MAINE

R
od Motors (LR)

FARMINGTON
The Oliver Stores, Inc. (LR)

ISLAND FALLS
Lougee (LR)

LEWISTON
Davis Cadillac Co. (LR)

PORTLAND
Maine Motors Company (LR)

ROCKLAND
Miller's Garage, Inc. (LR)

RUMFORD
Taylor Buick Pontiac Co. Inc. (LR)

WATERVILLE
Proctor's Garage (LR)

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE
A & R Imported Motor Cars Inc. (R & LR)

CENTREVILLE
Renshaw & Emory Equip. Co. Inc. (LR)

CUMBERLAND
Woods Foreign Motors (LR)

HAGERSTOWN
Antietam Motors, Inc. (LR)

KENSINGTON
Altemus Servicenter (R & LR)

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON
Britannic Motors (R & LR)

BOSTON (Milton)
Hoover Motors (R & LR)

BEVERLY
Naumkeag Auto Sales (R & LR)

CANTON
Haynes Garage, Inc. (LR)

EDGARTOWN
Depot Corners Serv. Sta. Inc. (R & LR)

FRAMINGHAM
Gaston Andrey Inc. (R)

NANTUCKET
Island Motors (LR)

NEW BEDFORD
Gracia's Foreign Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

NORTHAMPTON
Hampshire Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)

ORLEANS
Orleans Motors (LR)

PITTSFIELD
Haddad Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)

PLYMOUTH
Midway Motors, Inc. (LR)

SPRINGFIELD
Professional Garage (R)

WEST BOYLSTON
Malm Auto Sales Inc. (LR)

MICHIGAN

GRAND RAPIDS
Performance Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

HOUGHTON
Wenberg Sales (LR)

IRON MOUNTAIN
Jacobs Motors (LR)

ISHPEMING
Hebbard Rambler Sales (LR)

MANISTIQUE
Mark Rambler Co. (LR)

OAK PARK
Imported Auto Distributors, Inc. (LR)

MINNESOTA

HIBBING
Adventures Unlimited, Div. of
Hilligoss Chevrolet Inc. (LR)

MISSOURI

ST. JOSEPH
Hatfield Hardware & Sport. Goods (LR)

ST. LOUIS
Ed Debrecht Imp. Cars Ltd., Inc. (LR)

MONTANA

BILLINGS
Dan's Auto Sales (R & LR)

BUTTE
Knievel's (R & LR)

HELENA
Motor Mart of Helena (LR)

MISSOULA
Rambler City (LR)

NEVADA

ELKO
Wright Motors (LR)

ELY
T & G Motors (LR)

LAS VEGAS
Courtesy Motors (LR)

LAS VEGAS
Pat Clark Pontiac (LR)

RENO
Von Housen's Motors Inc. (R & LR)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

AMHURST
Millward Motors, Inc. (LR)

BERLIN
The Auto Mart, Inc. (LR)

COLEBROOK
Crest Auto Sales (LR)

JAFFREY
Boutwell's Garage (LR)

MILTON
Milton Garage (LR)

NEWPORT
Chase and Avery (R & LR)

NEWTON
Morse's Garage (LR)

NEW JERSEY

BLAWENBURG
Atkinson's Foreign Car Service, Inc. (LR)

FRANKLIN
Franklin Foreign Cars (LR)

HANOVER
Chapman & Stormer, Inc. (R)

RED BANK
Continental Cars, Andersen, Inc. (R & LR)

SOMERVILLE
Town & Country Motors (LR)

TENAFLY
Menzer Motors Inc. (R)

WAYNE
Bob Lesko, Inc. (LR)

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO
Alamo Motorsport, Inc. (R & LR)

ALBUQUERQUE
Durand Tractor & Equipment Co. (LR)

GALLUP
Navajo Motors, Inc. (LR)

ROSWELL
Roswell Imptd. Cars (LR)

TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES
Central Motors (LR)

NEW YORK

AMITYVILLE
Trencher Motors Ltd. (R)

BROOKLYN
Skyline Sportscars Inc. (R)

ELMIRA
Lyman D. Gridley, Inc. (LR)

FLORAL PARK
Swedish Sport Car Center
(Div. of Motor Mart, Inc.) (R)

GLENS FALLS
Burton Equipment Co. (LR)

HUNTINGTON
Coldspring Enterprises (R & LR)

JAMESTOWN
McFadden Ford, Inc. (LR)

MARYLAND
Morris Garage (R & LR)

MONTGOMERY
Manzari Auto & Boating Center (R & LR)

MOUNT KISCO
Nu-Trend Motors (R)

NEW YORK CITY
de Langton Ltd. (R & LR)

NEW YORK CITY
Martin Motor Sales, Inc. (R & LR)

NEW YORK CITY
Wolf Sales & Service Corp. (R & LR)

PORT WASHINGTON
Johnson Motors (R & LR)

ROCHESTER
F. J. Kilburne Inc. (R)

ST. JOHNSVILLE
Capece Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)

SOUTHAMPTON
Grattans (R & LR)

UTICA
Elliots Imported Cars (R)

VESTAL
Jim Forno Cont. Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

WHITE PLAINS
East Coast Imported Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

OHIO

CLEVELAND
British Engineering (R & LR)

OREGON

BURNS
Granger & Grover Motor Co. (LR)

COOS BAY
Robust Motors, Inc. (LR)

EUGENE
Arthur I. Flower (R & LR)

GOLD BEACH
Olsen Motors (LR)

PORTLAND
The Motor Mart (LR)

PENNSYLVANIA

ALTOONA
Jack Beasley Ford Sales, Inc. (LR)

BERWYN
Keystone Motors (R & LR)

CLEARFIELD
Stratton Motor Co. (LR)

DALLAS
Kunkle Motors (LR)

DOYLESTOWN
Keystone Motors (LR)

DUNMORE
Fred Skaluba (LR)

GLENSHAW
Malone Motor Car Co.
of Glenshaw (R & LR)

GREENSBURG
Smyder Motor Sales (LR)

READING
Lindgren & Manske, Inc. (R & LR)

STATE COLLEGE
Jack Beasley Ford of State College (LR)

STROUDSBURG
Baylor Motors (R & LR)

WARREN
Keystone Garage of Warren, Inc. (LR)

WILLIAMSPORT
Har-Wel Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

YORK
Carl Beasley Co. (LR)

YORK
Whiteford Motors (R)

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT
Ray's Auto Sales Inc. (LR)

NORTH KINGSTOWN
Kingstown Motor Co. (LR)

NORTH PROVIDENCE
Wigwam Sport Center (R)

TEXAS

AUSTIN
Travis County Equipment Co. (LR)

CORSICANA
Navarro County Tractor Co. (LR)

CORPUS CHRISTI
Gunderland Marine Supply (LR)

CORPUS CHRISTI
San Antonio
Machine & Supply Corp. (LR)

DALLAS
Precision Motors (R & LR)

EL PASO
Yaqui Motor Company (LR)

HOUSTON
D. B. Allison Company (LR)

SAN ANTONIO
Alamo Sports Car Inc. (R)

SAN ANTONIO
The Torgerson Co. (LR)

VICTORIA
Go-Trac, Inc. (R & LR)

WICHITA FALLS
Birge Motor Company (LR)

UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY
Mate Sports Car Clinic (R & LR)

VERMONT

BRATTLEBORO
Hometown Motors, Inc. (LR)

BURLINGTON
Lakeview Buick (LR)

FAIRLEE
Fairlee Auto Sales (LR)

RUTLAND
Russ Smith Sales & Service (LR)

ST. JOHNSBURY
Vinton Motors, Inc. (LR)

SWANTON
Handy Truck and Tractor (LR)

WOODSTOCK
F. A. Richmond (LR)

VIRGINIA

ARLINGTON
European Motors (R & LR)

BERRYVILLE
Foreign Car Service & Sales (LR)

CHARLOTTESVILLE
S-K Motors (R & LR)

GOSHEN
Goshen Garage (LR)

GRUNDY
Modern Sales & Service Inc. (LR)

RICHMOND
Mooers Motor Car Co. (R & LR)

WASHINGTON

HOQUIAM
Guy's Auto Sales Company (LR)

SEATTLE
Rowland Motors Inc. (R & LR)

TACOMA
A B C Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

WEST VIRGINIA

APPLE FARM (Southeast 15 miles
from Grantsville) (LR)

BECKLEY
Plantation Motors Inc. (LR)

BLUEFIELD
Yeager Auto Sales, Inc. (LR)

CHARLESTON
Tag Galyean, Inc. (LR)

FAIRMONT
Dale Huey Auto Service (LR)

HUNTINGTON
Tag Galyean of Huntington, Inc. (LR)

WISCONSIN

WEST ALLIS
Daum Motor Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

WYOMING

CHEYENNE
Halladay Motors, Inc. (LR)

JACKSON
Imeson's Texaco Service (LR)

LANDER
Hallam, Inc. (LR)

POWELL
Okay Chevrolet (LR)

ROCK SPRINGS
Anselmi's Fine Cars (LR)

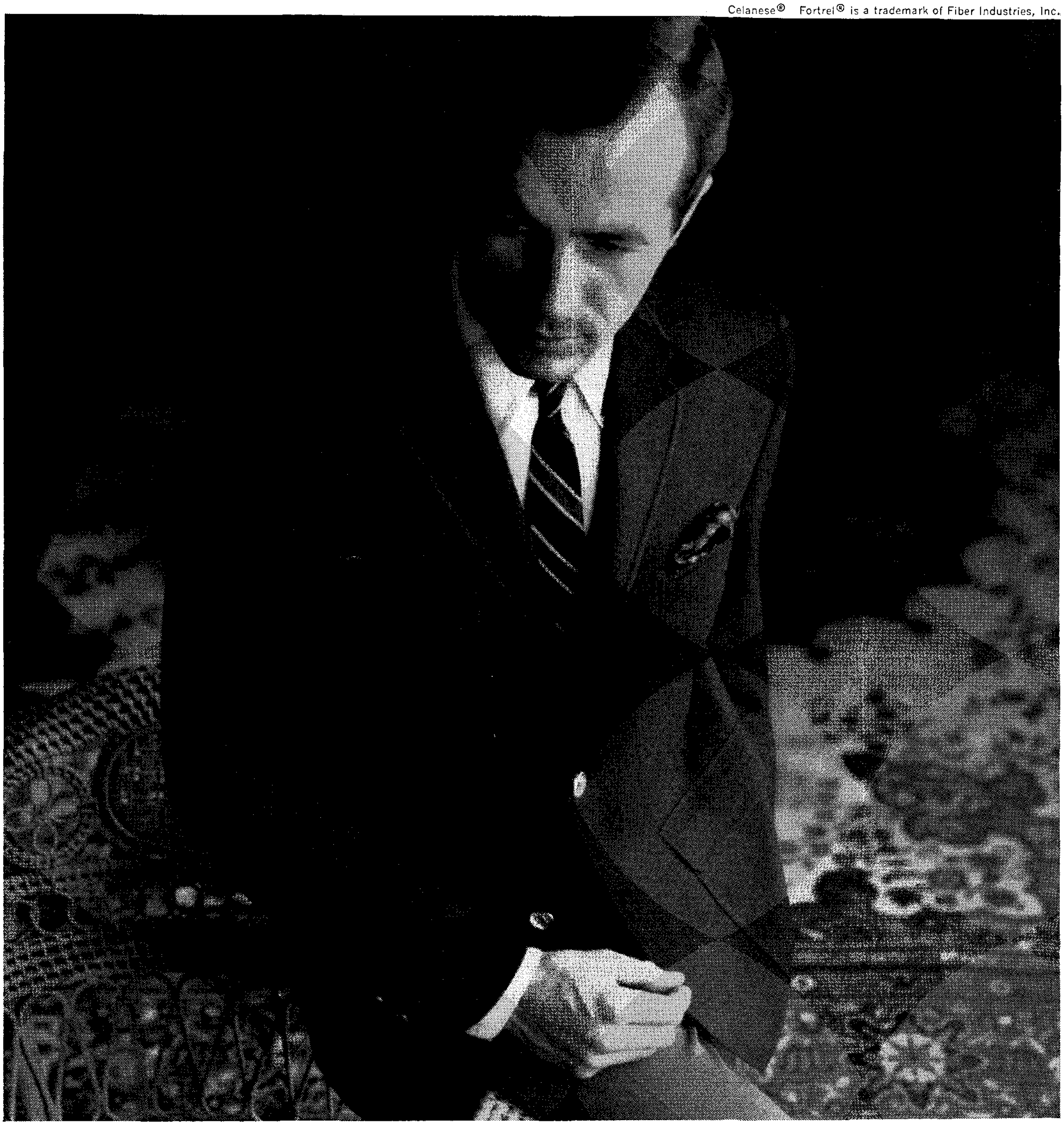
SHERIDAN
Poll Motor Co. Inc. (LR)

WORLAND
Cook Sales & Service (LR)

DEALERS ALSO
ACROSS CANADA

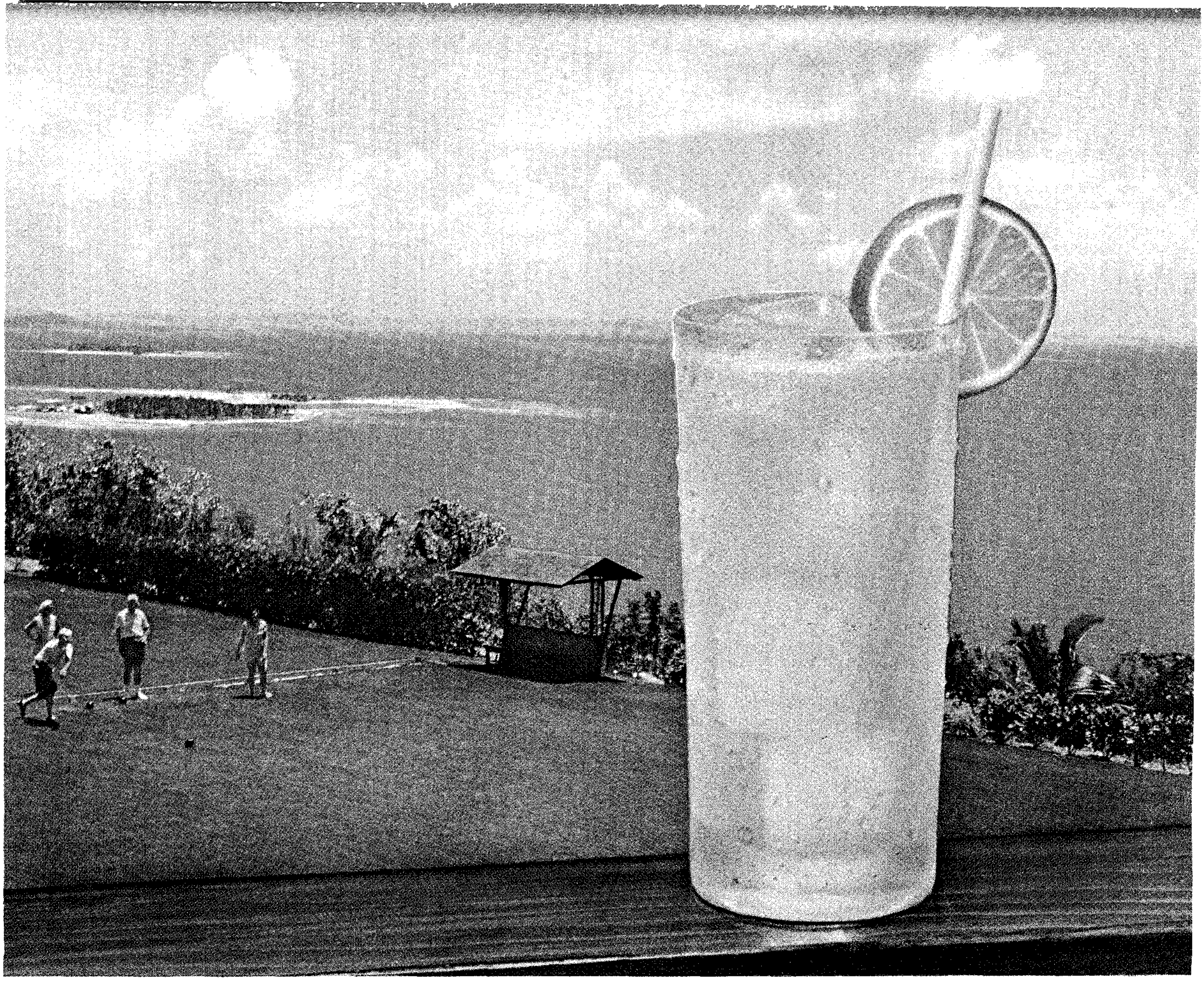
Fortrel
the fiber that makes this blazer
a coat for all seasons

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.



Tarra adds new versatility to blazers with a light and luxurious hopsacking of Fortrel polyester and wool from W. J. Dickey & Sons. This classic campus model has three hammered gold buttons. (Also in a double breasted yachting blazer.) In cross dyes of blue/black, burgundy/black, green/black, cognac/black, whiskey/black and navy. About $40. At Abraham & Straus, Bklyn.; John Wanamaker, Phila.; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo; The May Company, Cleve.; May D&F, Denver Downtown, University Hills & Westland; Gus Roos Company, Dallas.

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



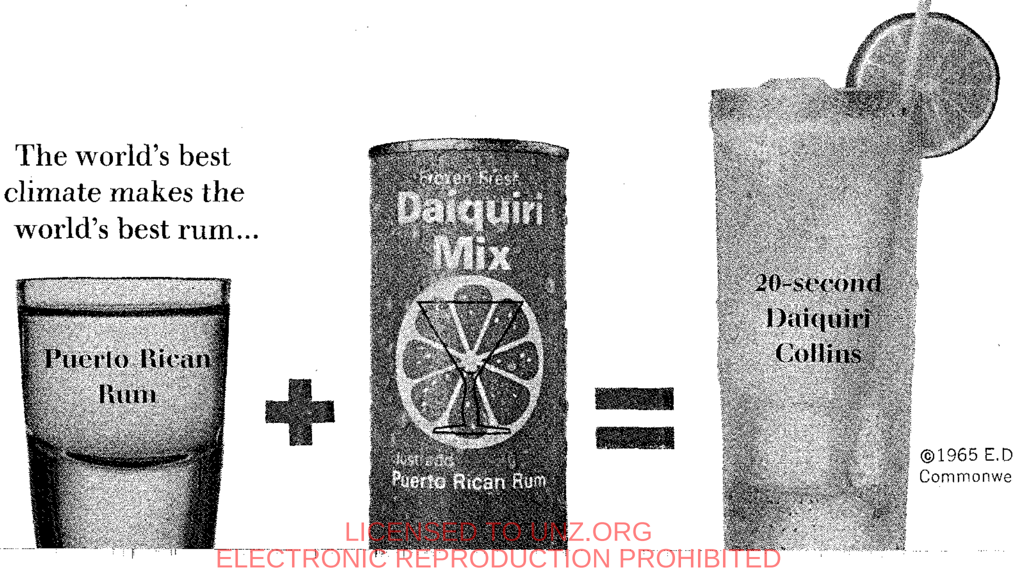
Photographed in Puerto Rico—where the world's best rum comes from.

What's quicker than the 30-second Daiquiri? The 20-second Daiquiri Collins.

Just add Puerto Rican rum to Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix in a glass full of ice. Top with water or soda and you've got a tall, cool version of America's second most popular cocktail.

A Daiquiri Collins is just one way to enjoy dry, light Puerto Rican rum. For a free booklet of rum recipes write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. RF1, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10019.

The world's best
climate makes the
world's best rum...


Puerto Rican Rum
Frozen Fresh
Daiquiri Mix
Just add Puerto Rican Rum
20-second Daiquiri Collins

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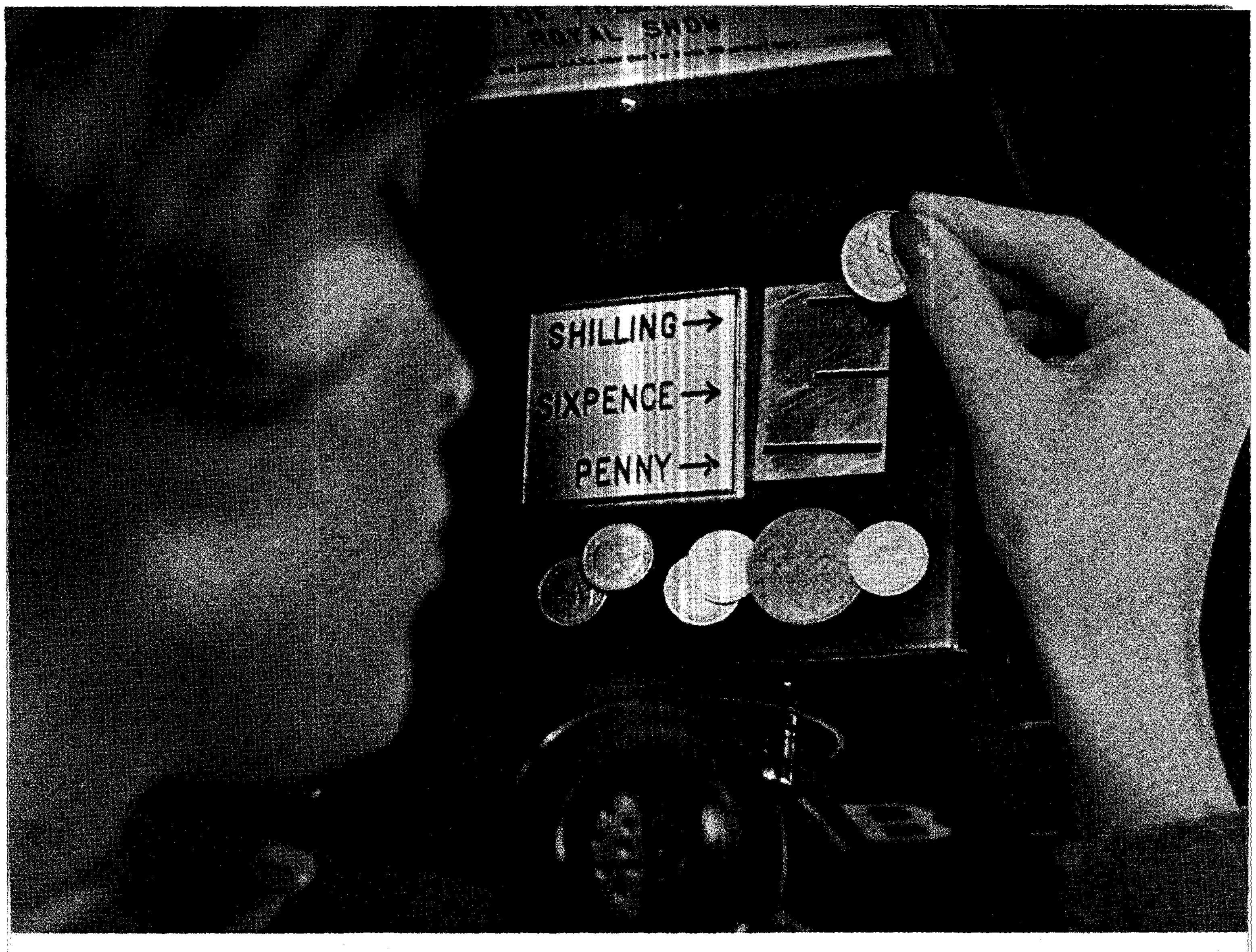
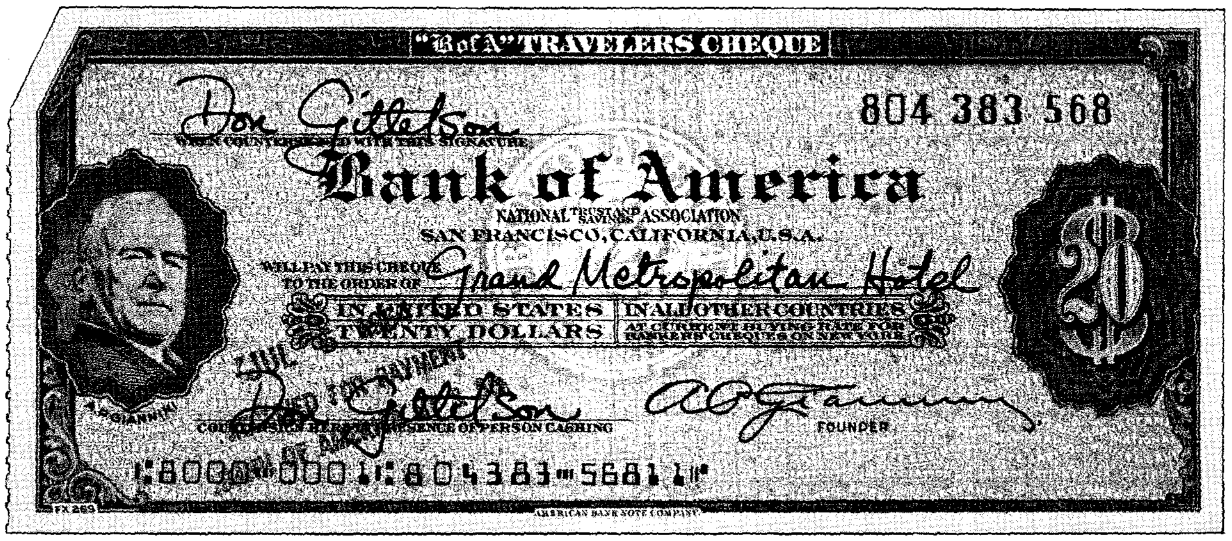


The shilling is local currency in England.

So is this.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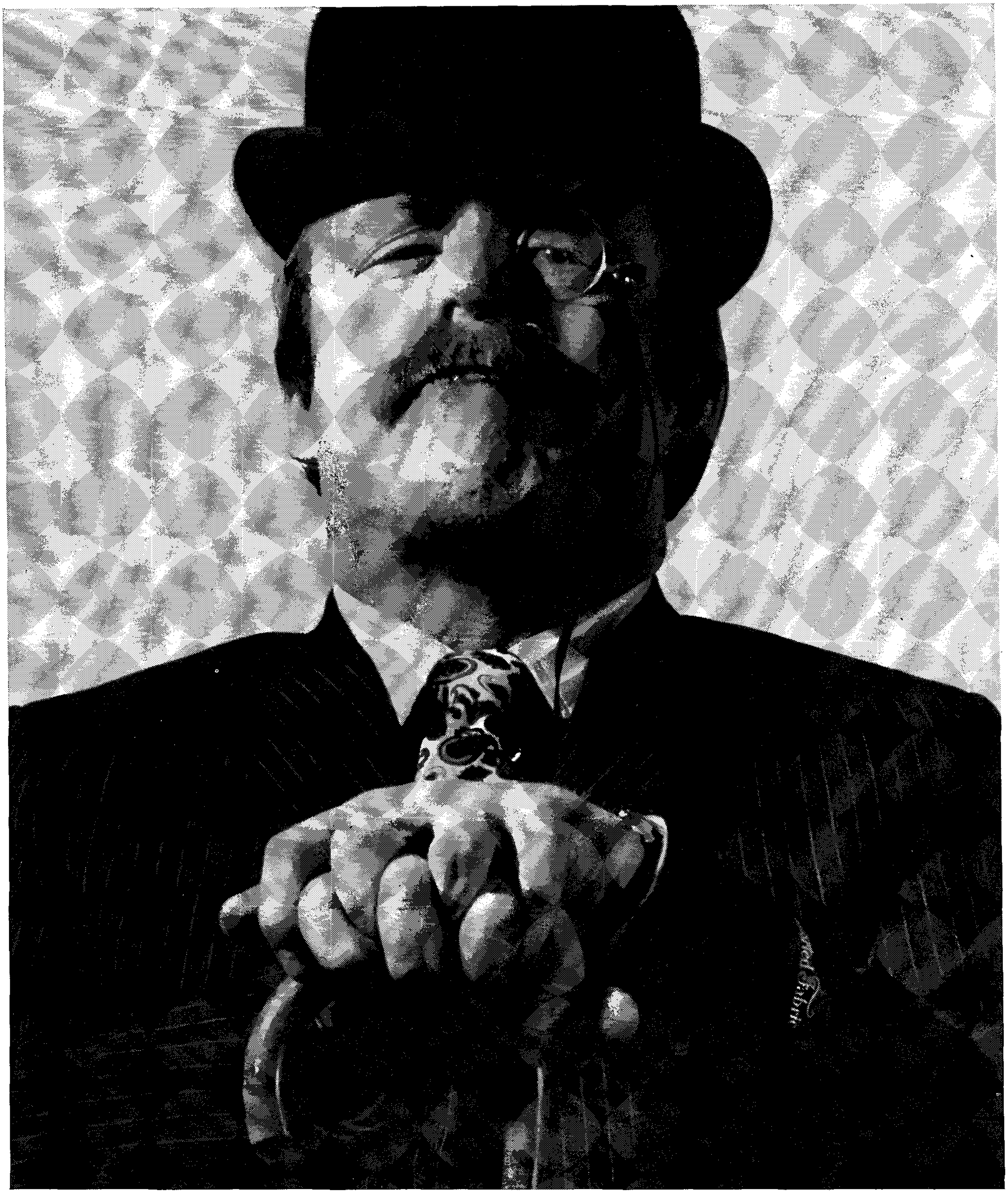


Just because it looks British doesn't mean it is.

You can't tell a British woollen just by looking at it. Or running your fingers through it. Or even by walking around in it.

You have to look at the label.

A lot of countries copy our patterns. And try to match our weaving processes. They even shop for sheep in the same place we do.

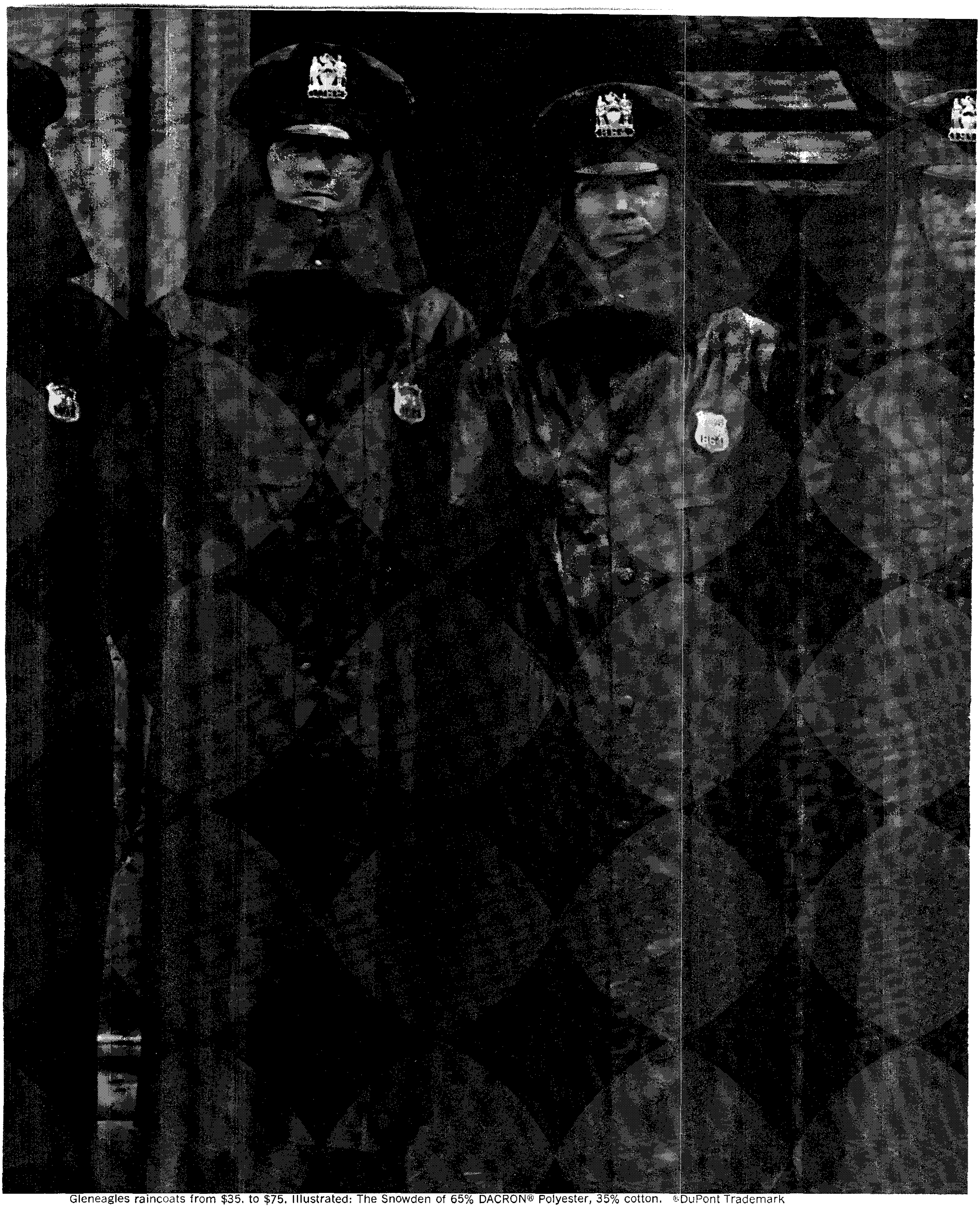
But that doesn't make them British any more than wearing a monocle makes you Lord Wellington.

Those other countries don't take the kind of trouble we do. And they don't have our limestone water. Or our beautiful misty climate. So their woollens don't have the bounce and spring you get in the British woollens you buy.

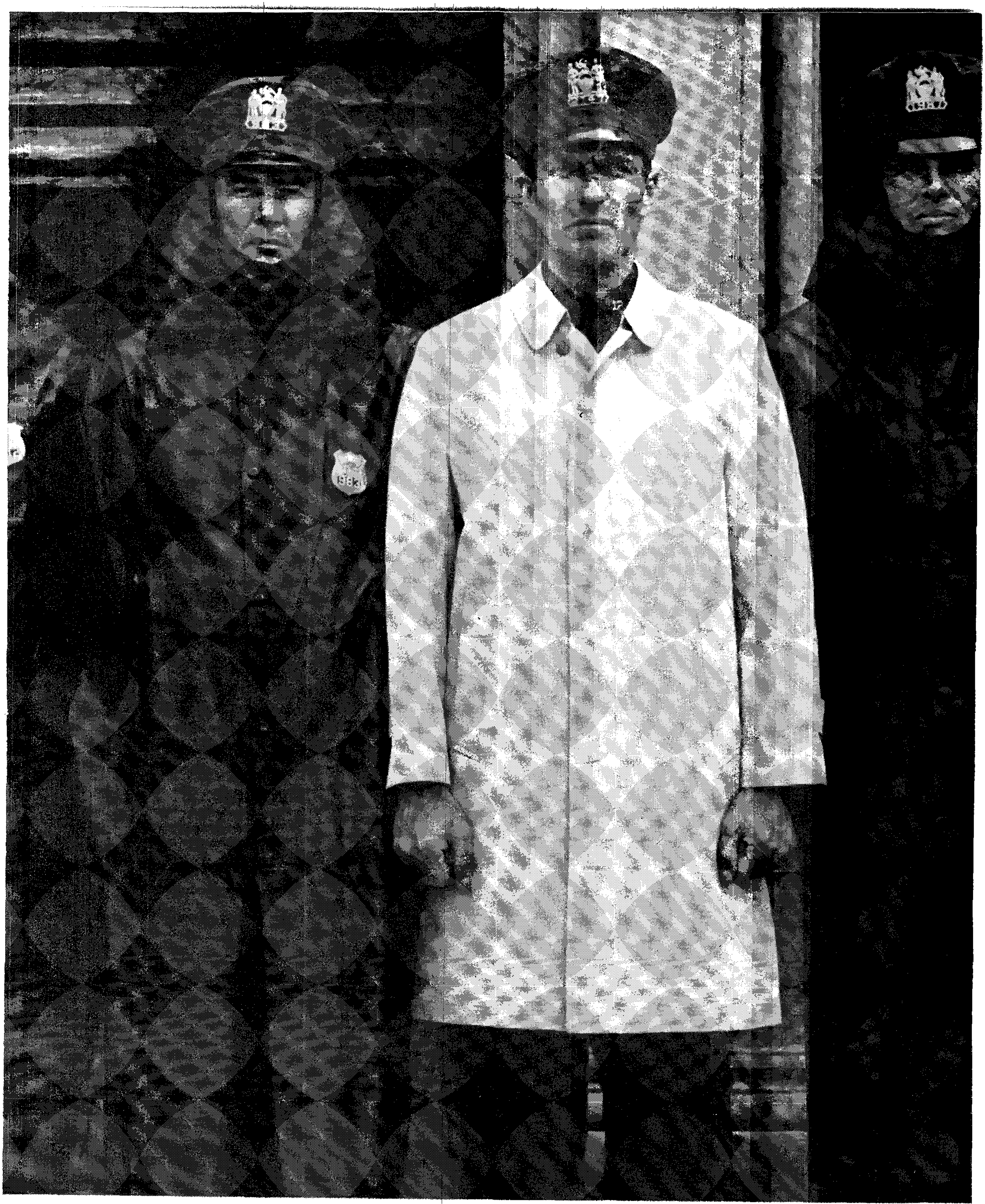
After all, we British have been wool-making for over 2,000 years. We ought to know something about it.

So don't be fooled by appearances. Don't take the salesman's word for it. Don't let anybody pull the you-know-what over your you-know-wheres.

Look for the British label.



Gleneagles raincoats from $35. to $75. Illustrated: The Snowden of 65% DACRON® Polyester, 35% cotton. ®DuPont Trademark



Will a Gleneagles protect you?

Good try, Officer O'Hallahan. We have boundless admiration for your sartorial sense. And it is true that Gleneagles specially *selects its fabrics to defy the elements.* And uses an exclusive Dri-Zone Shelter construction. And adds extra protection against rain and stains with DuPont **ZE PEL®** fabric fluoridizer. But let's face it. When you're directing traffic in a drenching downpour, the official heavy-duty slicker is *de rigueur*. But don't feel bad, O'Hallahan. With your enterprising spirit, we expect you *to be upped to detective status any minute now.* Then you'll be able to wear your Gleneagles day and night . . . just like in the movies. Gleneagles, at well-informed stores, or write ***Gleneagles,*** 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.C.

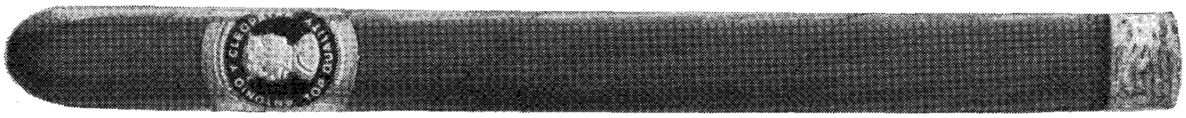
ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA
TOP QUALITY LEAF

Enjoy A&C Grenadiers...
the cigar that's been going places

You see Grenadiers most *everywhere* these days. It's caused a sensation among cigar smokers. Men go for its new, slim, modern look and exceptionally good taste.

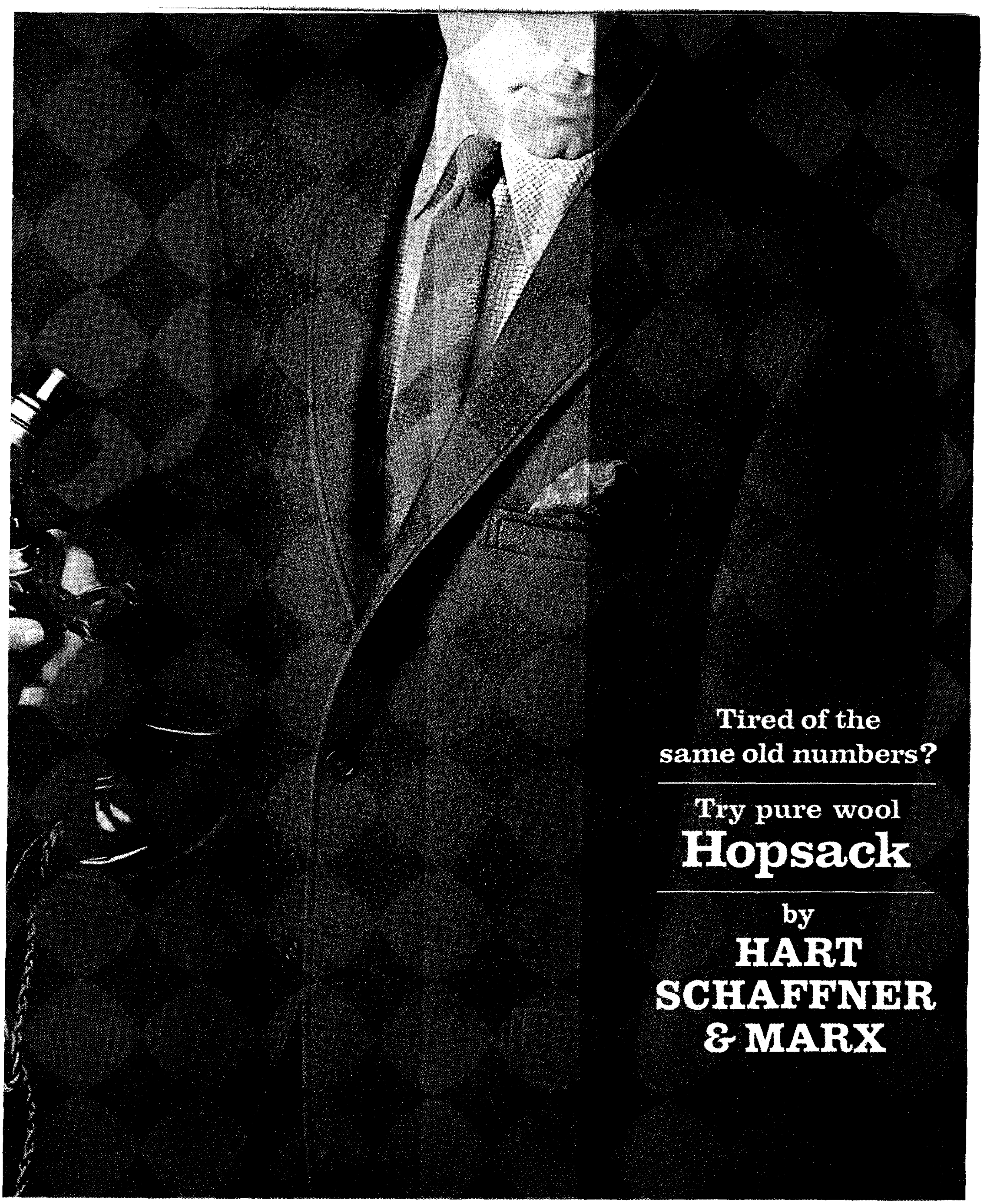
A&C Grenadiers come in dark or light wrappers. Either way, you enjoy a unique blend of fine leaf. Flavor so rare, men say their Grenadier never lasts long enough.

Try a Grenadier. (That's it below.) Or any one of A&C's 10 other popular shapes and sizes. You'll go for the uniquely satisfying flavor that's packed into every A&C.



ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA
THE CIGAR THAT *NEVER* LASTS LONG ENOUGH

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.



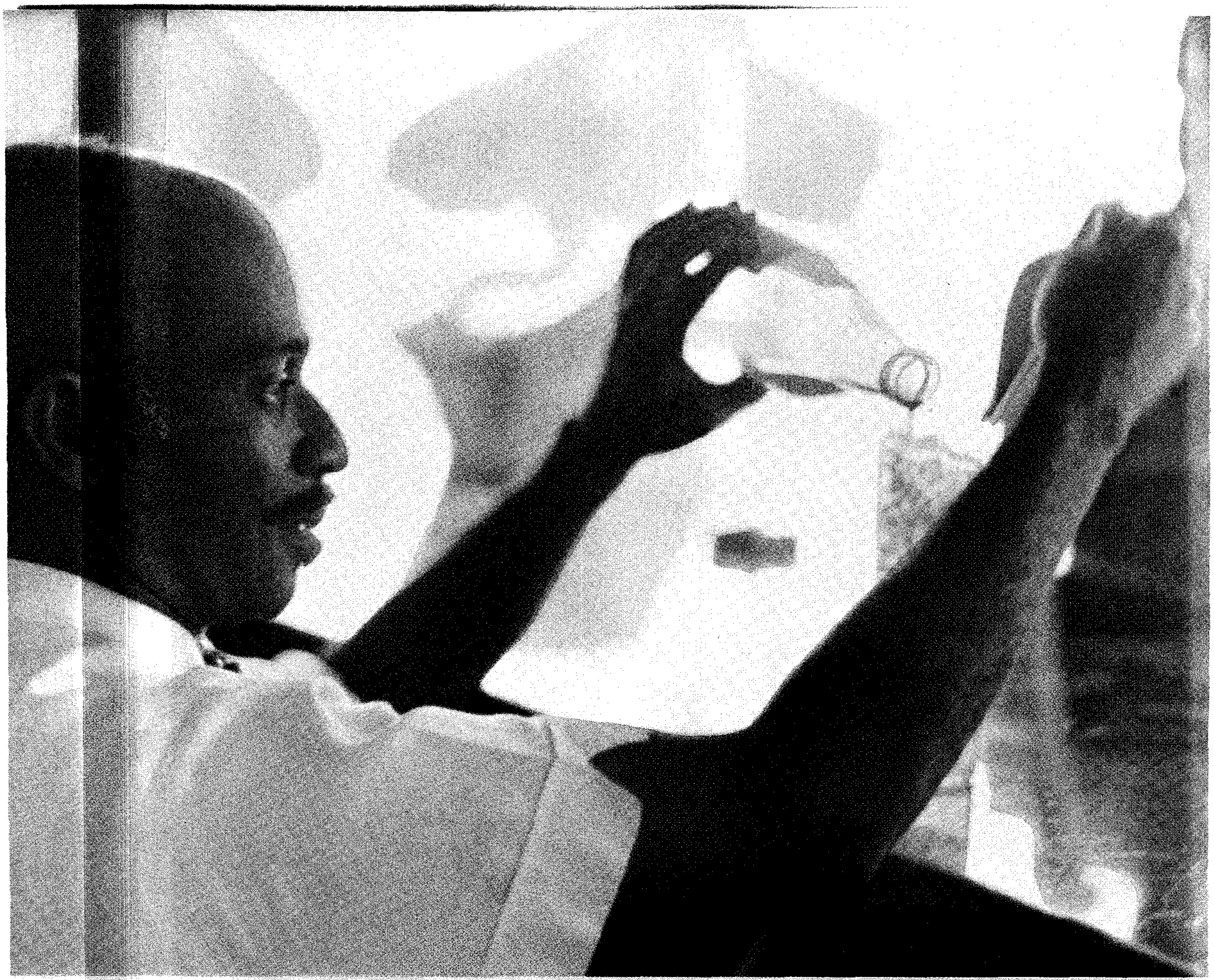
Tired of the same old hard-finish fabrics? Slip into a soft-touch hopsack suit. The look is different. The miniature basket weave is pure virgin wool...pure comfort.

Notice what a trim figure the HS&M Racquet Club suit cuts. Lines are straight and unaffected. Honest natural shoulders. Trousers that hang straight away. No exaggeration. An altogether slenderizing look.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring keeps it looking that way. Take "underpressing," for example. Every important seam on the *inside* is pressed and re-pressed to shape and mold the coat *during* tailoring. Not afterwards. As a result, the look you buy is the look you keep.

If you're a natural shoulder man, you'll take to the Racquet Club suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx. "Homespun" hopsack, the change-of-pace fabric that gets the call from today's businessmen.

The wool mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, *Inc., to quality-tested* products made of pure virgin wool.



Hold on tight when you try the Rum Special at Juicy's beach-front bar.

Blend: (in electric blender)
1 oz. honey
1 oz. ginger ale
1 oz. 7-Up
1 oz. orange juice
1 oz. lime juice
2 tbs. cherry juice
2 tbs. raspberry syrup.
Add: 1 tsp. Cointreau
1½ oz. light rum.

Stir lightly. Pour into a tall glass half filled with cracked ice. Top with a slice of pineapple, a slice of orange and a cherry. And sit a dash of Cherry Heering on top.

That's Juicy's Rum Special. Only it's not quite as special, if you make it yourself at home. Some key ingredients are missing. Like Juicy's "Yeah, mon!" as he sets the glass down on his outdoor bar at the Montego Beach Hotel. And Jamaican air in your nose. Jamaican sounds in your ears. Jamaican sand between your toes.

Then, we suspect there's a secret or two that Juicy's keeping to himself. After all, he's got a reputation to protect: Bartender of the Year in the Jamaica Gleaner's island-wide bartender contest.

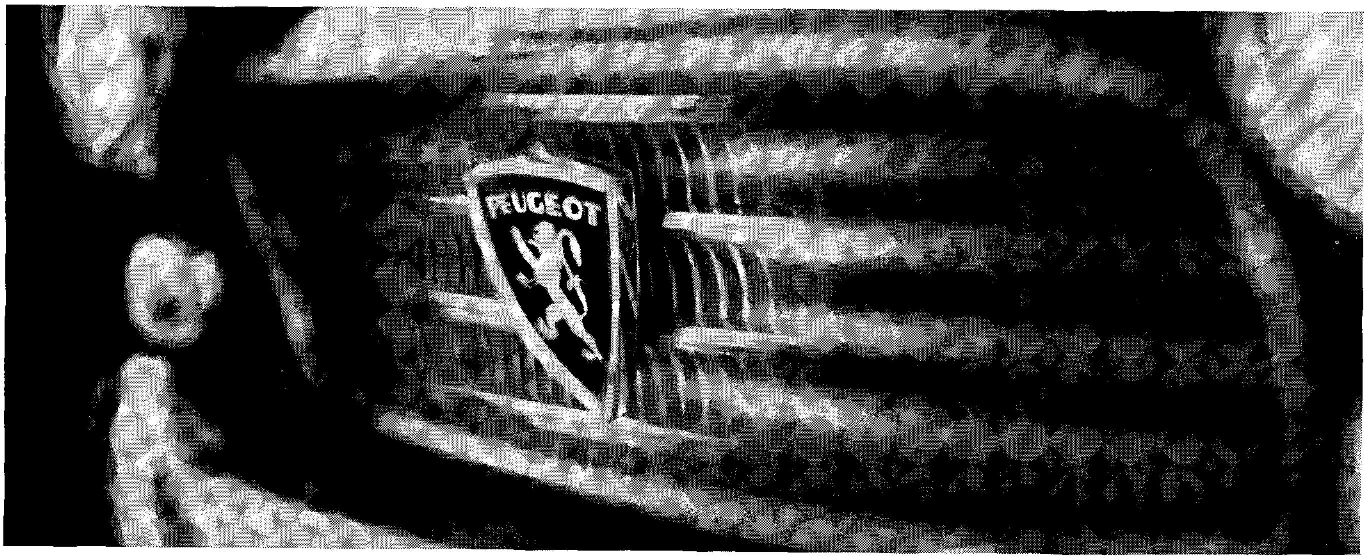
But we're not asking you to come all the way to Jamaica to do all your drinking in one little bar. Or to just drink (although some do). We have three rambling, outdoors-loving hotels—two at Montego Bay and one at Ocho Rios—where you can swim, sun, eat, laze and luxuriate in three entirely different but entirely Jamaican styles. (Let us send you our free brochures detailing which is which.) And we've arranged it so you can stay at one hotel and enjoy all the facilities and privileges of the others (and also of Montego Bay's three golf clubs and two tennis clubs). Or if you take a notion to, you can move, kit and kaboodle, from one hotel to another. Provided we've got the room.

In your travels, why not conduct your own independent survey, comparing, say, Juicy's Rum Special, Orville's White Lightning and Clinton's Coconut Cooler?

Our barmen are generous fellows all, so hold on tight.

3 Hotels / Jamaica: Montego Beach Royal Caribbean Jamaica Inn

Call your travel agent or Ray Morrow, 51 E. 42 St., N.Y.C. OX 7-2340.



This is one of the seven best made cars in the world.

What else do you want for $2595*?

How about 22 free extras like stainless steel bumpers, trim and wheel covers? How about solid steel sliding sunroof? How about famous Michelin X tires? Or 4-speed synchromesh transmission. Power brakes. Heater-defroster. Padded dashboard and sun visors. Reclining seats, electric clock, windshield washers and trip mileage counter. Not to mention outside rear view mirror, childproof rear door locks and door-to-door carpeting. And don't overlook the dual tone horns, pull-down center arm rest, luggage rack mounting brackets, bumper guards, front door courtesy lights and permanent oil filter and oil bath air filter. What else do you want for $2595?

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. NY-15
97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, N.Y.,
or see your local dealer.

*EAST COAST PRICE. $2680 WEST COAST POE.
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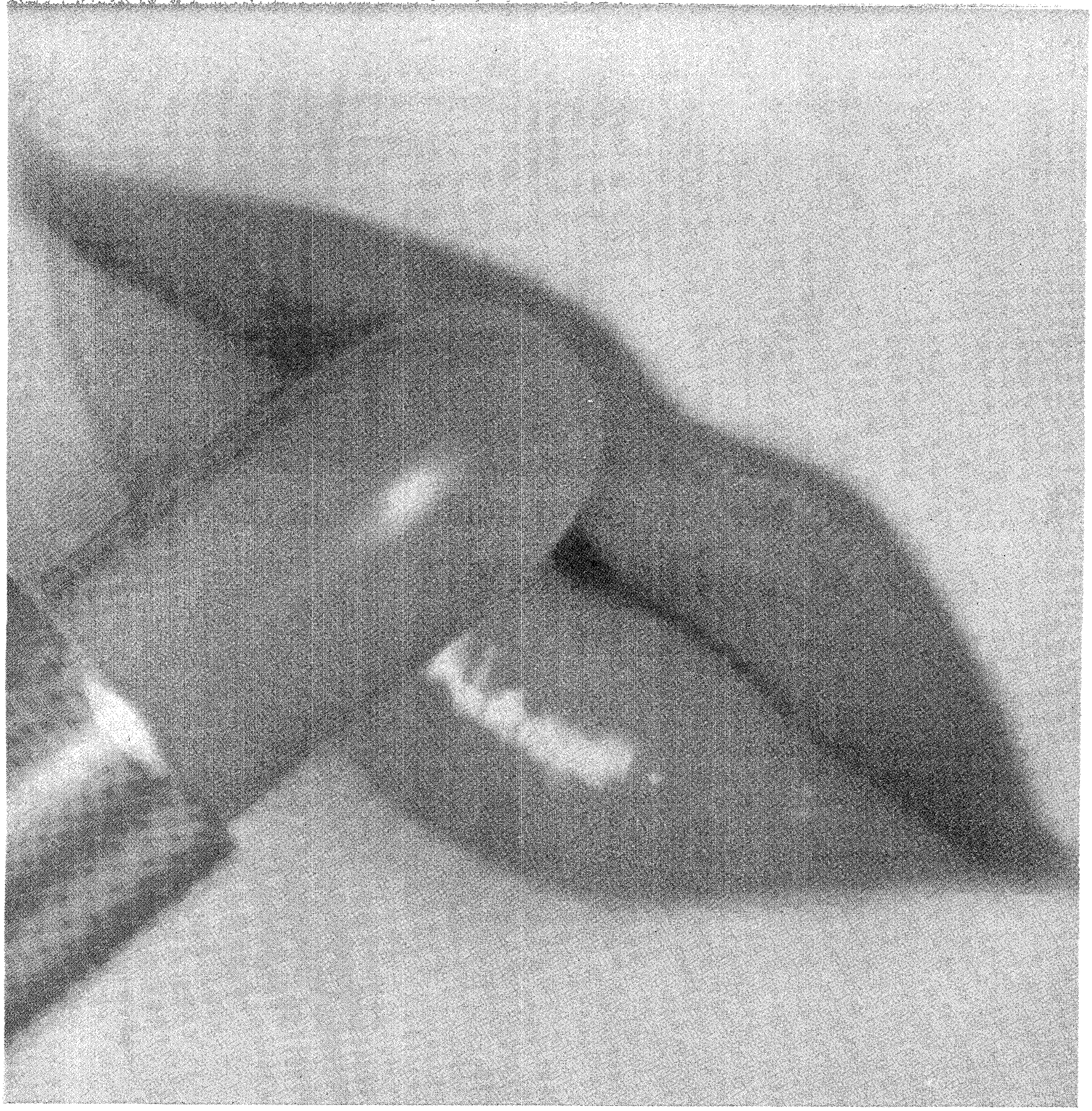

SUPER-MOIST LIPSTICK

A new lipstick that *feels* as good on your lips as it *looks*—and that looks simply wonderful. It is made with the same moisturizers first developed for Monteil's **Super-Moist Beauty Emulsion.** Soft as velvet and slippery as ice, it smooths a moist brilliance on your lips that will keep them dewy-fresh for hours.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SEPARATING reality from unreality is a familiar difficulty of ours, but rarely have we been so conscious of it as we have in reading press reports of the sentences meted out the other week in a Frankfurt courtroom to seventeen S.S. men convicted of contributing in various ways to the murder of fifty thousand inmates of the Auschwitz concentration camp. The chief judge himself, in delivering his opinion, seems to have acknowledged the unreal quality of his verdicts, steeped though they were in the most terrible sort of reality. The trial over which he presided, the judge declared, had an "extraordinary" background, but, as the agent of a carefully circumscribed penal code, he had had his hands tied; all he had been able to do, he said, was conduct the proceedings, which had lasted twenty months, in an "ordinary" manner. Indeed, the judge pointed out, the rules of the trial were established by a penal code that had been drafted in 1871, long before Adolf Hitler saw the light of day. "Human life is too short to expiate the crimes committed at Auschwitz," he said, rejecting the use of "arithmetic" as a plausible method of assessing the cases before him. Yet since he was unempowered to weigh political and moral guilt, it was arithmetic, apparently, that he fell back on. The Auschwitz pharmacist who prepared lethal doses of phenolic acid that S.S. medics injected into victims was jailed for nine years; a medic who confessed to administering the acid was given life imprisonment, the maximum punishment; the chief defendant, who was accused of selecting at least three thousand candidates for the gas chamber, got off relatively lightly, with fourteen years, because the evidence against him was considered circumstantial; a supposedly lesser defendant, an inmate who became an S.S. trusty, received a life term, because direct evidence implicated him in the murder of fourteen individuals. As far as we could discern, there was little pattern to the punishments, their inequality conveying the impression that the convicted men were not so much accomplices in crime as juridical exhibits. But then, it appears to us, the trial itself was overlaid with an essential inequality, for even if all seventeen men had received maximum sentences, it would not have begun to balance the enormity of their crimes. For ourself, the one lesson we imagine we are able to see in the German trial is that accountability is not easily met. There may be a final reckoning, as theologians have long maintained, but in the lifetime preceding the Last Day we might do well to think of a first reckoning, too; a sense of accountability, we submit, works far more effectively before the commission of evil than it does afterward. It may, in fact, be all we possess in the way of a brake on our capacity for destruction. We say this anxiously, of course, aware that we seem to be relying on an unreliable, tenuous thing, ascertainable at times only in the look in a neighbor's eyes. It has yet to bring about a tranquil, considerate world, but we do know that when it deserts us all, epidemically, that is the day of the Auschwitz pharmacist and his comrades.

The Hudson

WHEN we heard, a week or so ago, that the City Council had approved an emergency plan to rebuild the pumping station at Chelsea, New York, so that it would be capable of drawing a hundred million gallons of water a day from the Hudson River, we found ourself wondering just what kind of water now flows in the Hudson, and we put the question to Mr. Larry Bogart, who is the founder and chairman of a citizens' action group known as Friends of the Hudson. Mr. Bogart, a public-affairs consultant, is a short, stocky man of fifty with blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and a forthright manner that allows no mincing of words. "The water that flows in the Hudson is abominable," he told us when we visited him in his office, at 777 United Nations Plaza. "Back in 1952, the Water Development Board described the river as a safe, ample, and economical supplemental source of water for the city, but since then the Hudson has become polluted beyond belief. Water taken from the river by the proposed Chelsea pumping station could be made potable only by excessively costly treatment, and even then it would be inferior water. Of course, if the drought ends, and if next year's spring runoff fills the reservoirs, the Chelsea pumping station probably won't be used, but that's peripheral to the real issue. The real issue is how to stop pollution of the Hudson, so that we can avoid any chance of such ridiculous situations as one in which waste is poured into the river upstream only to be removed downstream by expensive microfiltering."

Mr. Bogart paused, as if to affirm the incontestability of his point, and then went on to tell us that he founded Friends of the Hudson last April, when he learned that the construction of Consolidated Edison's controversial pumped-storage hydroelectric power station at Storm King Mountain would result in the seizure, under the law of eminent domain, of some two hundred and fifteen acres of Harvard University's Black Rock Forest, which covers part of the highlands above the river

"I think I like Screvane better than Beame, I like Beame better than Ryan, I like Ryan better than O'Dwyer. On the other hand . . ."

• •

near Cornwall. "Black Rock Forest is a thirty-seven-hundred-acre tract that was given to Harvard in 1949 by the late Dr. Ernest Stillman for scientific experiments relating to the growth and culture of all kinds of trees," Mr. Bogart said. "The Con Edison people originally wanted to build their power station at the river's edge between Storm King Mountain and Crow's Nest Mountain, but they couldn't get the necessary permission from the Palisades Interstate Park authorities to do so, and they then bought from the village of Cornwall a piece of land adjacent to the park and the river. Next, they persuaded the village to sell them a twenty-five-acre reservoir that lies at the edge of Black Rock Forest, more than a thousand feet above the river, and now, having acquired from the Federal Power Commission a license to build their power station, they intend to institute condemnation proceedings against two hundred and fifteen acres of Black Rock Forest, if they find it necessary in order to create an upland storage basin capable of holding twelve billion gallons of water. The construction of the proposed pumping plant at the river's edge will require the removal of three million cubic yards of rock from the shoulder of Storm King Mountain, and the plant, together with the upland water basin, will act as a giant storage battery. Eight turbines capable of sucking up four billion gallons of water an hour will pump river water up through a forty-foot-wide tunnel to the storage basin, and when the water is allowed to cascade back down to the river, it will generate two million kilowatts of electric power for the city's peak-hour power needs. The scheme sounds ingenious, but as far as I'm concerned it's a monstrosity. In the first place, the pumping station will deface Storm King Mountain, which is one of the scenic wonders of the Hudson River Valley. Second, the turbulence resulting from the sucking up and pouring back of all those billions of gallons of water will do inestimable harm to fish life—especially to the striped-bass spawning grounds that lie in the vicinity—and to the ecology of the river in general. And, third, in addition to diminishing Black Rock Forest the upland storage basin will result in terrible pollution, because the water stored there will be highly saline and will inevitably seep down and penetrate the underground aquifers that supply wells in the West Point region."

Mr. Bogart shook his head sadly, and said that because of industrial waste and municipal sewage the Hudson is already in terrible shape for most of its three-hundred-mile length. "From its major source, which is Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds, in Lake Placid Township, the river is relatively clear for a hundred and thirty-five miles. Then it reaches Glens Falls, where a whole bunch of pulp mills, canneries, and slaughterhouses dump waste into it," he told us. "From there on, things get progressively worse. The bacteria naturally present in a flowing river can break down and absorb an incredible amount of organic waste, of course, but the poor old Hudson scarcely has an uncontaminated stretch in which they can perform that function. The situation is particularly scandalous in the Watervliet-Troy-Albany area, where untreated sewage and factory waste are allowed to pour into the river without, in most cases, even the most rudimentary screens to filter out solid materials. Just above Albany, the river is joined by the Mohawk—a stream that is badly polluted by half a dozen towns—and farther south, at Catskill, it is additionally assaulted by milky-colored waste from a whole rash of cement factories. More contamination pours into the river at Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, and Beacon, and although Poughkeepsie still draws on the Hudson for its supply of drinking water, it is interesting to note that the I.B.M. plant there had to import fresh water for some of its manufacturing processes last year, because of the amount of waste and salinity in the river water. Still farther south, a regular bumper crop of industrial waste enters the river in the Haverstraw-Nyack area, and in this whole vicinity Yonkers is the only town that has a secondary-sewage-treatment plant of adequate capacity. I scarcely need tell you what awaits the majestic Hudson when it reaches the metropolitan area, but you might be interested to know that New York City alone discharges five hundred and eighty-seven million gallons of untreated sewage into the river each day. I'm happy to say, however, that there are several new sewage-treatment plants under construction in the area, which should reduce this amount substantially."

At this point, Mr. Bogart's face brightened somewhat, and he told us that Friends of the Hudson had just joined forces with the recently formed Citizens' Committee for Clean Water—its membership includes more than two dozen statewide organizations, among them the New York State League of Women Voters, the National Audubon Society, the Citizens Union, and the New York State Association of Health, Physical Education, and Recreation—to urge the voters of New York to approve Proposition 1 on the ballot that is to come before the electorate on November 2nd. "Proposition 1 authorizes a billion-dollar bond issue for the construction of municipal sewage-treatment plants, and is a key part of the state's Clean Waters Program," Mr. Bogart said. "This program passed both houses of the legislature without a dissenting vote, and if the voters approve Proposition 1 in November, state funds will be provided to meet, together with federal grants, sixty per cent of the cost of such plants. We'll still have to face the problem of persuading communities along the Hudson and other rivers to take advantage of the state's offer. The Citizens' Committee for Clean Water is mounting an intensive educational program to show people that it's foolish and irresponsible to dump waste into a river and make people downstream pay the penalty. We'll also have to persuade industries along the river to install proper pollution-control equipment; perhaps that can be done by offering them certain tax incentives. As far as Friends of the Hudson goes, it now has a membership of three hundred and fifty, but that's just a beginning. I foresee an organization of a hundred thousand people concerned with maintaining a proper environment in the Hudson River Valley in spite of the demands created by our exploding population. In fact, I visualize an aroused citizenry that, after all these years of neglect and blight, will finally come to think of the Hudson as an entity."

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SIGN observed on Lympne Castle, a tourist attraction between Dover and Canterbury:

THIS CASTLE MODERNIZED IN 1430

Wildlife

THE *Time* and *Life* people are currently holding a small wildlife exhibit just off their main lobby, at Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, and we've just been up to have a look at it. The exhibit, which will be there until the third of October, is entitled "Animal Behavior" and consists of an assortment of recordings, films, photographs, and mechanical displays, and some live animals, too. On our arrival, we found the place so crowded that it took us several minutes just to get a good glimpse of the Prairiedogopolis—some stones, some plaster burrows, the skull of a cow, and a ragged bush, at which several prairie dogs were nibbling. The women in the crowd were making a great fuss over the prairie dogs, whose ways were quite winning (one group of women was discussing the prairie dogs' shadows and seemed to have them confused with groundhogs), and we soon moved on to a photographic display that demonstrated how a type of goose called the graylag, by clever contortions of its neck, expresses such emotional states of mind as Conflict Between Strong Aggression and Strong Fear (the neck low and the head tilted up), Timid Social Approach (the neck horizontal and hunched), and All-Out Attack (the neck horizontal and stretched.)

Farther on, we passed some pictures of a cichlid fish in various stages of fright and bewilderment, and eventually we came upon a tank in which a Nassau grouper (an immense and sluggish flatfish) was carrying on a symbiotic relationship with a bunch of wrasses (small, agile fish flaunting flamboyant colors). In this particular symbiotic relationship (symbiosis is an intimate living together of dissimilar organisms, often amounting to a kind of constructive mutual parasitism), the wrasses were executing a general cleanup job on the grouper as it lolled on its side. A poster informed us that wrasses introduce themselves to a grouper by performing an underwater ballet, but we were too late to see that.

When we'd had our fill of symbiosis, we headed for some telephones marked "ANIMAL TALK" and, while waiting for a free line, stood through a hopeful film about the decision-making powers of rats, an alarming film about a fighting bull turning chicken under remote electronic control, and a most depressing film about rhesus monkeys being reared by dummy mothers constructed of cloth and wire. By the time that one was over, an animal phone was free, so we picked it up and listened to seven different kinds of frogs and toads, individually and in unison. They created quite a racket, which a human voice interrupted to point out that the croak of a frog is born, not made—unlike the meadowlark's song, which came on next. The human voice having explained that a meadowlark takes two years to get its song down right, we struggled through several stages of its apprenticeship, then hung up and headed for an exhibit of spider webs spun under the influence of psychic energizers, sedatives, and mind-expanding drugs. The webs spun by spiders on Pervitin (a stimulant similar to Benzedrine), caffeine, and chloral hy-

drate were a pretty sorry spectacle, but small doses of lysergic acid (LSD) had resulted in a perfect web of striking originality, surpassing anything produced in the course of nature's usual hackwork. We admired the LSD web for some time, and then joined a boisterous crowd shouting at a plump white pigeon immured in a glass cell. We thought at first that the pigeon was being tortured, but on closer inspection we found that it was merely operating a kind of primitive pinball machine with its beak, pecking at a row of buttons on which red and green lights were flashing on and off with bewildering rapidity. We won't go into the intricacies of the game, which looked challenging enough to keep a human being, let alone a pigeon, on his toes, for it took a scoreboard of lights and a couple of data-processing machines to fathom the goings on. Suffice it to say that by five o'clock, when the show shut down, the pigeon was way ahead.

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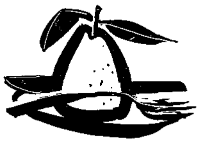
THE publisher's price for "The Great Discount Delusion" is $4.50. It is selling at S. Klein's for $3.37.

A Public Service

AT four-fifteen on a recent sunny afternoon, we arrived at the Butler Aviation hangar in the Marine Air Terminal at LaGuardia to keep an appointment with Fred Feldman, who for the past three and a half years has spent a couple of hours each weekday morning and evening flying around New York in a helicopter and giving nimble descriptions of and advice about rush-hour traffic over radio station WOR. Mr. Feldman was not there, but his helicopter was. It was small and had a plastic bubble, two seats, twin inflated-rubber floats, and an open tail decorated on both sides with "WOR" in huge orange letters. It was resting on a yellow dolly and was flanked by a couple of big twin-engine planes; it looked like a dragonfly between them. A handsome young man, dressed in a bright-blue sports shirt, gray slacks, gleaming black shoes, and sunglasses, walked quickly across the hangar toward us. "Fred Feldman," he said. "Apologies for being late, but I worked on the ship all morning and just whipped home to Flushing for a catnap. I was waked up last night at one o'clock by a gang of firemen with axes, who said the apartment below mine was on fire. I didn't get back to sleep until almost three, and I have to be up at five-thirty. You'd better take off your coat and tie and put on some dark glasses, if you have them. It'll be hot and bright up there today. In fact, this is about the best visibility we've had this summer. The smog was so bad all last week I couldn't see a mile in front of me. I had to fly right beside the West Side Highway to find out what it was doing, and when I got back, the ship was *caked* with dirt. If New Yorkers could see what I see every day of the air they breathe, they wouldn't come near the city."

After lighting a small cigar, Feldman gave some instructions to two men who were polishing the helicopter bubble. "Smog is bad, but fog can be worse," he continued. "When I was about to make my final broadcast one January evening last winter, it caught me near the Triborough Bridge. I couldn't see *anything*. I went right down to the water, which looked rough and mean. I could have been knocked to pieces against the shore if I had tried to come down on that Hell Gate current. Then I spotted a couple of faint street lamps on Wards Island, worked my way between them, and landed on the grass. I was born in New York, and I love this job. The pay is fine, and the people at WOR are fine, and the ship, which they bought for me, is fine. I've been flying for eleven years, but this is the best yet. A couple of other local stations tried putting helicopters in the air, but then they discovered they could use me, and they do. So do the police. I've become a public service. I'll just get some ice water to take along, and then we'd better get going."

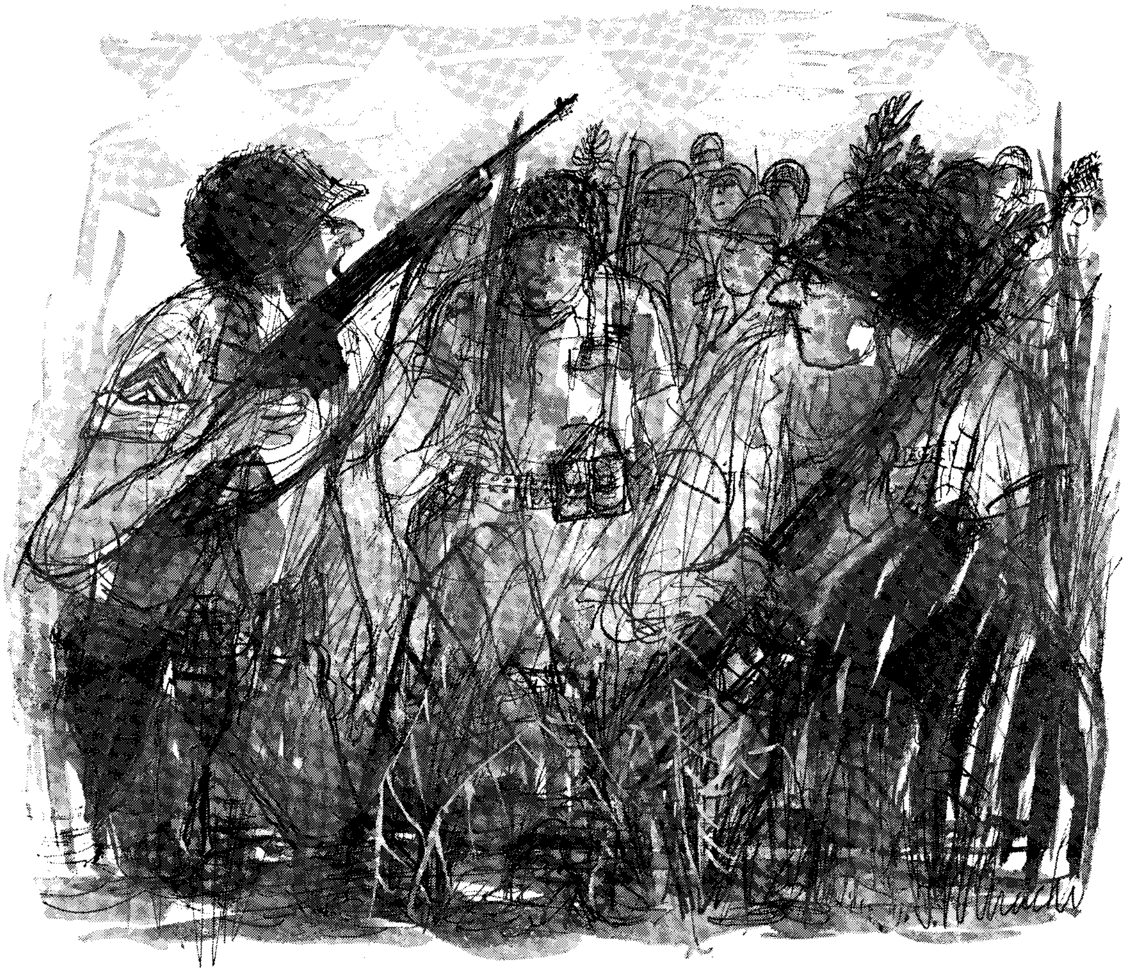


Feldman disappeared into a snack bar at one end of the hangar, and when he returned, the helicopter had been towed out onto the apron beside the hangar. "We'll fly at around twenty-five hundred feet," he said. "I can fly as low as I want, as long as I'm not endangering life or property, but the lower you get, the less you can see of the total traffic picture. We'll make three circuits of the city, and I'll report every fifteen minutes or so. We land at six-thirty."

Our host told us to get aboard on the right side, and he clambered in on the left. There was a control stick and a couple of rudder pedals in front of each seat. Two sets of earphones hung at the back of the cockpit, and Feldman suggested that we put on a set, explaining that we would hear the radio station, the LaGuardia control tower, and the LaGuardia Approach and Departure Control—sometimes all at once. He put his cigar in a small ashtray on the floor and started the engine. It was ten minutes to five. The bubble roared and shook, and after Feldman had checked his instruments, the helicopter rose slowly to a height of fifty feet, hung for a moment, and began sliding, magic-carpet fashion, to the northwest. The ground fell steadily away, and the city popped up on the left. There was a continuous gabble in the earphones. Feldman talked into a small rubber microphone fitted tightly to the right side of his mouth, and then leaned over toward us and shouted, "The station's just told me I can have a whole minute and a half! They must be running light! I'll wait until I get to the George Washington Bridge to use it. See that car stalled on the Triborough in the right-hand lane? That's all it takes for trouble—one little car."

The helicopter was at sixteen hundred feet. A thin powder puff of smog covered the city, extending as far as the eye could see, and it was being steadily replenished by smokestacks up and down the East River. Feldman leaned toward us again and said, "Sometimes four or five *rivers* of smoke pour over the city at once, including stuff from the Sanitation Department. I believe the city fines offenders a hundred dollars, but so what?" He shook his head and handed us a mimeographed sheet. It was a duplicate of one fastened to a clipboard that he kept balanced on his left knee, and it listed about fifty traffic trouble spots, beginning with the Throgs Neck Bridge, the Whitestone Bridge, and the Cross Island Parkway, and ending with the Cross County Parkway, the New England Thruway, and the Hutchinson River Parkway. He scribbled some notes in a blank next to "Triborough Bridge." The Harlem River, sneaking under its bridges, was caught by the sun. A blimp blimped south on our left, and on our right Yankee Stadium cupped sunlight. Before we reached the George Washington Bridge, Feldman swung sharply to the left, and we were poised—as if on a two-thousand-foot peak—directly over the center of the Hudson. It was smooth and opaque and almost empty—a splendid avenue. The colors of the city—tans, pale russets, ratty browns, off-whites—had run together. The sun roared just outside the bubble.

The gabble in the earphones abruptly stopped, and Feldman's voice came on. He became octopodous. As he talked, his left hand hovered over a stopwatch fastened to the clipboard, ran down the mimeographed sheet, and disappeared under his left leg to adjust the throttle; his right hand rested lightly on the stick; his eyes flitted back and forth between the clipboard and the sky. "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," we heard him say. "It's a beautiful afternoon for flying, and, if I may say so, a bad one for driving. There's a car stalled in the right lane of the Triborough eastbound, so squeeze left. Another chap has the Bronx-bound lanes of the Hundred and Sixty-first Street bridge bottled up. Squeeze left again. However, Whitestone and Throgs Neck are moving nicely, and the Cross Island is relatively clear."



"All right! Who's the jerk whistling 'We did it before and we can do it again'?"

Feldman spoke rapidly, and when he finished, he put his cigar in his mouth and pointed to the southwest. Two small planes made a neat "X" over Jersey City, and a big helicopter scuttled across the Hudson. "We've just entered uncontrolled air space!" Feldman yelled at us. "The uncontrolled space begins five miles from LaGuardia, and when you're in it you've got to look more sharply for what's coming at you!" We passed the Battery, at seventy miles an hour, and swung out over Brooklyn, which was infested with cars. The World's Fair, swollen by full parking lots, floated past in the middle distance. Feldman completed his first circuit, and there was a blinding flash on the ground. The sun had hit a pool of water on a Bronx roof.

Feldman circled the city again and made two more reports. As the sun sank, the smog seemed to swell. Three great pythons of cars were squeezing into the Queens Midtown Tunnel. "I tell them time and again to use alternate routes!" Feldman shouted. "But it's the same every evening! I don't know why they won't listen." He was sweating, and his clipboard was covered with scrawls. Halfway through his third tour, he spotted trouble on the Brooklyn Bridge and, dropping fifteen hundred feet, found a stalled car. The traffic on the Williamsburg Bridge had come to a stop, too, and he circled fifty feet above it; a burning truck was surrounded by fire engines. The helicopter was below the tops of the nearest buildings on Manhattan, and as it swung around and around the bridge, the buildings leaned over dizzyingly and the bridge and the river seesawed wildly. Feldman levelled the ship off, went down to fifty feet, and headed up the East River, which was absolutely empty and slipped away beneath us as if it were on wheels. We sailed under the Queensboro Bridge, and a group of boys on Welfare Island stopped playing baseball and waved. Feldman waved back.

At the Triborough, Feldman made his final report, then pulled the helicopter up to five hundred feet and yelled to us, "Want to drive? Hold the stick with just two fingers—it's delicate! And keep her nose down!" We touched the stick with a thumb and forefinger, and the nose shot up. We pushed the stick forward, and the nose shot down. It was like riding a camel. We pulled the stick back and waggled it a little, and the ship shimmied. We pushed it forward again, and LaGuardia reared up in front of us. "I'll take over!" Feldman shouted. The yellow dolly was still sitting on the apron. The helicopter sank straight toward it, and suddenly we were twenty feet above it, ten feet, two feet, and on it. It was six-thirty.

Confidence

A FRIEND of ours overheard the following conversation between two dynamic young executives in a midtown elevator:

FIRST EXECUTIVE: "I could kick myself for not seeing Ed before I went on vacation."

SECOND EXECUTIVE: "How come?"

FIRST EXECUTIVE: "Well, I wanted to get in on that stock he was pushing, and then I got back from the shore and found out it had gone up eight points."

SECOND EXECUTIVE: "I didn't know you trusted Ed's advice so much."

FIRST EXECUTIVE: "To tell you the truth, I don't."

STICKY MY FINGERS, FLEET MY FEET

"WILL you ever mature?" my wife asked.

"I'm a *very* mature pass receiver," I said, lacing my sneakers. "Ask anybody who's tried to cover me."

She groaned and went back to Walter Lippmann. Nobody could want more in a wife; Marian is beautiful, witty, charming, and not a graduate of Sarah Lawrence. But touch football is over her head.

"Baby, exercise is a health-must," I said patiently. "Don't you realize guys die from vegetating?"

"I do the Canadian things and yoga and isometrics, so don't call me pro-vegetation. I'm tired all the time!" She was sort of screaming. Her nerves have really gone downhill since we married. "It's your attitude that bothers me. Play football—fine. Wonderful. But to keep a record of *every* pass you catch, *every* touchdown you score, *every*—"

"Now, you know the notebook is only a joke."

"It's a farce, but it's no joke! My God, if Erich Fromm saw one page of that thing—"

I muffled the rest of her words by putting on my sweatshirt as I went out the door. Outside, it was a clear, bright morning—perfect weather for spectacular pass-snatching. Early practice is very important. Championships that bloom in December are planted in September. Turning into the Park at Seventy-second Street, I trotted through the herds of old people who are pastured on the West Side. They really knock me out, because Allie Sherman and I dig resignation. As my sneakers padded lightly on the walk, pre-game excitement got to my ulcer. (Shofner has one, too.)

We use that shabby open stretch that runs from the high to the low Sixties, and the guys were already there. They'd marked off our field with a pile of sweaters, trash baskets, and an Air France bag. Seeing me, Marv called, "There's the sticky-fingered antelope! You ready to grab a few, Norm?"

"Always ready," I said. Marv works for Port Authority and has a fine arm. We hit for six or seven bombs a week.

I traded insults with the rest of the guys. All of them were veterans of our weekly games, except for one rookie—a scrawny kid of about fifteen, wearing a green sweater. Its cuffs hid his knuckles. George Crimblings, a blocking back from J. Walter Thompson, introduced us. "This is Wesley, my nephew," he said. "I thought we might lose some dilettantes to softball, so I brought him out."

"Glad to know you, sir," Wesley said. I looked at him, but he meant it. Rookies call Mike Ditka "sir," too.

George and I chose up. I took Marv, of course, and George was stuck with Wesley after all the others had been picked. Letting them receive, we all spread out as Marv put the ball on the kicking tee. My ulcer was begging for Maalox, but I didn't even wince, because Ray Berry and I dig pressure. When the going gets rough, the rough get going. Marv raised his arm, brought it down, took two steps toward the ball, stopped, and said, "Hell." A two-year-old boy had wandered onto the field.

"For God's sakes, get him out of here!" I yelled.

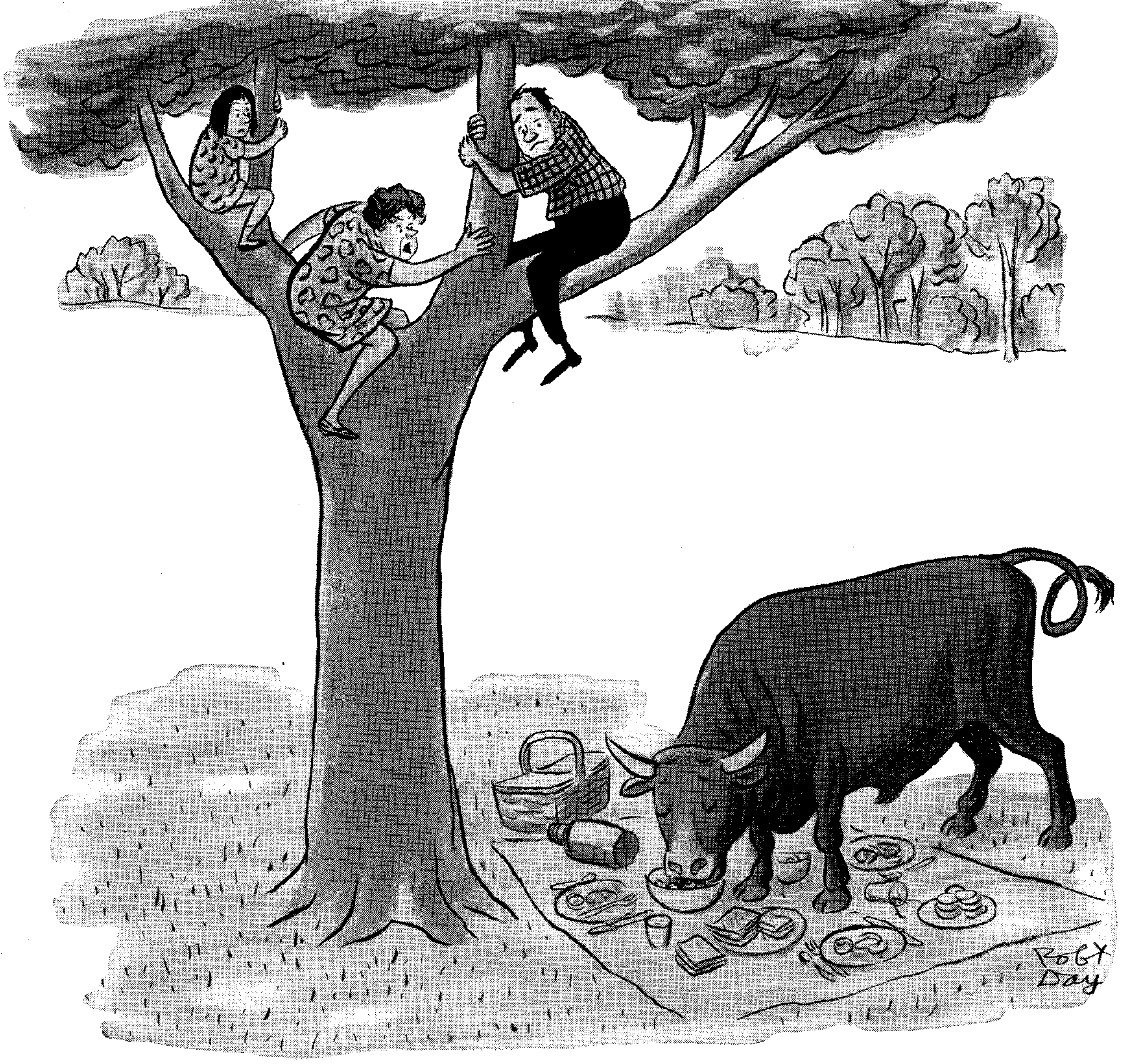
"Urry gurry burry," the kid answered, picking the ball off the tee. When we surrounded him, he lay down, hugging the ball, and started to cry. The sound brought his mother.

"Did you hit him?" she demanded.

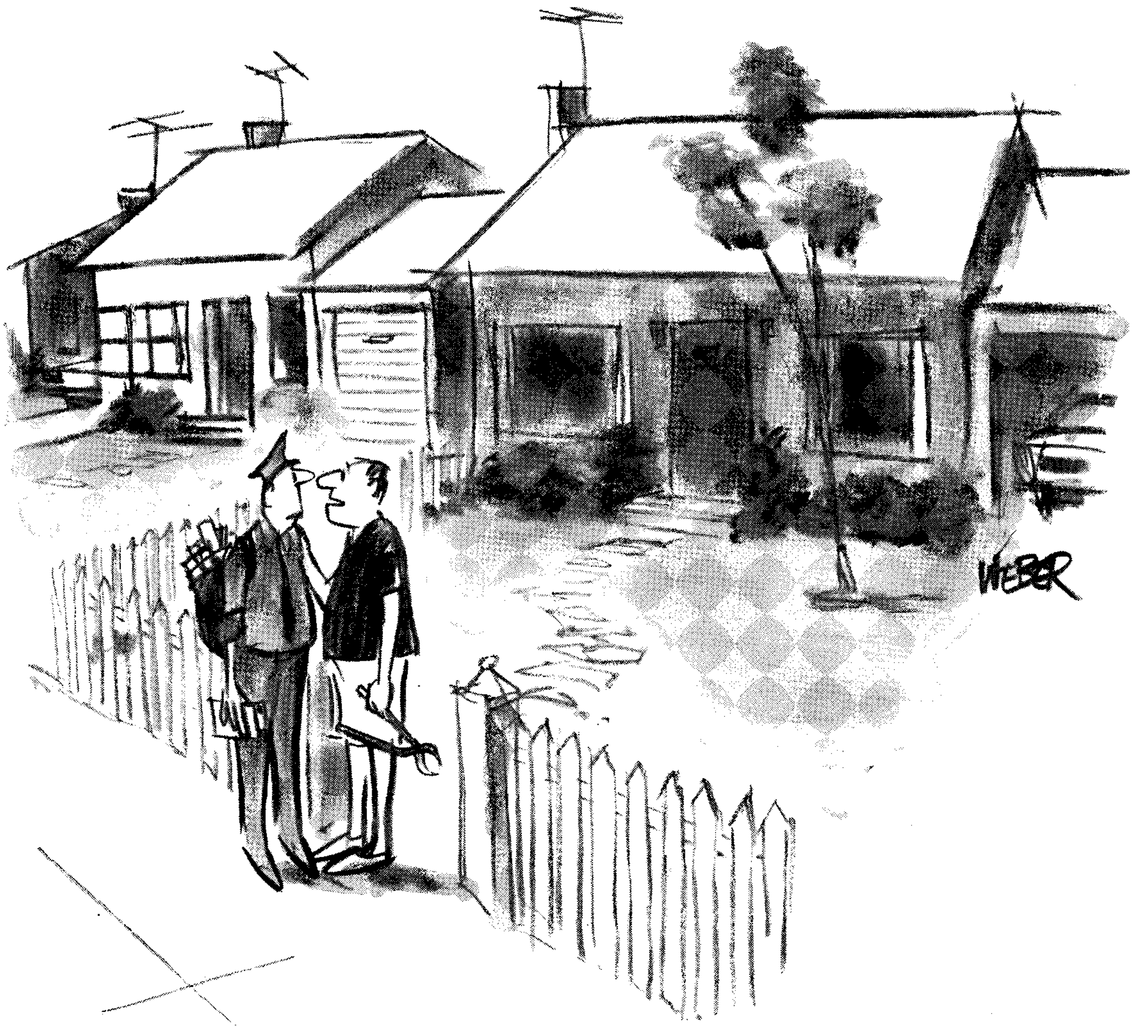
"Make him give us our ball," I said.

Holding him while we pried the ball loose, she said, "Lester, be nice and return the children's toy."

Finally, we lined up



"You'll notice he doesn't think the salad has too much salt in it."



"Listen. Just between us, how much mail would you say I get? Average? More than average? Less than average?"

• •

again, and Marv got off the kick. Unfortunately, it went to Harry Gratzwald, who is fat, slow, awkward, and more feared than Jimmy Brown. I touched him, Jacob touched him, Marv touched him, *everybody* touched him, but he kept running. "We got you back here!" I called.

"No, you didn't," Harry answered and went all the way before coming back to argue. He is a lawyer. "You only got me one hand at a time and you have to get me both hands together or it's not a legal touch, and Jacob was offside and Marv was holding and . . ." We kicked again.

The show finally on the road, Marv and I dropped back in our special two-man rolling zone. I'm sensational on defense, even though my real gifts are offensive. Jacob was slapping our linemen on the tail, saying, "Big rush now! Really crash in there. Break their bones." Analysts make great line-backers. On the first play, he red-dogged and nailed them right in the middle of a triple reverse.

"Way to go, Jake baby!" I said. "Be manic."

They gained four inches on an end-around and then threw a buttonhook to Harry, who was wide open. He dropped the ball and yelled, "Interference!"

"Nobody was within ten yards of you," I said.

We gave them the down over, and they tried a flare pass that Jacob intercepted. The ball was ours and glory would be mine. In the huddle, Marv said, "O.K., men. Norm, run a down-and-out to the pile of sweaters; Jack, cut to the Air France bag. On two—*break!*"

I flanked to the left and found George on me. There was fear in his ad man's eyes. I gave him the big inside move and cut to the sweaters. Marv led me nicely, and it was a thirty-yard gain. On the next two plays, we ran sweeps while I lulled George with the same pattern.

"He's ripe," I said.

"Right. Long bomb to the trash basket," Marv said.

I glided out at three-quarter speed, head-faked, and broke deep. George never had a chance. Crossing the goal, I looked toward the Fifth Avenue buildings that rose above the trees. People with binoculars were probably crowding the windows. The team pounded my back. I shrugged and said, "Just lucky."

"Looks like it's your day," Marv said, and it was. Buttonhooks, slant-ins, down-and-outs—I murdered them. Finally, they really got desperate, and I flanked out to find Wesley on me. I gave him a friendly nod to show I'd go easy on him. Real pros win without shaming their opponents; always leave a guy part of his ego or he gets tougher defensively. I faked to the sideline and hooked back.

"Good fake, sir," Wesley said, after knocking the ball down.

In the huddle, Marv said, "He looks tough."

"Forget it, he's playing me much too tight. Anything deep will kill him."

This time, I gave Wesley the works—head fake, full pivot, innocent smile—and streaked downfield. I tagged him the minute he made the interception.

"My fault for not slanting in more," I lied to Marv.

"No, it was mine for not throwing sooner," he said truthfully.

As a reward for this lucky play, they shifted Wesley to tailback. He waited for the snap from center, hauling at his sleeves to make his hands visible. The play was an easy end sweep and our linemen trapped him on the sideline, but he cut back toward his own goal, and the chase was on. It lasted a long, long time. Eventually, I collapsed beside Jacob, who was kneading a stitch in his side. We watched Wesley skitter. Finally, the whole team was too tired to chase him anymore, and he jogged over the goal unpursued. His teammates pounded his back. Wesley shrugged and said, “Just lucky.” If there’s anything I hate, it’s phony modesty.

THAT play took the heart (and wind) out of everybody on our team except me. Jacob stood around rationalizing, and Marv’s passing became hysterical; everything he threw to me Wesley intercepted or knocked down. We fell behind. I kept my cool, though. As Vince Lombardi says, it’s last-quarter teams that win championships. One big play could salvage the game. After Wesley ran back a punt for his sixth touchdown, he made his mistake—leaving me alone on two straight plays while he covered somebody else.

“He’s ripe,” I said.

“For what—the Hall of Fame?” Marv said. Still, he called my big tide-turner—a delayed bomb to the trash basket.

Hesitating at the line, I studied my nails and faked tying my shoelace until Wesley broke toward the middle zone. Then I streaked downfield. Nobody was near me, and the pass was perfect. The pros’ pro, old Stickyfingers, was in the clear! But I must have expected the flash of his green sweater in front of me, because the ball somehow ricocheted off my chest. It bounced to a stop about five yards away just as I jackknifed into the trash basket.

There was laughter from both teams. It didn’t surprise me. The world is full of fair-weather hypocrites. I didn’t lose my poise, though, even while peeling a Mounds wrapper from my forehead. Unfortunately, it did hurt my credibility as a receiver. Marv started throwing to others and calling clown plays for me, like “O.K., Norm, go deep to the zoo and fall in the sea-lion pool.” Also, I’d pulled a muscle in my leg.

The game broke up a while later, and Marv, the treacherous bastard, said to the kid, “Come out next week. I’d like to have you on my squad. We’d make a great combination.” He shook his head in admiration. “You must run wild on your high-school team.”

“Not hardly, sir,” Wesley said. “I’m the manager.”

THE trip home was a limping retreat from Caporetto—only with fewer laughs. I’m no fool. You don’t have to draw me a picture. Football belongs to the young, and I’m only a memory, like Jim Thorpe, Mel Hein, Otto Graham, and the rest. Around me, other old people sat on benches, waiting to die a little deader. A horse galloped along the bridle path on his way into a tube of glue or can of dog food. I knew it was over. Jack Armstrong, fat and getting bald, sat behind a desk waiting for a coronary; the Mounties had retired Sergeant Preston. Britt Reid and Kato, Lamont Cranston and the lovely Margo Lane—gone, all gone. Soon dirt would be shovelled in my face while the choir sang “Have you tried Wheaties?” in dirge tempo.

Climbing the stairs, I rested often, because of my leg and Marian. I was right. “Oh, God, this is exactly what I need—an immature cripple!” she yelled. “Is anything broken?”

“Nothing that would show on an X-ray. I’m washed up, baby.” I picked up my notebook, heavy with touchdowns, yardage, and dreams, and threw it with all my elderly strength. It didn’t even break anything.

“*That* was a healthy thing to do,” Marian said.

She went into the bathroom, and there was the sound of water flooding into the tub. I sat and massaged my ruined thigh; they should give Purple Hearts just for living. Then she practically dragged me from the living room and stuffed me into the hot water. I complained.

“Shut up and *soak!* I’ve about had it with you!” For a while, she just glared at me, with her teeth pretty well gritted. Then she sighed and said, “Nobody is in your class for immaturity. There you sit with your leg and ego crippled because of football—*you*, the best tennis player in the West Seventies.”

“That’s not true,” I said. “You’re just cheering me up.”

“It *is* true, but you won’t admit it. Your ground strokes are unbelievable.” Her voice was much softer.

“That’s not altogether true.”

“Why do I try? You have no sense of proportion. Nobody else would waste that tennis leanness on body contact.”

She left me, and I eased lower in the water. Marian was vicious but astute; football *is* immature. It belongs to kids like Wesley and would-be kids like Marv, Harry, and Jacob, who want to hide from adult responsibilities. They can’t, though. A man grows up and stays grown; he can’t go home again. My leg wasn’t hurting quite so much, and I tried a few backhands with the soap. Rosewall uses the Continental grip, too.

—GENE WILLIAMS

TENANTS’ HARBOR

Listen, the tide has turned:
you can hear yesterday’s left-
over swell, fooling around

against Condon’s Rock. Who’s
to care where the cold front went
when it lifted a week of nimbus

clear of the Camden Hills?
Somebody’s probably mapped
it, as part of a spiral,

current from Saint John’s
to Gander; people are always
pulsing their plot of distance

from storms, from a weapons system,
a star, or a war. Safe
from radar, we’re eased home

by how the wind climbed out
of the cove and leaned Orion
down to this summer’s last night.

Tomorrow, counting our change
at a tollgate, we’ll suck
on a hot inland orange

for lunch, gas up to anchor
ourselves to a map, and plot
the cost of a winter ashore.

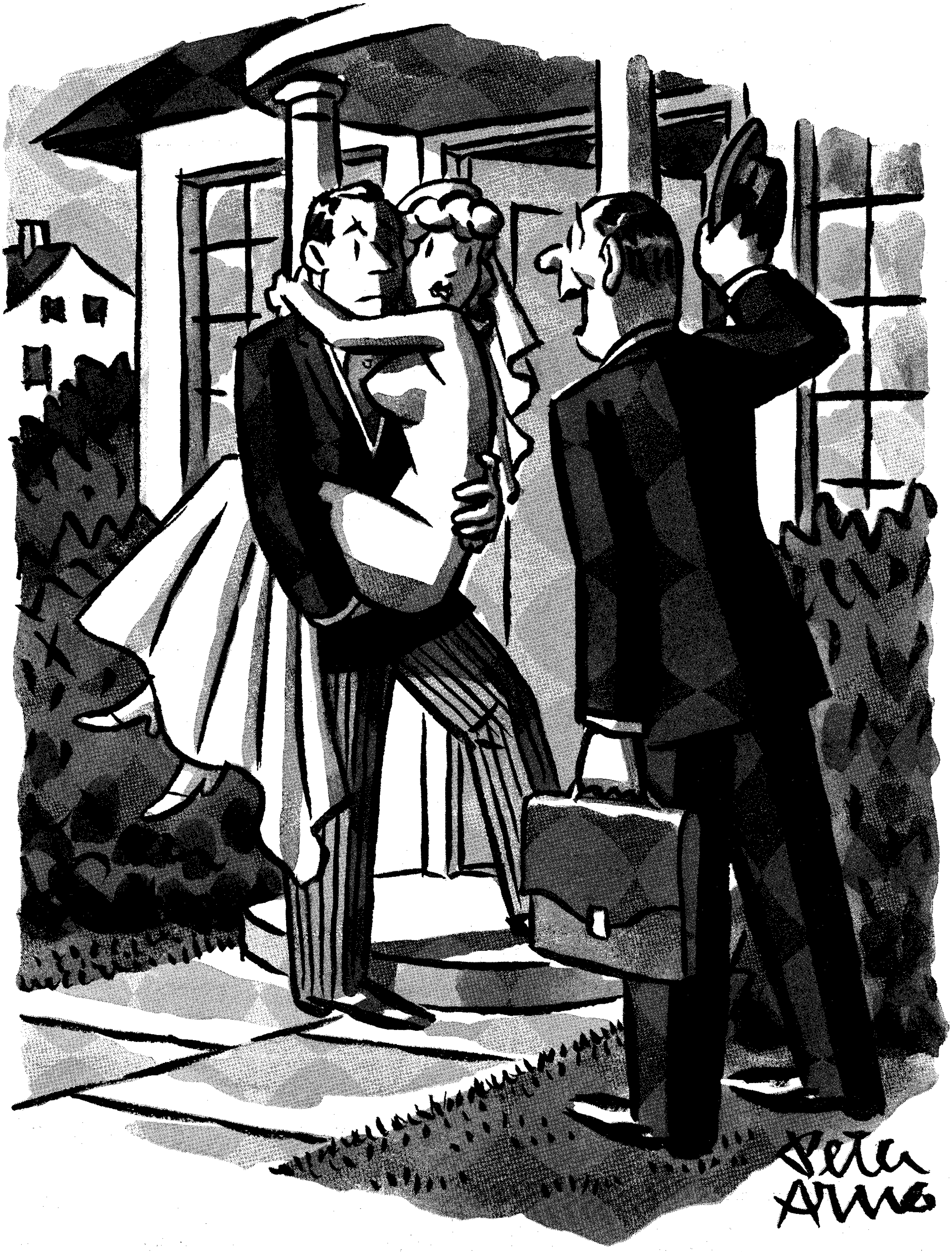
Tonight we only chart
ourselves—in how through spruce
the thick stars constellate.

This side of Condon’s Rock,
we’re tenant to two black ducks
discussing themselves in the dark.

Who’s to tell them the world
lies elsewhere? Not you,
or I, who migrate. The world

is wherever we quiet to hear it.
Tides darken our listening;
comic as ducks, we share it.

—PHILIP BOOTH



"Greetings, folks. Have you given any thought to termite control?"

ONE SUMMER

ABOVE the wind and the rain Vera called her goodbyes to him again from the pier edge, as the steel hawsers splashed back into the water and the ship eased out from the North Wall. If there was an answering message, she did not hear it in a blast from the funnel. And in the mist she was not, in fact, certain that the figure to whom she waved was Alan. A few minutes later and there was no distinguishing anything. Only the portholes shone. Even then she did not leave the pier. She sat in the car till the last speck of light was quenched in waves of darkness.

It was late when she reached home. When she got out to open the field gate, she could see through the trees that the light was out in her father's room. A light burned in the maid's room, but as the car swept up to the front steps this light was put out. Lily in all likelihood thought that she'd been jilted. Vera sighed. Cramped, cold, and worn out, she went to her room. In a few minutes, she was in a dead sleep. Was it any wonder she heard nothing during the night? It was getting on for morning when Lily ran in and shook her awake. An awful moaning was coming from her father's room.

"God, Miss, I think he's dying!"

"Stop it!" Vera said sharply. Yet her mind fastened on the girl's hysterical words. If they were true, how badly she'd been served by time! Alan was no farther than Liverpool. It would be hours yet before he boarded the Orcades.

Her father moaned again. Shamed by her thoughts, she sprang up and ran across the landing. "Oh, Father, what's wrong?" she cried.

But from the door she could tell by a strange strength in his stare that he could not speak. Those glaring eyes seemed all of him alive. Spread-eagled on the bed, as if flung from a great height, he lay inert. Then the pain caught him up again and he was once more gathered into a living mass. Putting her arms under him, she tried to drag him to a sitting position, but he gave her such a bitter look she let him fall back. Oh, why had she gone defiantly to bed without going in to him! He might have been lying awake in the dark, as miserable as herself. "Don't be angry with me, Father!" she cried. As if she were at fault, not him! Then she turned on Lily. "Stop that nonsense," she said, "and go for the doctor."

Lily was frantically running around, filling hot-water bottles and forcing brandy between his lips. She had lights burning everywhere. Even out in the yard a light streamed unnaturally into the fields of dawn. "Oh, Miss, I hate to leave him," she said. "Wouldn't you go? You'd be no time going in the car!"

But Vera shook her head. It wasn't to have him die without her that she'd given up Alan. So Lily pedalled off in the grayness and the wet.

Standing back out of range of her father's angry eyes, Vera stared helplessly at him. The first onslaught of pain was over and he lay in a sheet of sweat. Yet it seemed an age until the doctor's car came up the drive, with Lily sitting up importantly beside the old man on the front seat, her bike strapped to the back. Vera ran down to meet them.

"Sounds like a blockage," the old doctor said as he got out of the car. "Don't worry. We'll do all we can!"

Indeed, his presence had helped already, and as they went in to her father he managed a few words. "What's wrong with me, Doctor?" he whispered.

The doctor turned down the bedclothes. "Tell me, have you been dosing yourself?" he demanded.

Vera went limp with relief. So it was that! As long as she could remember, he was always dosing himself. "Cleans you out!" he'd say when she protested, and defiantly he'd pour himself another spoon of the concoction of cascara and treacle that he called blackjack. Turning eagerly, she was about to tell the doctor when a look from her father silenced her.

But Lily spoke up. "I told him he'd blast the insides out of himself, Doctor, but he wouldn't heed me."

The doctor nodded gloomily.

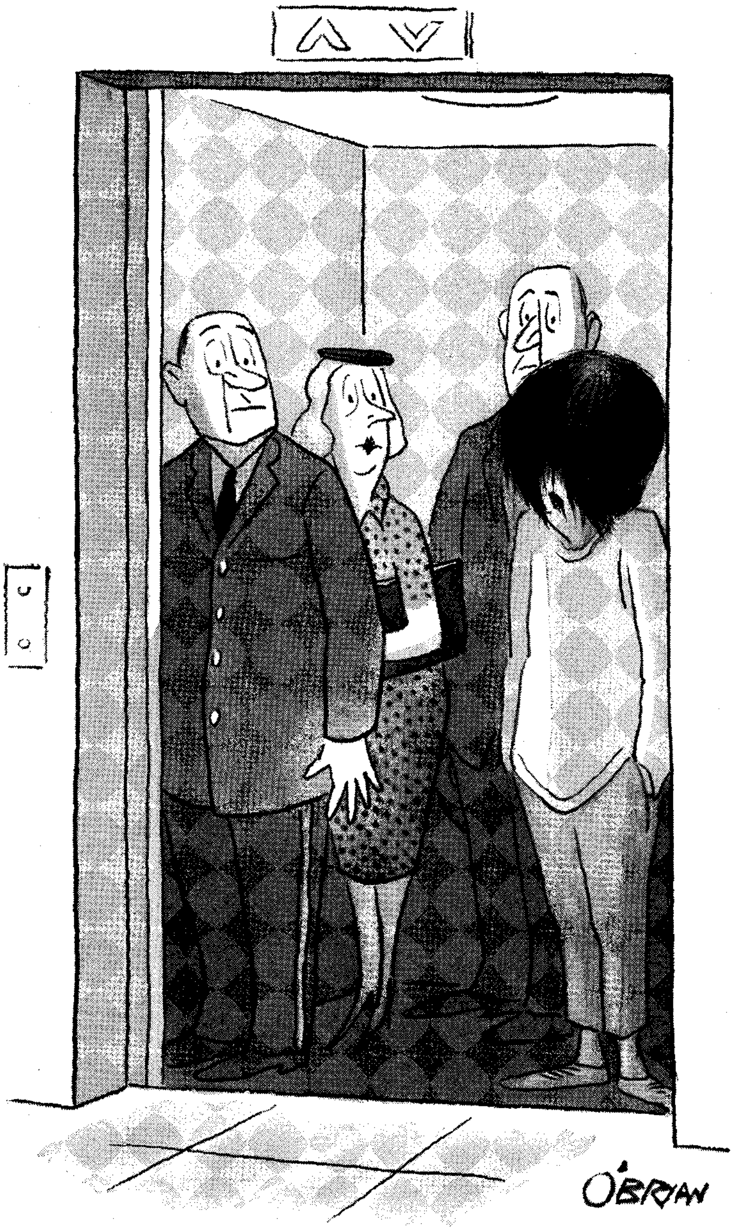
"It was that made him throw up, too!" the girl said.

"When was that?" Vera asked sharply.

"He was always at it." The girl spoke as if she felt doubted. "You could hear him all over the house." She shuddered.

Vera put her hands to her face.

"That's enough!"



"*I am facing the front!*"

the doctor said to Lily. He turned to Vera. "I'll give him something to ease him," he said, in a low voice, "but I'm afraid it's a blockage all right. We'll have to get him away to Dublin." He patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, we'll do our best," he said kindly, but later, when they were going downstairs, he looked more keenly at her. "You should get some sleep," he said. "You look exhausted. Let the girl sit up with him for what's left of the night."

"Oh, but she must be jaded," Vera said.

"What matter—she's young!" said the doctor.

Through the great high window on the landing, they could see the doctor's battered car looming indistinctly in the morning mist, and as they went out onto the glittering granite steps Lily came toward them, half wheeling, half carrying the bicycle. Like the gravel under her feet, her cheeks were freshened and brightened by the damp. The stress of the night had left no mark on her.

"What did I tell you?" the doctor cried, his own eyes brightening. "This one doesn't need any sleep! She's fitter far than you to stay up!"

Intermittently through the past hours, Vera's mind had guiltily travelled after Alan. At one minute, she thought yes, she would write to him. At the next, she thought no. It was like the moments she stood on the dark pier and watched the light of the ship that carried him away from her; it came and went several times in the sea mist before she knew finally that it was engulfed. Now, in the cold air of dawn, she came to a decision. "I can't lie down, Doctor," she said firmly. "I have an important letter to write."

The doctor looked oddly at her. "Well, we all have our own anodyne," he said, and he got into the car. "I'll call later, when I've got in touch with the hospital. Don't be blaming yourself! He must already have had some discomfort to go taking those doses."

To satisfy him, she nodded her head. But all he knew about was the blackjack and the retching. What about the black moods of the past year, and the black looks, and the fits of black, black silence? Was her father not already then gravely ill? Filled with remorse, she ran upstairs.

He was lying as they left him. He was staring up at the ceiling. "Do I have to go to hospital?" he asked.

Had he heard what the doctor said? Or was he only trying to find out? "Are you frightened, Father?" she asked him.

"No!" he said decisively. "As long as it's not what I dreaded."

She knew, of course, what he feared. But that was all she knew. The word blockage—so familiar, so domestic a word—had up to that moment almost reassured her. But was it, in fact, a euphemism for his fear? She grew rigid with resolve. If so, he must not know—ever! Then, at the thought that she might not have been there to protect him, her breath caught. Others would have cared for him and been kind—Lily had already shown amazing tenderness—but who except her would protect him from a word? It was little things like this that Alan would never understand.

Her face must have given her thoughts away, because the glare had appeared again in her father's eyes. "When is that fellow going?" he asked.

Was it possible he did not know? "But he's gone, Father!" She was so eager to reassure him she made it sound as if Alan's going was something joyous. "That's where I was last night—seeing him off at the boat!"

If he was relieved, he was too clever to show it. Instead, he shifted his position. "I knew he was no good," he said.

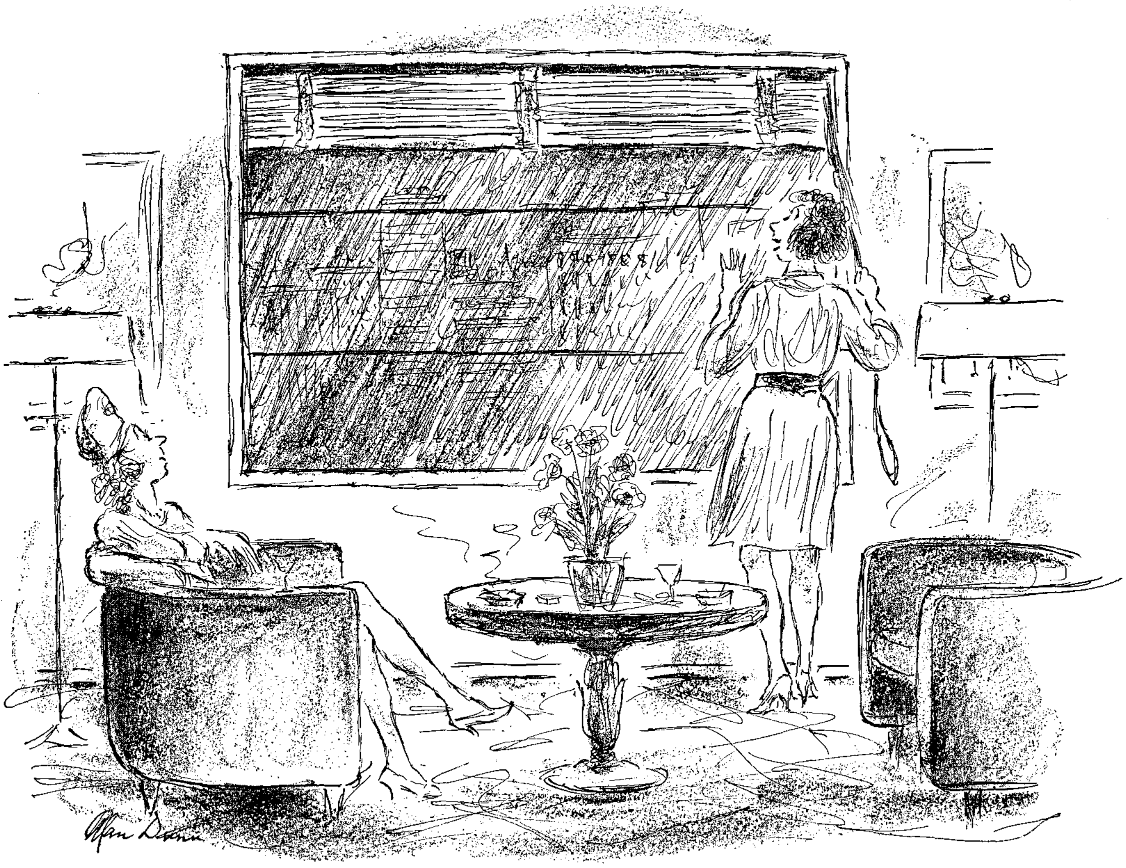
Sick as he was, she could not stand for that. "You know why he went!" she cried. And she had the satisfaction of seeing his eyes falter.

"I shouldn't have said that," he said, humbly enough. "You've been a good daughter to me, Vera—always." Their eyes met then, and met with love. "You won't regret it," he said.

And immediately her heart filled up with feeling for him until, as when she was a child, it was deep with love. Reaching out, she put her hand on his, and weakly he raised his other hand, placing it over hers again. It reminded her of a game they used to play when she was a child. "Do you remember, Father? 'Hot hands'?"

He nodded, and tears came to his eyes. But they were happy tears, and after a few minutes his lids closed as if he might sleep. Gently, she drew her hand away.

WHAT miracles of love he had performed when she was little. He made it seem that to be motherless



"It's simply teeming! Now we won't have to drink Lake Erie!"

• •

FREYA OBSERVED

Between brass bars of sunlight, birds fly home.
Fields' shoulders roll to sleep, and the cock's shadow
Marks the last yew, while I, whose private curfew
Homes me at dawn, into my dark day come.

As always, I stand where you will never see me,
And arrive, as always, at the moment when,
Opening quick lids across the desolate terrace,
The light leers up in the long windowpane

And you, and you, being precisely you,
Frame yourself always, one hand on the curtain,
Making yourself a picture, deliberately painting
Self-Portraits at the Age of Twenty-two:

You affect the country attitude in checks,
By fallow and furrow eager to go far,
And if I see, always and only, under the checks,
The body of a seamstress or of a goddess, et cetera,

You would turn from my vision as from a shameful conclusion,
Ready to think about marriage when the time comes,
To be wife not mistress, no mirrors in the bathroom;
The silk and softness are a rude intrusion

(The body's silk I mean, naturally, for you would hardly
Go in for underclothing of what you would call
The "French kind"—do not suppose I mock you
For that either, who do not at all

Relish hothouse women with painted tongues
Who keep sex in bottles and walk in a lust of velvet,
Hang slightly bedraggled slips on pegs at night
Still warm and scented where their bodies stretched them tight).

—I digress but draw you by contrast, for when you
Undress (I suppose in a jaunty boyish fashion)
You fold on a chair-back linen clean and cool
Smelling of linen and woman only, to
Be washed tomorrow with the same soap that you use
In the mirrorless bathroom (as for buying clothes,
You keep the tailor that you had at school
And go to saddlemakers for your shoes). . . .

Like this you escape me. I, as oblique as you are,
Begin to talk facts, which are nonsense, and to draw
Uniforms without faces, who should draw
Rather your skin tightly round me. Furthermore,

I am out to describe you as you feel, not look.
How do you think of yourself? The critical question
I can only guess to answer; for instance, you
Run across meadows under the eyes of peasants

And see them see you—the human situation.
You have also been observed by rustics, you would like to think,
Standing at gateways with bosomfuls of Michaelmas daisies;
And I, who have often tried to imagine the sensation

Of a woman looking down her neckline between her own breasts,
Can feel your purple stars slightly rough against the collarbone,
A little wet with evening dew also, when, as now,
The sun goes down like a fever and the earth sweats.

Valeted by spaniels, having strange dogs to tea,
Not bored by horses: when the light is short,
Scribbling your thoughts on the ruled plowland, but happier
The nearer the earth's center, out of the whisper of thought—

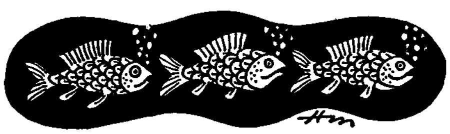
As always, I stand where you will never see me,
And leave, as always, at the moment when,
Shutting dull lids along the desolate terrace,
The light lies down in the long windowpane.

—HILARY CORKE

• •

was to be privileged. When he called for her after school, his spare male figure stood out among the floppy mothers and set her, too, apart. A plain child, his love gave her sparkle. But as the years went by, his care and caution were sometimes excessive and set too high a price upon her company. Oftener and oftener, her classmates left her out of their pranks and their larking. Then, if her father found out, he'd spring up with his black eyes flashing. "Never mind," he'd cry. "I'll take you!"

There was one winter when the lake behind the schoolhouse froze and a sliding party was hastily organized. As usual, she was not included, but he saw the others going past, and, as usual, he sprang up as if to a challenge. "We'll show them!" he cried. "Wait!" And he dashed upstairs to an old leather chest that stood, always locked, on the landing. She'd never seen it opened. Its depths were as unknown to her as his life before she'd been born into it. But she was hardly surprised when he drew out an ancient pair of skates. Within a minute, it seemed, they were at the lakeside, where they found her classmates gathered, timidly trying out the ice. Running a little way out across it and holding up one foot, they slid along as far as their own momentum carried them. Her father pushed his way to the edge of the ice, put on the skates, and, with a laugh, sped away like a bird. Out into the middle of the lake he went, and for the next few minutes he held all eyes with the capers he cut. Then, taking wing again, he was suddenly back on the shore. "Get down on your hunkers," he ordered her, and, bending, he tied her feet together with her own shoelaces. Then he took a piece of rope from his pocket and tied one end around her middle and the other around his own. In the blink of an eye, he was flying over the ice again—only this time it was on her all eyes were centered, as she swayed to and fro behind him, in a kind of splendid redundance, like a tassel on the end of a gorgeous cord, or the tuft on the tail of a lion.



The next day, the lake cracked like glass and everyone said they could have been killed—both of them. Her father only laughed. "What matter!" he said. "We'd have gone together!"

She stared in amazement. Ordinarily, he was obsessed for her safety. In the evenings, after he'd heard her tables and her catechism, he used to put her through a catechism of his own:

"What would you do if you were chased by a bull?"

"Take off my coat and throw it over his horns."

"If your clothes took fire?"

"Roll on the ground."

"If you were caught in a thunderstorm?"

"Lie flat."

"If you got lost?"

"Stand still in one spot."

His litany, however, could not make provision for everything. Once, she nearly broke her neck. She was climbing on the roof of a shed when her foot slipped. Except that he was in the yard and quick enough to reach out and catch her, she would have been killed. It was the first time she saw him fly into a rage. Marching her ahead of him into the house and up the stairs to the landing, he once more opened the leather chest. This time he took out a small revolver wrapped in a length of black calico. "Do you see this?" he asked. "Well, if anything happened to you, do you want to know what I'd do?" He put the barrel to his head and pulled the trigger. The sound of the empty clack was the most terrifying sound she had ever heard.

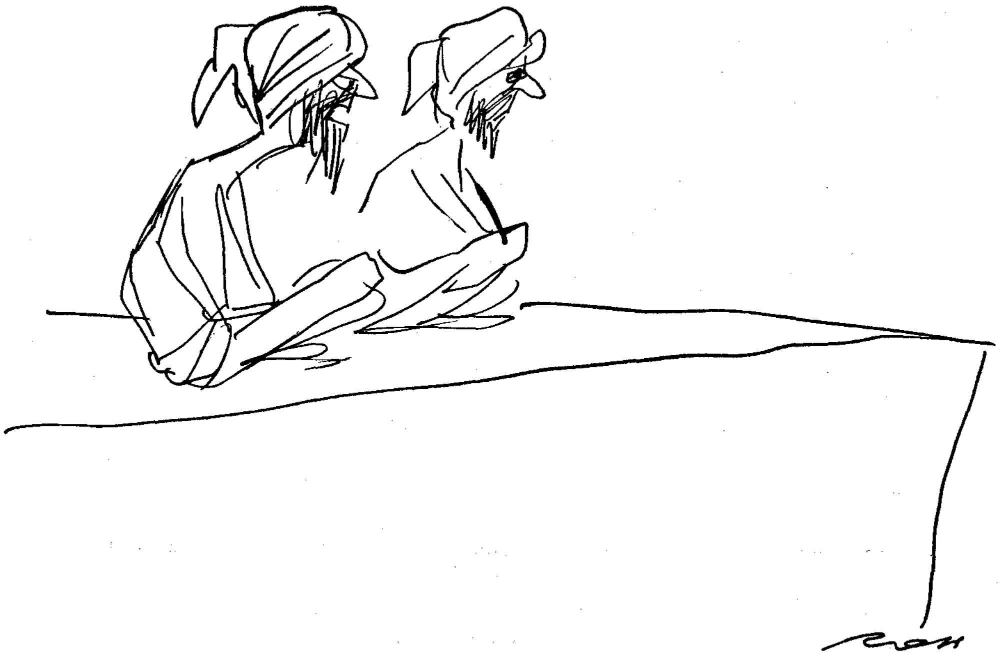
But he'd gone too far. He had shown her more than her value; he had shown her where it lay—in his own eyes. From that hour, her confidence diminished. Shy and distant always, she became more so. And when she was of an age to go to dances, she got very few invitations. Even then, her father was full of eagerness to escort her himself. "It's a good thing your old father can still pick up his heels," he'd say. But one day she found him appraising her. "You'd have been better-looking if you'd taken after your mother," he said. "But don't mind. You may be better off in the long run. I'd never have got anywhere if I hadn't learned to stand alone!"

It was the first time he had ever mentioned her mother, and she was so surprised she didn't at once take in the fact that he was speaking of her single state as if it were final. She was only twenty-three or twenty-four at the time. And he made similar remarks over the years. "What will you do when I'm taken from you?" he asked shortly after her thirtieth birthday, but they laughed at the thought of a thing so remote. He threw back his head. "Nature takes care of everything!" he cried. "Let's hope you'll have me as long as you need me."

IRONICALLY, it was that year she met Alan. They met in a public library in Dublin. She'd already seen him a few times when one day they arrived together at the library door shortly before it was opened. "I've seen you before," he said. "I always notice people who are alone. I find myself wondering if, like myself, they dislike their fellow-men." She laughed, but he reproved her. "I'm serious," he said. "I hate the common herd."

After that, whenever they met they exchanged a few words, and if they were leaving at the same time he saw her to her car. Once or twice when she hadn't the car, he walked to the bus with her. He was a solicitor, attached to an office in Dublin. He was interested to learn that she lived in the country. "I should have known," he said. "It accounts for a certain distinction about you."

It seemed a great compliment. An-



"What the hell is Schweppervessence?"

• •

other day, he said something still more preposterously flattering. "If I were not so set against marriage," he said, "you're the girl I'd marry."

It was like a declaration! Her happiness was so blinding she hardly cared that when she told her father, his response was—to say the least of it—tepid. "Wait till you meet him, Father," she said.

The meeting was a failure. Her father even made bones about giving her the car to meet the bus at Ross Cross. He turned on her savagely when she asked for the keys. "Why hasn't he got a car of his own?" he said. "He must be a poor kind of solicitor!"

"There's no need of a car in a city practice, Father," she said, trying to bolster things up.

Her father looked up at the sky. "Can't he walk, then?" he asked. "It's a nice fine day. Is there something the matter with him?" But he threw the car keys to her.

"Be nice to him, Father. For my sake!" she pleaded before she drove away.

And when they arrived back, he was civil enough. The trouble was that Alan didn't take to *him!* And her father saw that. "I can see why you needed the car," he muttered. "He's a delicate-looking article."

"Oh, what a cruel thing to say!" she cried. "About a stranger, too!"

His eyes bored into her. "If you take my advice, you'll keep him that way. I'd pity the woman that'll marry him. He'll die young and leave her with a houseful of brats."

"Don't worry, Father," she said bitterly. "After today, I don't expect I'll see him again."

But she did—more often. Alan came down again and again, doggedly ignoring her father's rudeness. "Don't think I'm thick-skinned, though, Vera," he said one afternoon, "but I will not let him—or anyone—interfere in my life." It was another of the oblique remarks that she took to presage happiness.

But obliquity was catching. Her father, too, seemed to become obscure. He spoke again about her mother. "If she hadn't married me, she might be alive today!" he said morosely.

He'd never told her the cause of her mother's death, but she knew it had happened shortly after her own birth and was probably connected with it. Aware of a strong undertow in the conversation, she picked her words with care. "She made her own choice, didn't she?"

"Don't talk like a fool," he said.

At that she lost her temper. "Oh, what's the matter, Father?" she cried. "Do you want to stop me marrying?"

He evaded her eyes. "I don't see any signs of that happening," he said. "That fellow is no more bent on marriage than I am!"

"Is it Alan?" His words stupefied her.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" he demanded.

She stared. If never explicit of proposal, *all* Alan's words had seemed to hold promise. They could not have been uttered by any man who did not feel himself deeply committed! Yet on them, in one instant, a huge doubt was cast.

"Well?" her father insisted. "Has he?"

"I don't see why I should tell you," she said, trembling to think of the anger her words would provoke. "It's my own business." When he said nothing at all and she was at last compelled to look at him, however, she saw with a shock that the rage in his eyes was a rage of pity.

And suddenly she realized his dilemma. For the first time, he'd come up against something he could not get for her—something that, if it was to be got at all, could be got only by herself. "Don't worry, Father," she said. "It'll work out all right in the end. You'll see."

From that day, there was a change in his attitude. "Is that fellow worried about money, do you think?" he asked once. "I never see his name in the papers. He mustn't do much court work. Of course," he said meditatively, "small court cases don't pay well—it's sales and leaseholds that pay. Conveyances! That's what the big solicitors make their money on." It was almost comical to see the interest he began to take in the legal column of the newspapers. "How much commission do you think he'd get on the sale of a good farm—say, a farm about this size?" he asked one day.

Unnerved by his question, she answered coldly. "Why? Are you going to sell?"

"No," he said, "but I might buy. And if I did, I could give that fellow the carriage of sale!"

Her heart softened. "Oh, Father, you don't want any more responsibility at your age!"

"Land is a safe investment at any time," he said soberly.

"Tell me," he said affably to Alan the next time they saw him, "are you any judge of land? There's an outfarm at Ross Cross that I was thinking of buying."

"But haven't you enough land, sir?" Alan said, and it seemed to Vera that he looked questioningly at them both.

Her father noticed nothing. "It's not a big farm, mind you," he said. "It's only forty acres. It mightn't be worth your while having anything to do with it."

"Oh, well, one must creep before one walks," Alan said quietly. "I'll be glad to act for you, sir." He'd got the point!

"Well said!" her father cried, slapping his thigh in delight. His good humor was doubled. "Come down one day next week and we'll walk the land." Behind Alan's back, he winked at Vera.

When the day came for them to look at the land, though, her father was moody and irritable. "This fellow can't have much to do if he can waste a whole day coming down here," he said as they drove to the bus.

"He's coming down on business, isn't he?" she cried hotly.

"He'd want to be hard up to call this business! It's not much wonder he hasn't a car!"

She let the taunt pass, because she had just been thinking that if Alan did have a car they could live down here and be near her father. Would that be at the back of her father's mind, too? Then she saw the bus coming down the hill. "Here it is!" she cried, tumbling out of the car. She could see Alan standing out on the step, and she ran to meet him.

But Alan was not looking at her. "Where's your father?" he asked.

She turned around. Her father was still sitting in the car—black and silent, looking twice his bulk. "There's something wrong!" she cried, and she ran back. Meeting the bus was a pastime with her father. Always early, he'd prance up and down the road, fairly dancing with impatience, denouncing the bus for late! At no time else did one get such a sense of his leashed energy.

"Oh, hurry, Alan!" she cried. But before they reached him he'd got stiffly out. And on the road he looked more normal, except that there was something unpleasant in the way he dispensed with a greeting. He trudged up the side road till they came to a lane, into which he turned without a word.

Looking doubtfully at each other, Vera and Alan followed. The lane was long. As they walked, Alan chatted casually about the weather and the countryside. Her father's black mood appeared to be lifting. Then, as they were about to climb over the locked gate that led into the farm, his face darkened again and he pointed to Alan's feet. "What kind of shoes are those for going through fields?" he demanded.

Alan said nothing. He just got over the gate and plunged into the long grass in his fine shoes.

After a short pause, her father, too, got over the gate. But on the other side he immediately turned up the collar of his coat and shoved his hands into his pockets as if to imply that he had little interest in what was going on. When they were scarcely halfway across the first field, he came to a stand. "Well? What do you think of it?" he asked, turning to Alan.

"I haven't seen enough of it to form any opinion," Alan said coldly.

He began to walk on, but her father didn't stir. "I have!" he said. "It doesn't take *me* long to make up my mind!"

"What are we to understand by that?" Alan asked. "That it's good? Or that it's bad?"

"There's no such thing as bad land hereabouts," her father said. "There are other things to be considered, though," he added.

Miserably, Vera looked from one of them to the other. She could not bear the strain of waiting for Alan to speak. "There's no house on it, for one thing!" she said, not caring if she blundered.

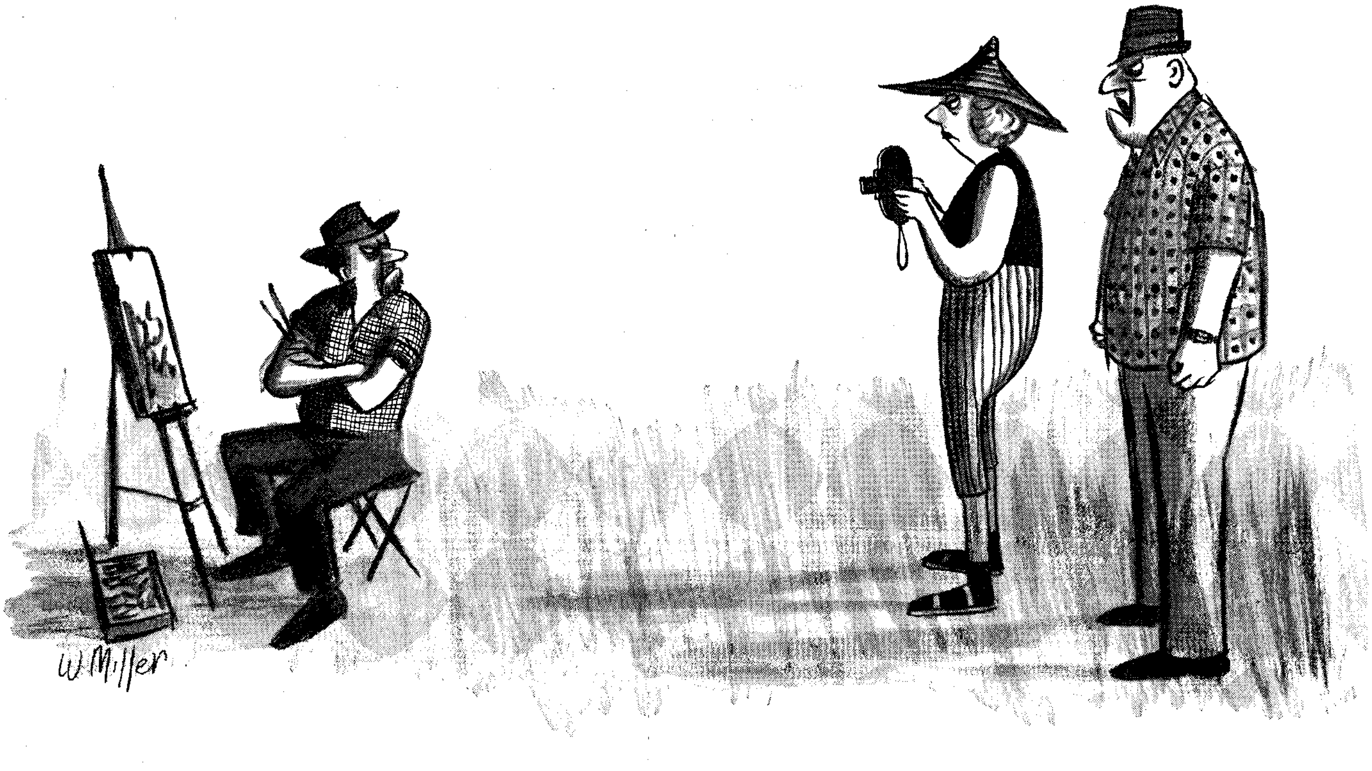
Both men stared at her—her father with a glance that applauded, Alan with one she could not read. "Does that matter?" Alan asked. It was to her father he spoke, not her. "What is the need for a house on an outfarm?" His voice was so disengaged that Vera shivered.

Her father turned on his heel and walked away.

An appalling feeling of humiliation came over Vera. She would have stumbled after her father if Alan had not laid his hand on her arm. "Let me handle this, Vera," he said crisply. "I told you I must do things in my own way, not in his." But the expression on his face as he looked after her father was one of compassion. "I'm sorry for him," he said. "I know how he feels." He turned back to her. "But there are times when a man must put himself first. Will I be able to make *you* see that, though?"

She was too worried to extract any sweetness from what his question implied. "We must be kind to him, Alan," she said.

He nodded. "I suppose there's no



"You heard the little lady, Mac. Act picturesque!"

use in us all being unhappy," he said.

Her father had reached the gate and climbed over it. "Is he going to go off without us?" she cried.

"Let him if he likes," Alan said. "We can walk. Sooner or later, we'll have to talk things out!"

"Oh, later then—later!" she said, and she ran after her father, but the coarse grass entangled her feet like seaweed and impeded her at every step.

The drive home was accomplished in heavy silence. And at the house things were no better. Her father seemed unable to stay in the same room with them. He kept going in and out. And when Lily put a meal on the table, he stood up from it three or four times and went out without explanation or apology. His absence was as oppressive as his presence.

Vera could not keep her mind on anything Alan said.

"I'd better go back on an early bus, I think," Alan said at last, and miserably she agreed it might be best.

"I'll drive you to the Cross," she said.

"Don't bother, Vera," he said. "I'd prefer to walk. It's a lovely evening anyway. Why don't you come with me? Take your bike. I'll wheel it along, and you can cycle back."

It was only March and early in the month, but the daffodils were out on either side of the drive. As they walked by them, the massed flower heads shone like a lake of light. "Who planted them?" Alan asked idly.

"My mother—I think," said Vera.

Alan turned. "You think?"

"He never mentions her, you know. Someone else told me."

They walked on. "It must be strange to know nothing about her. Do you imagine they got on well?"

Vera shrugged. But they both stopped and looked back.

"She must have had a great feeling for flowers, anyway," Alan said. "I never saw so many daffodils."

"Oh, I daresay they've spread a lot since they were put down," Vera said. Her mind was not on them, but Alan still stood looking at them meditatively. They'd spread into the pastures, indeed, where many of them were trampled and broken by the cattle, and far off, in the very middle of the field, there were a few stragglers. Like convent girls in a convent park, these stragglers wandered two by two.

"I suppose you love this place," he said.

"Wouldn't anyone?" she cried.

"I suppose so," he said reluctantly. Then, just as they came to the big gates, he exclaimed, "Now, *there's* a marvellous sight! Look!" He pointed westward to where, clear of the trees, the sky burned like a sea of flame. "Do you know what I like about that? I like it because it's the same the world over. It belongs to everyone—and to no one!"

But she wasn't listening. "Oh, did you see?" she cried. As they stared upward, a late-returning bird had flown between them and the sky, and for an instant, pierced by the flaming rays, all but its core was burned away, utterly consumed.

He'd seen it. "Wasn't it extraordinary?" he said. "Like a glass bird. You could see right through it. Wings, feathers—all gone."

"All but its heart," Vera said softly.

For a minute, he only stared at her. "Oh, Vera," he said then, and, bending, he kissed her. "I wanted to do that ever since we were out in the fields. And I wanted to say something, only I felt your father was listening, even when he was out of the room. Listening to our thoughts! He doesn't want any more land—I know what he had in mind!" But when her face reddened, he caught her to him. "I'm not blaming him, Vera. But I can't stand him meddling. If we are to get married, it must be on my terms and no one else's." He paused. "Not even yours! It's bad enough that I can't do without you!"

"Oh, Alan!" she cried. The grudging way he said it did not take one whit from her joy.

But he was intent on making his meaning clear. "Some men want to marry," he said. "They're only waiting to meet the right woman. But there are others—like me—who hate the thought of it. They are forced into it by meeting a woman they cannot live without."

"Do you really feel that way about me, Alan?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," he said. "But I can't share you. It's me or him. Oh, Vera, can't you see your situation? You've let him become so engrossed in you that his whole life has gone. Not that I care about him! But I can't stand by and see you consumed, too."

"Oh, Alan, you're exaggerating," she said. But she didn't know whom she was defending, herself or her father. "What can I do?" she asked helplessly.

"You can come away with me," he said peremptorily. "In fact, that's what we've got to do—for a few years, anyway."

"You know I can't do that!" she cried. "And where would we go?"

His face darkened. "I knew that would be your attitude. Well, let me tell you something. I am going anyway, to Australia—with or without you."

For a minute, her mind blurred. "When?"

"This summer!"

"Well, we can't discuss it now." Her voice was weary.

"Why not?"

She felt cornered. "There are so many things to be considered," she said vaguely.

"The trouble with you is that you've lost all sense of your identity," he said. "Both of you. Do you know what I think? If it weren't for you hanging around his neck all the time, he might have married again. He might do so yet if you'd get out of the way! There's more to life than seeing one generation into the world or another out of it! I bet if you left him he'd be married within a year. Oh, Vera! Can't you see that without you he *might* begin to live again?"

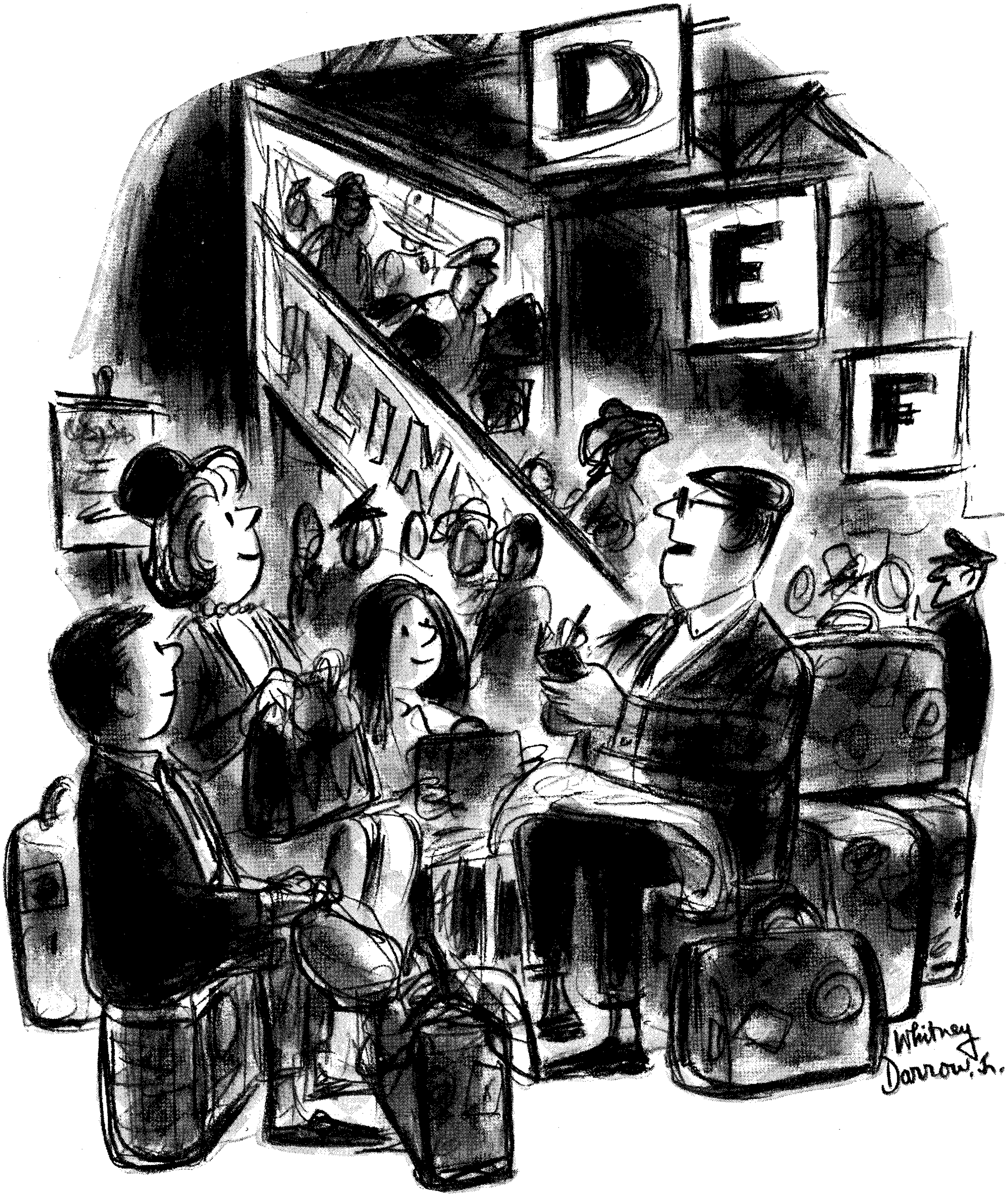
It was such an entirely new prospect that opened before her, her head reeled. "What if he got ill?"

"Is it *that* man? He's as fit as an ox. He might see us both down yet!" Then, as they heard the sound of the bus, he took her arm and shook her. "Think it over," he said.

OH, how quick upon his heels the irony of that last conversation was brought home! "As fit as an ox." The words were hardly bearable now, Alan should not be left in ignorance of what had happened—it would not be fair to her father. It was, however, several days before Vera got a chance to write her letter. And when at last she began it, the top of the page bore the address of a Dublin hospital.

DEAR ALAN:

I write to tell you that my father is ill. Oh, Alan, he is very, very ill—so bad, indeed, that I might have written to tell you, knowing you would be sad for him, apart from any consideration of how his illness might affect us. It was on the *very night you sailed the pain first struck* him. I feel sure that, like me, you will think that very strange. And I hope you will think that fact a sufficient reason for my writing. Anyway, I cannot believe that you meant us to drop completely out of each other's existence. Do you realize that I do not even know in what part of Australia you intend to settle? And that if I do not post this letter in



"Well, would everyone agree we've had five thousand seven hundred and ninety-three dollars and fifty-five cents' worth of fun?"

• •

time to reach you at Gibraltar or Aden, I may quite literally lose sight of you forever?

To return to Father, it now appears that he must have been ailing for some time—all winter, perhaps. I can't help an ache at my heart when I think that if we had had more patience matters might now be very different for us. Not that I am blaming you, dear, or thinking that you should not have gone, for although there can be no mistaking that Father's ailment is fatal, nevertheless his illness may be long and painfully drawn out. Poor, poor Father. I suppose in a way my reaction to your going has been altered by these new circumstances. Perhaps now you can see there was something to be said for my remaining behind. In spite of all the happiness I have forfeited, I am glad—oh, so glad—that I, too, am not at this moment thousands of miles away. You will hardly believe me, Alan, but, all things considered, I can almost say I am happy. Our parting no longer seems so senseless as it did the night you left.

I am, of course, doing everything I can for him, but the fact is that very little can be done. He is to have a small exploratory operation, but the disease may well be too advanced for much to be done. At his age, an operation is always a risk, but the doctors see no reason for thinking he will not get through it. His heart, they say, is as strong as the heart of a young man.

I should tell you that I do not really expect a reply, although I am nearly miserable enough to crave any crumb of comfort! Quite frankly, at times I cannot believe you are really gone. I will leave it to you, dear.

Vera

P.S. I did not stick down the envelope when I realized in how short a time I would have the surgeon's opinion. Things are as I feared. It is now only a question of time. However, there is a further operation advised, not so much in the hope of prolonging his life as of making what is left of it more comfortable. I have given my consent. After that, we will be going home—by ambulance, of course. You can imagine how I hate breaking that news to him. We will have to bring back a nurse, too—which is another thing he will resent. But I will do my best to get a pleasant and agreeable girl. Thank God I am here. But oh, Alan, it would give me some solace to think that at last you may see my point? Perhaps I *will* expect a line from you after all—just a line. And although I don't suppose your letter will in any way alter anything in our situation, I cannot for all that hide the eagerness with which I will look for it.

V

"I knew it was by Tennyson. You didn't have to pause and add, 'Tennyson.'"

The second operation was successful only in that the patient got over it. The pain was bought off, but at the price of new discomfort.

"I didn't realize he'd be so helpless," Vera said to the nurse as they waited for the ambulance that was to take them home. "He'll hate being carried down on a stretcher."

"He's a lucky man it's not in his coffin," the nurse said practically.

Vera stared at her. She had not, in the end, been able to pick and choose her nurse. She had to take the first one that came to hand. Indeed, she had hardly glanced at her in the hospital, and even when they got into the ambulance she was only aware of how much room the creature took up; she was the big, hefty sort, who sat firmly planted down, with her feet apart. Her face wasn't bad, although her skin was thick and the big brown eyes seemed lacking in expression. But there was one point in her favor—the sick man had taken to her.

"What is your first name, Nurse?" he asked.

And when she said it was Rita, he started to call her that. It was extremely distasteful to Vera.

The ambulance had to go very slow, and the journey seemed as if it would never end. "Is it far more?" the nurse kept asking. And once, when they went over a hump in the road, she snapped at Vera, "You shouldn't have moved him!"

"We're nearly there, Nurse," Vera said, ignoring the criticism.

The nurse shrugged. "I wouldn't answer for him if there's another jolt like that!"

"Mind would he hear you!" Vera whispered, and at the next lurch she said fiercely, "I'd rather he'd die on the way home than in a hospital, anyway!" Over the patient's head, their eyes met hostilely.

When at last they got home, however, and Lily came flying down the steps, all warmth and good will, the nurse brightened considerably.

"Upsy-daisy!" Lily cried, as the stretcher listed and tilted on its way up the stairs. And what might have been an ordeal was made to seem almost a lark.

"She'd make a great ward maid," Rita said, looking after her when the patient was finally settled in his bed. "Had she any previous experience of nursing, I wonder?"

"None whatever!" Vera cried, disclaiming the compliment to Lily as if it had been paid to her, and, feeling that the occasion asked for an answering zest, she called after Lily, who was going down to make a cup of tea, "Put

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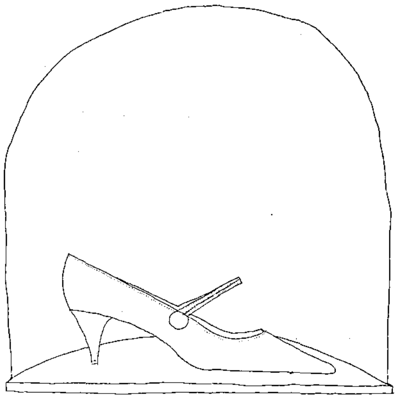

the collector's Geller

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two extra cups on the tray, Lily! We'll all have some."

But the nurse hurried out. "Put mine on a separate tray, please," she countermanded. And she turned to Vera. "Our regulations strictly forbid us to eat in the sickroom. I'd advise you not to do so, either."

Vera reddened with annoyance. "Just one cup extra, so, Lily," she said.

The sad thing was that her father didn't seem to appreciate her attention. "Where is *she* having hers?" he asked. "Oughtn't you to keep her company?"

"I don't think she cares particularly for my company," Vera said.

But he misunderstood her. "Oh, she will. She will!" he said. "Give her time."

Irritated beyond words, Vera gulped down her tea and went out again to where, on the landing, the nurse was standing with her cup in her hand, leaning down over the banisters. She was staring at the old prints on the wall. The house had made some impression, Vera was glad to see. "They're Malton prints," she said proudly. She let her own glance travel with pleasure around the white medallioned walls and the wide stone staircase that poured down between the iron banisters like a mountain cataract.

The nurse's voice broke in on her. "A bit of a rookery, isn't it?" she said. And she turned and looked out of the landing window at the flat fields. "It must be bleak in bad weather. Lonely, too, I'd say. Or are you used to it?"

Bleak! Lonely! Did that mean the creature might not stay? Vera stared out of the window. The tangled shrubs stripped of leaves were twisted with strands of barbed briar. A stranger might think it a prison.

"Oh, it doesn't matter to me," the nurse said. "I'm only here for a while, but how do you stick it?" A faint curiosity showed for the first time in her eyes. "I don't suppose you'll stay on here, will you—afterward, I mean?" she said, and she nodded toward the door of the sickroom.

Vera said nothing. Then she became aware of a deep resentment. Why should this woman assume that but for her father she would be alone in the world? On a reckless impulse, she faced around. "I may be going out to Australia," she flashed. The next minute, she would have given anything to take back those words. It didn't make her feel any better that the nurse made nothing out of her lie.

"You've people out there, I suppose?" she said. "I've people out there

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myself. They're always writing and asking me out. I might go sometime, too, but I'd never settle down there." Her expression changed. "I have other plans!"

Vera stared. There was a kind of smirk in the woman's eyes. A fellow—that was it! Involuntarily, she glanced at the nurse's left hand.

But Rita laughed and spread out her bare hands. "We're not allowed to wear jewelry on duty!" She laughed. "A ring above all! Bad for the morale of the patients! Oh, you may not think it," she said, as Vera raised her eyebrows, "but it's a fact. You'd be surprised how it depresses them." She nodded toward the sickroom. "At any age!"

"How ridiculous!" Vera said. Yet almost at once Alan's words came to her mind. Oh, but when those words were said her father was well. And anyway, sick or well, was it likely that a big lump like this would strike a spark in her father? "I think you overestimate my father's capacities," she said. "And now, if you'll excuse me, there are a few things I have to discuss with him—confidentially."

The nurse drew herself up. "He's not able for much," she said warningly. But at that moment Lily's voice came up from below in a snatch of song. "I'll tell you what!" Rita said more humanly, and she caught up the tray. "I'll take this down and give that girl instructions about the meals. I'm dying for a smoke." For a big girl, she went down the stairs at a good lick! She was probably younger than she looked.

When Vera went in to her father, he looked up. "Oh, is it you!" he said, obviously disappointed.

"Yes, it's me," she said flatly. "Are you comfortable, Father? Will I fix your pillows?"

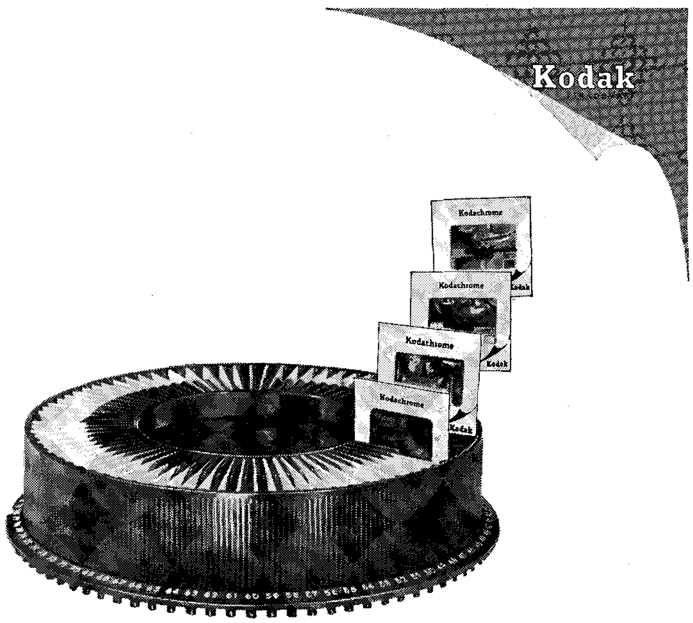
"No!" Impatiently, he put out his hand. "Leave them! She'll do them. She has a knack."

"Well, I should hope so! It's part of her training. I don't think we should leave everything to her, all the same," she said. "Is there nothing you'd like *me* to do?"

He was lying back, looking up at the ceiling, but he glanced around the room. "You could get her a chair," he said. He frowned at the hard bentwood chair beside his bed. "She ought to have a big armchair. Where did you put her, anyway?"

"Up beside Lily," she said dully.

"Isn't it dark up there under the roof?" He didn't actually frown, but she could see he was dissatisfied. And



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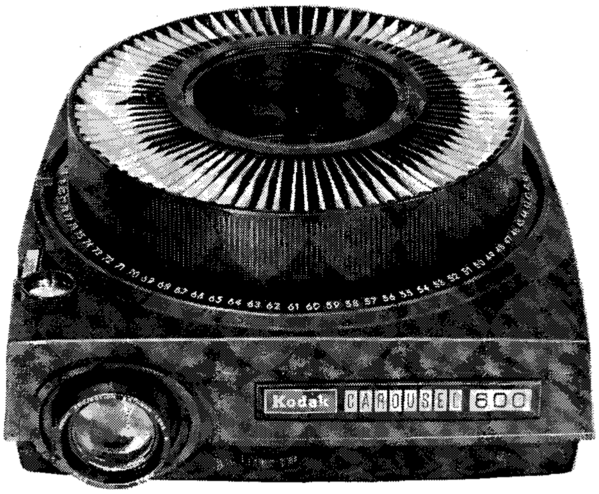

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then he said something outrageous. "Why didn't you give her your room?"

"I gave her the room Lily had got ready for her," she said tartly, but under his stare she weakened. "It would have been an awful job to move out all my things."

"You'd have time to do it now while she's downstairs," he said, so casual it was almost sly.

But from below at that moment came the sound of laughter. "I think it would be a great mistake to move her away from Lily," she said. "They seem to be getting on famously."

"She'd be nearer to me if she was in your room."

"You seem to forget, Father, that what would be an advantage to you might not be one to her. She's not a night nurse, you know. To convenience her during the day seems quite unnecessary. We *are* paying her, after all!" But she was sorry she'd mentioned money. "Please let me fix your pillows, Father?" she said.

He waved her hand away again. "Leave them," he said. And he looked up at her cunningly. "That's part of what we're paying her for, isn't it? How much is her salary, anyway?"

Oh, why had she brought up the subject! "That's my worry, Father," she said. Before he went into the hospital, he had arranged for her to have a power of attorney. Once or twice, he questioned her as to how she was managing, but only in a vague way, and gradually she had taken full responsibility. As his sole heir anyway, she felt it was virtually her own money she was spending. "Her wages are not much, really they're not," she lied. "And she's well worth every penny we pay her, isn't she?" She forced out the words.

It was sad to see how readily he lent himself to her deception. "We're very lucky to get a girl like her," he said. "What's keeping her, I wonder."

"She'll be up in a minute, I'm sure, Father," she said, but she couldn't resist giving him a dig. "I don't think we should grudge her any time she spends below. It's lonely here, you know, and neither you nor I have much to offer her!"

"That's true," he said, but lukewarmly. Then he spoke with a burst of his old energy. "What are you waiting for? Why don't you get that chair?" He closed his eyes. "I'll try and get some sleep," he said. "I want to save my strength all I can."

Save it for what? For that nurse, she supposed. Dejectedly, she left him. And when, as she went out onto the

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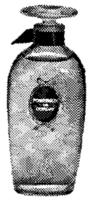

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landing, there was another peal of laughter from below, the tears came into her eyes. All at once it seemed to Vera that in her own home there was no place for her. She was not wanted upstairs or down. And then the kitchen door opened and she heard footsteps in the hall below. Hastily, she dried her eyes as Rita came to the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, there you are," the nurse said.

Was it imagination, or did the nurse look up at her with a more lively interest? But then, the nurse looked more interesting to Vera—less lumpy and heavy. Her big brown eyes, like berries that had ripened, were warmer, softer. And as she came up the stairs two at a time, she was smiling. Halfway up, she stopped. Her hands were behind her back. "Which hand will you have?" she called out gaily.

A letter!

"Lily forgot to give this to you in all the fuss," she said. "A little bird told me you were expecting it." So they *had* been talking about her! But not disparagingly.

Filled with joy, Vera took the letter. "Thank you." She said it so earnestly that Rita laughed.

"You'd think I wrote it," she said. "Off with you now and read it."

Vera was warmed by her friendliness. But when she went into her room and sat down on her bed, her heart went chill with apprehension. Supposing he was angry with her for having written! That his letter might not be a reply to hers at all simply did not occur to her—not until she was halfway down the first page.

DEAR VERA:

I won't try to tell you how I felt when the boat sailed. But it isn't to blame you that I write. Far from it, Vera. And I know that if you were here with me now I could imagine no greater happiness, because apart altogether from my own feelings of emptiness and desolation the voyage itself promises to be very enjoyable. We left London . . .

At this point she stopped. And as she realized he hadn't got her letter her hands began to tremble. He, too, could not endure a total severance! Her eyes flew back to the close-written page.

I must tell you a funny thing. Today on the promenade deck I saw a young woman seemingly—like myself—alone. And oh Vera, she was *so* like you!—it was uncanny, really. For a moment I was mad enough to think it was you—that you'd thrown your scruples to the winds and followed me. As if you would! Truly, though, Vera, the likeness in profile anyway was remarkable. When she turned around, I could see, of course, she was much rounder in the face than you, although there was still something about her eyes and the shape of her forehead,

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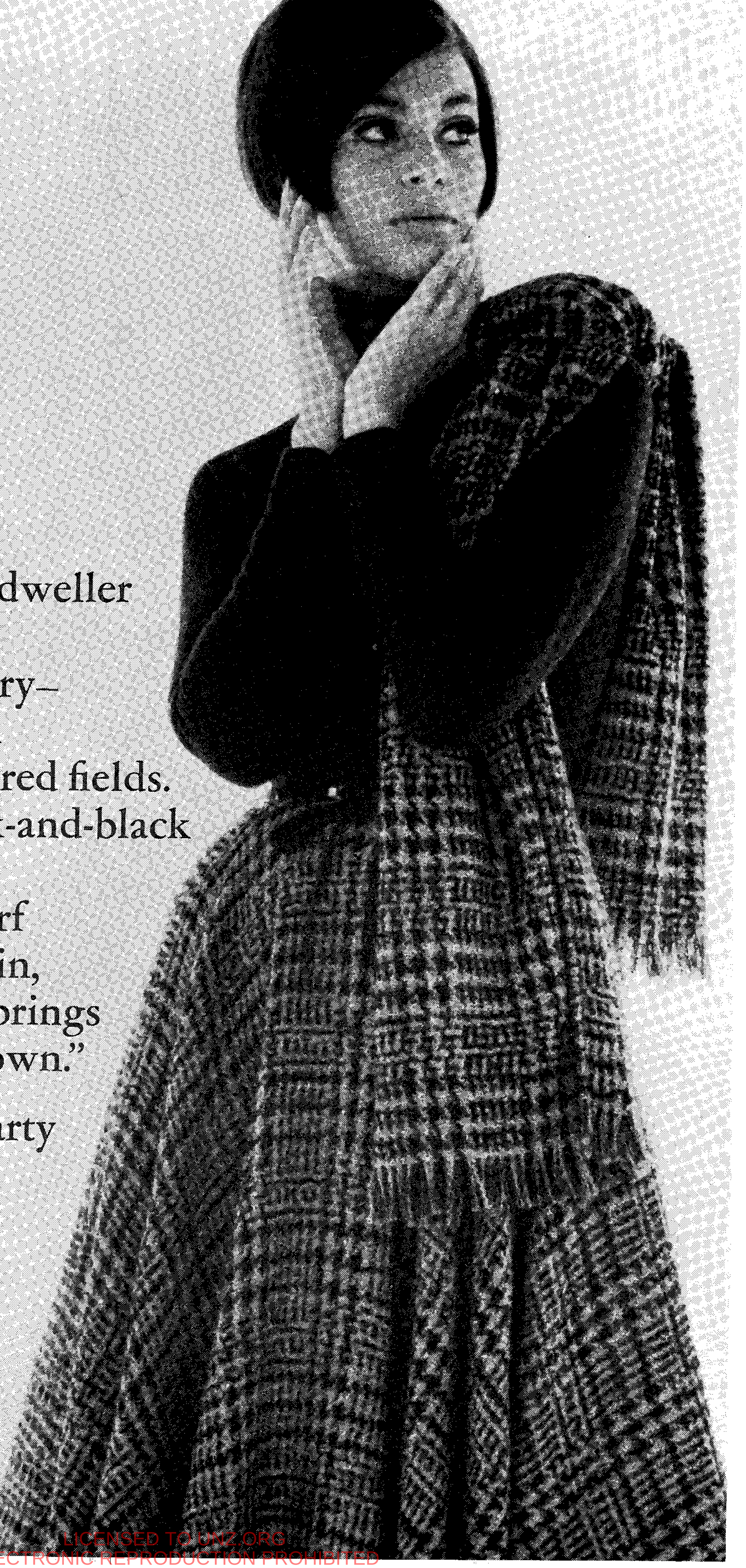

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and even the way she wore her hair, that almost broke my heart. You should have seen the look she gave me, though, when she caught me staring at her. I suppose I should have done the civilized thing and explained myself to her. I'll have to do so if I meet her again, which is likely enough, I suppose. The passenger list is small for a ship of this tonnage.

Do you know that we travelled at 17 knots yesterday and 18 knots today? But these bulletins can mean little to you! Why do I tell you about them, you may ask. Ah, but then why am I writing this letter at all? I can hear you saying I have not the courage of my convictions. And you are right. Our decision to make a clean break was the only sane one. But do not blame me too much. I promise I will try hard not to transgress again. Let us regard this as another farewell. Goodbye and God bless you. Give my respects to your father. I hope he is well.

ALAN

She put down the letter. Two farewells! As if one was not bad enough. Well! By now he would have got her letter. She'd have another communication from him soon—a cablegram, perhaps. And for the rest of the voyage he need not feel so bereft. How well she knew the poignancy of the moment when that strange woman reminded him of her. She herself a dozen times had fancied some hurrying stranger in the streets to be him, only to find that, close up, there would be no vestige of likeness and what seemed a concession of memory would turn out to be an ugly trick of the eye. But oh, if that woman had in fact been her! For a long time she sat on her bed thinking of him, but although there was a chance that now she might, after all, be joining him out there in Australia someday, her sadness was not lessened. A forfeit had been paid—that voyage out with him.

BUT what was going on outside on the landing? For some time, she had been aware of noises—pushings and shovings—and now the two girls were running down the stairs, giggling. She opened her door. The door of the sickroom was open, and she could see her father lying on his side, facing the wall. At her step, he turned around. "Where were you?" he asked crossly. "They had to do everything themselves!"

Then she saw that the big wardrobe in which his clothes had been kept was gone, and in its place was a moth-eaten red plush armchair that used to be in Lily's room. The pictures had been taken down, too.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked, thawing a bit because he was himself so pleased.

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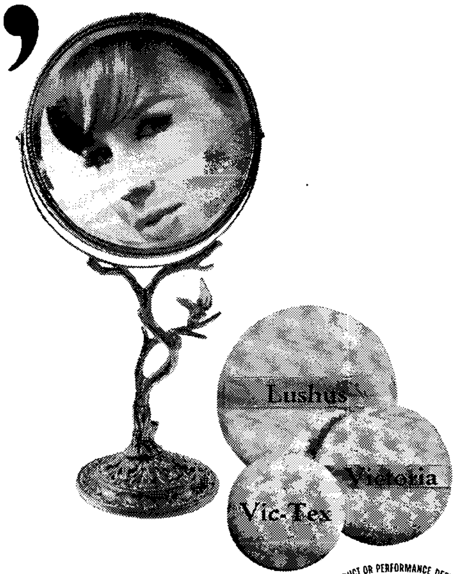

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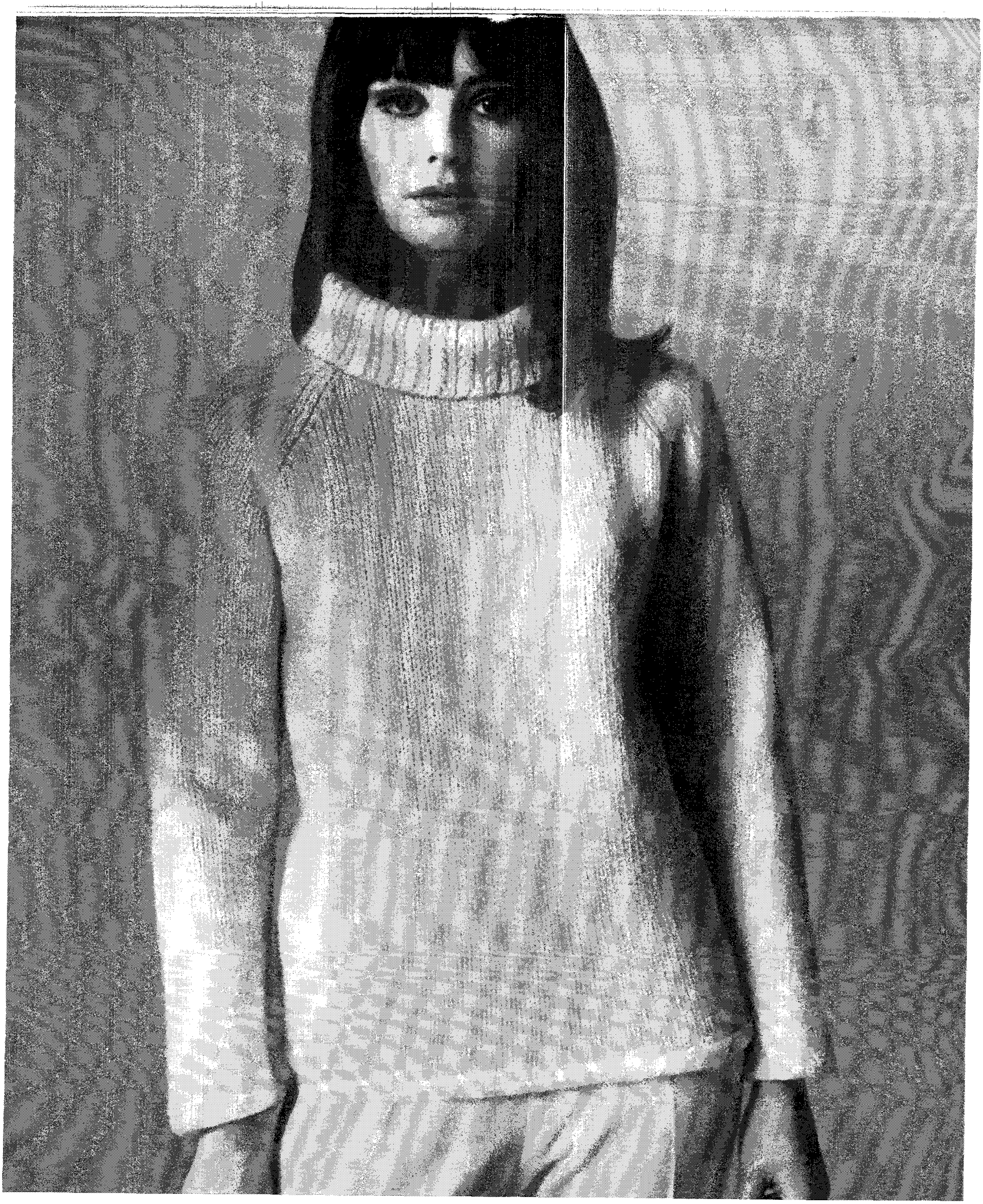

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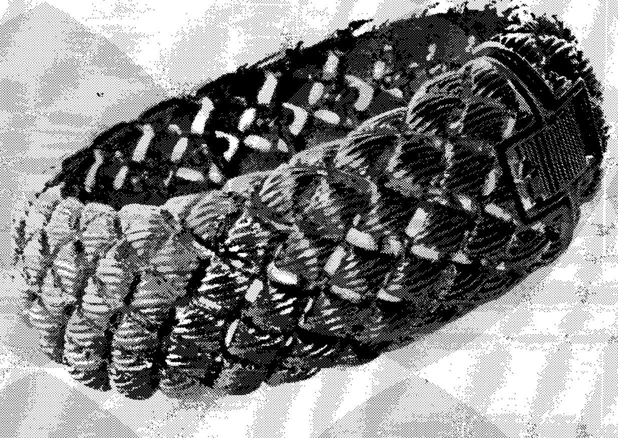

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ther," she said cautiously. Did he not see that it was the appurtenances of life that had been taken away? The bareness of the room depressed her.

"She's going to take up the carpet tomorrow," he said, "and Lily's going to scrub the floor. It'll be cool for the summer."

Involuntarily, she glanced out of the window. An east wind had driven across the land all week and blackened the early blossoms. "Summer is still a long way off, I'm afraid," she said, and in her voice there must have been a latent bitterness, because he looked at her sharply.

He reached out and caught her hand. "Do you ever hear from him?" he asked.

"Is it Alan?" she asked stupidly. The name had not been uttered by either of them since the day he'd insinuated that she'd been let down. She hesitated. "I had a letter some time ago, Father," she said.

"I knew you would," he said quietly. "He'll want you to go out to him one of these days. That will be the next thing!"

To her astonishment, she saw that the expression on his face was one of satisfaction.

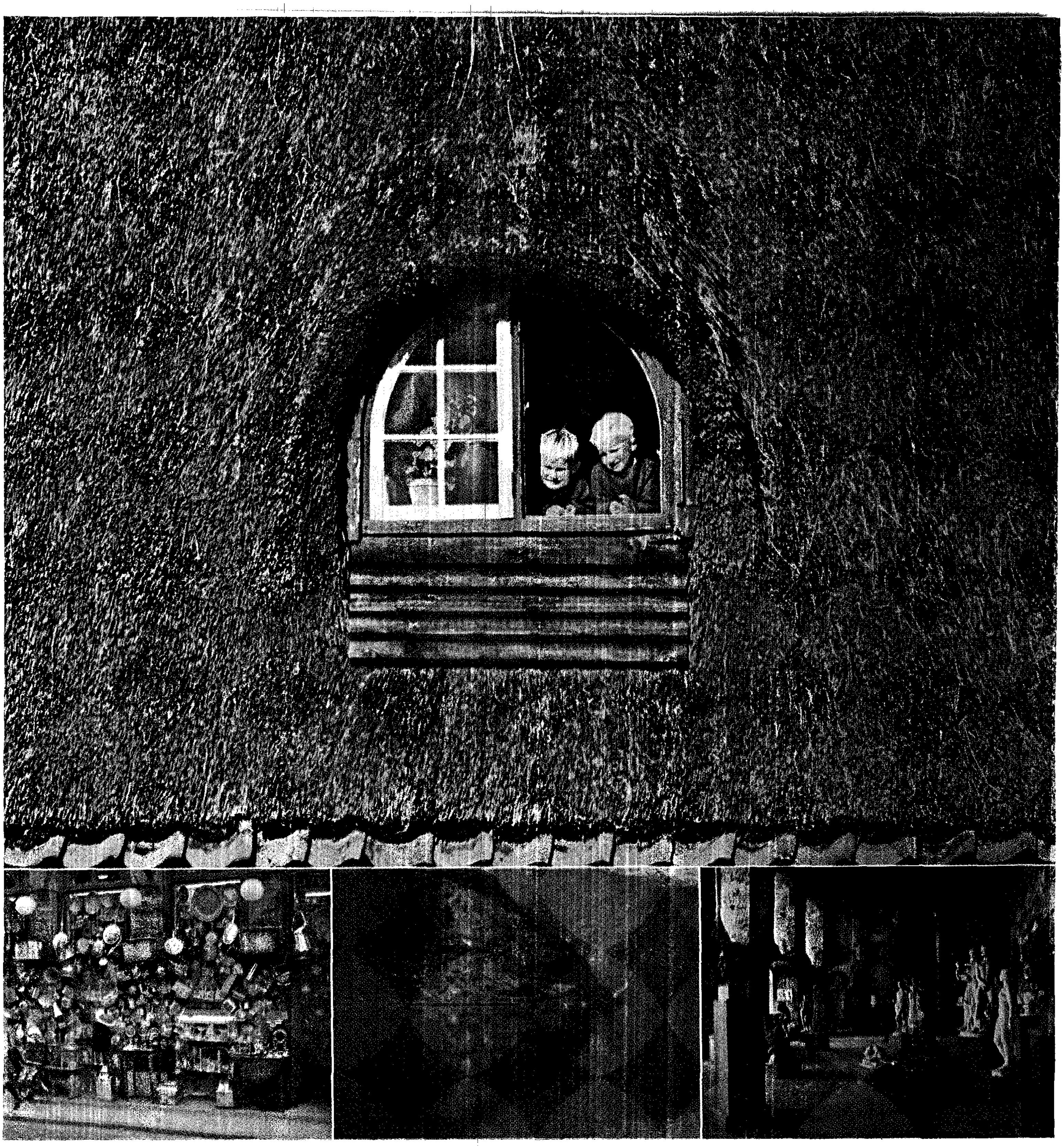
"Mark my words," he said. "You'll be going out there someday." He meant when he'd be dead! But how nicely he'd settled things in his own regard. "What do you think yourself?" he asked, and his eyes were fixed on her insistently.

She ought to be glad that he was not a prey to remorse—that his mind was at ease about her. But she could only shrug. "Who knows!" she said, and turned away.

"That's right," he said, lost in his complacency. "There's no knowing what is in store for us."

The bareness of the room was depressing, and she made an excuse to leave him.

If life had ebbed from the sickroom, however, the rest of the house teemed with it. Lily and Rita had only to be together down in the kitchen for five minutes and the din was deafening. Rita was so different from what Vera had first taken her to be. She was so cheerful and so gay! As time went on, she gave a hand with everything—peeling potatoes, scraping vegetables, drying up dishes. Prodigal of herself in all directions, she helped Vera, too, mending torn linen, darning, and even doing a bit of dressmaking on the side. Her effect on Lily was extraordinary. The girl went about her work in a whirl, giddily doing chores for everyone. One



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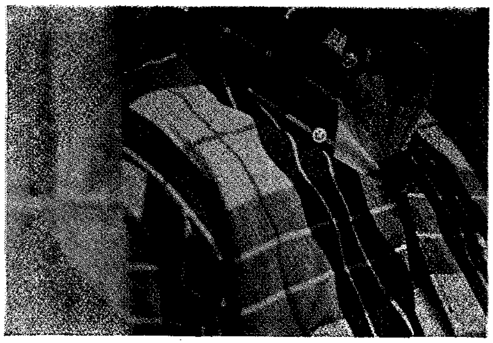

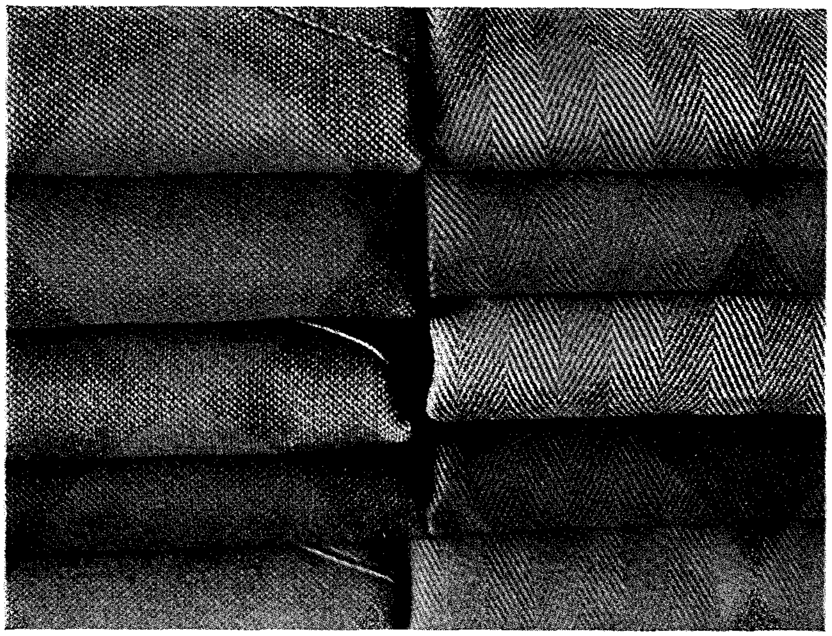

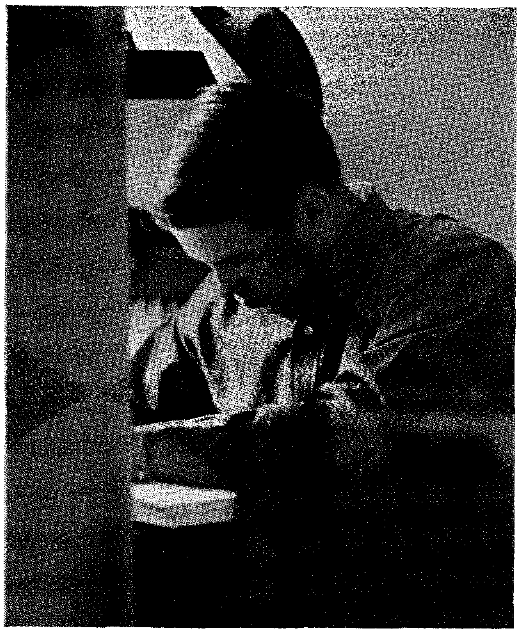

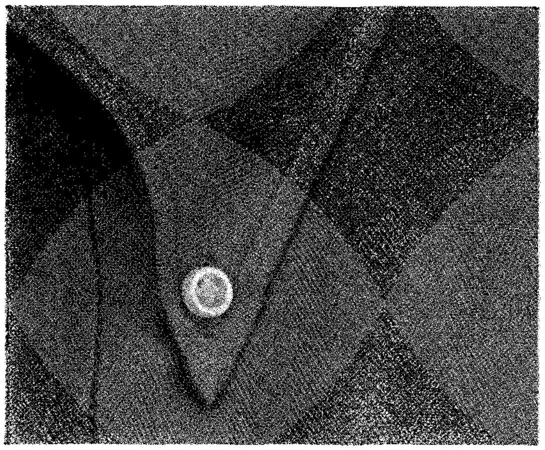

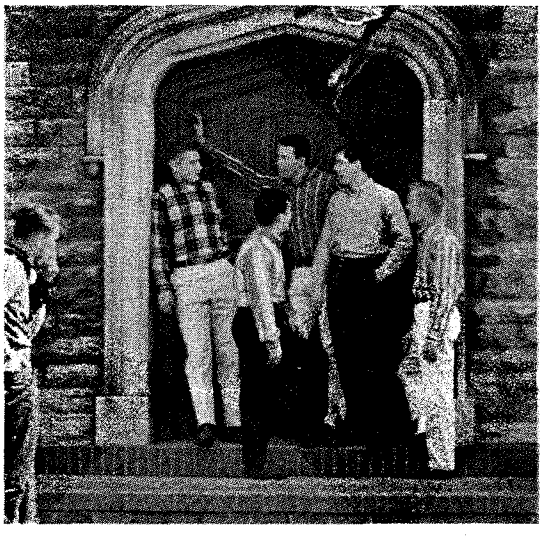

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Mr. M.,
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you should tell them
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Enro (shirtbuilders)

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day, she washed the doctor's car when he was upstairs!

It was with the patient, though, that Rita had her greatest success. Vera blushed to remember the suspicions she had had on the first day. It was true that Rita flirted with him, but this was soon understood by all of them to be a kind of charity. It helped him to keep up appearances in spite of his steady deterioration. To Vera's amazement, Rita brought out a foppishness in him of which she herself had never imagined him capable, though she sometimes wondered if he might not be voluntarily lending himself to the blandishments, playing a part in a kind of ritual. There was about the sickroom at times the blended gaiety and gloom of carnival.

One day, a strange thought crossed Vera's mind. She had tried in the past, without success, to imagine what it would be like to be married to Alan. Now, listening to the happy babble in the house and seeing day run into day, purposeful and busy, she began to think that if she were married and had children, this, perhaps, was what her life would be like. To lovers, love might seem an isolated place, shutting them in and shutting out the world, but channelled into marriage would it not quickly become a populous place from which in time another generation would have to seek an escape? Vera smiled at her thoughts. Her life for the moment was certainly a good substitute for marriage! In spite of the shadow of death, the house was very happy. She herself was so happy that she was hardly surprised one afternoon when there was a knock on the door and she opened to the postman. The letter. It had come.

LIKE the last, this letter was long. It was not written on ship's paper, however, but bore the letterhead of a hotel in Gibraltar. And this time Vera knew immediately that it was not a reply to hers. Before she had read a line, some of the good went out of it for her.

DEAR VERA:

As you can see, I am writing this in the Grand Hotel, Gibraltar; on the veranda, as a matter of fact. I am going on one of the excursions arranged by the ship's officers, and as it happens I have had an unexpected wait. But I am running on—I must explain myself a bit further.

I really should have begun by telling you my reason for writing a second time. I'm sure you did not expect a letter, although this morning when I saw the mail bags on the deck it crossed my own mind that there might have been one from you—oh, just a word of good will, Vera, nothing more, but I would have appreciated it. As it happened, we did not get our mail. Can you imagine, the launch

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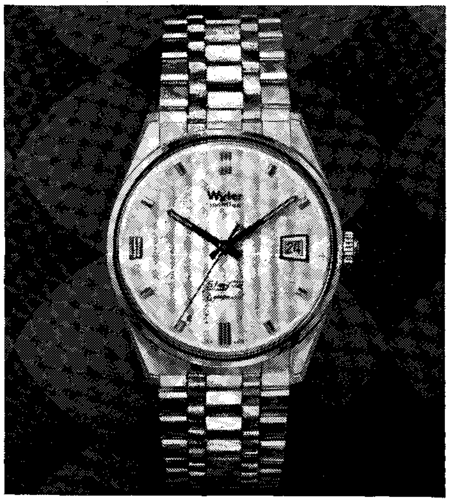
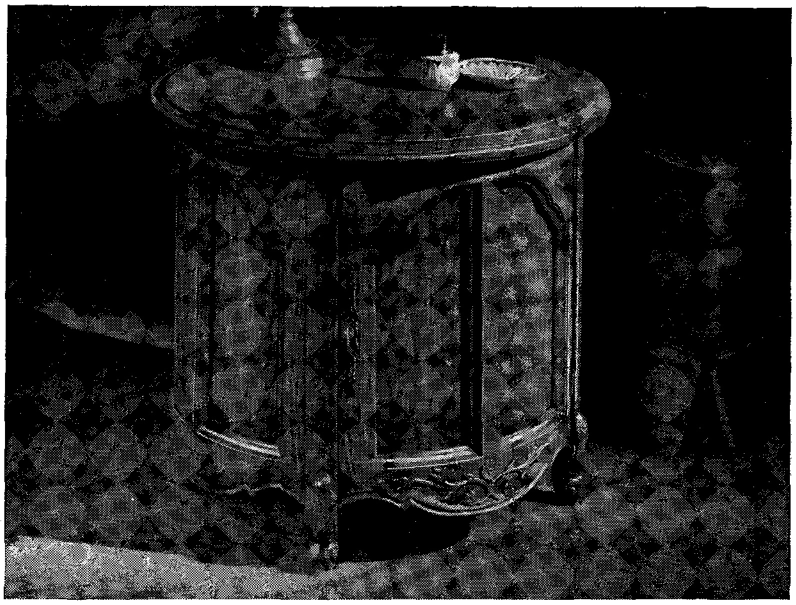


Wyler incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10



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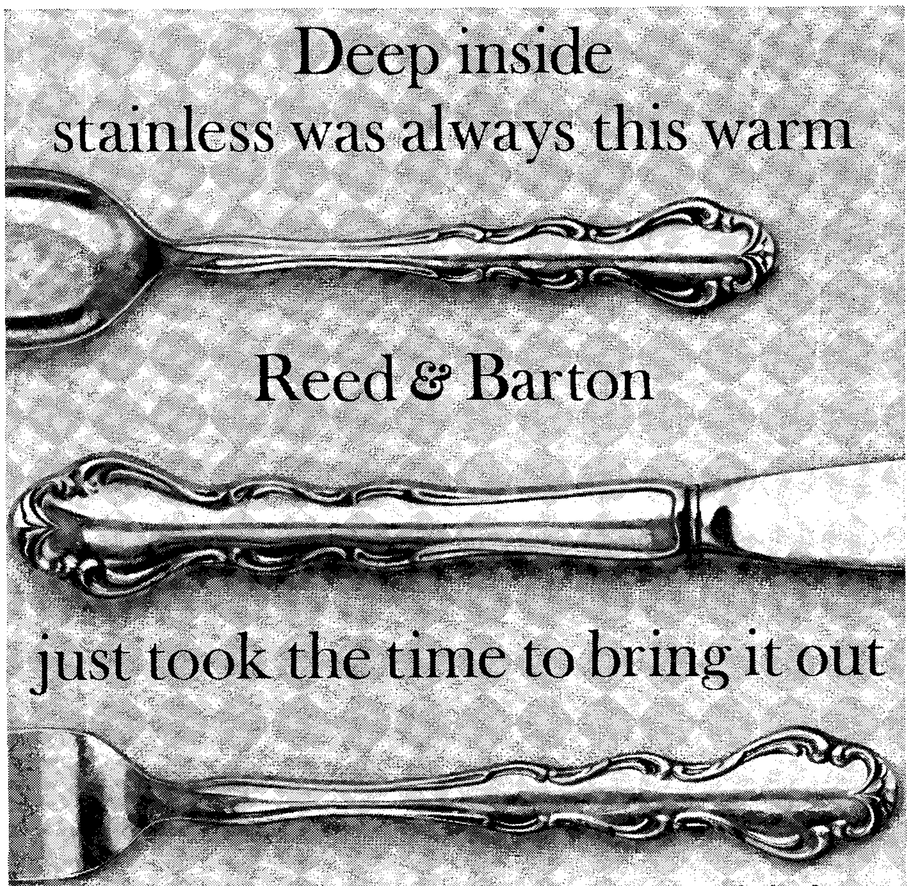
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stainless was always this warm
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just took the time to bring it out

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> that took us ashore was the same one that brought the passenger mail aboard a few minutes earlier! So that, as we were carried away, we had the frustration of seeing the sacks being dragged into the purser's office for sorting.

The letter rambled on and on. Oh, it was too much! Then, at the bottom of a page, a few words leaped out at her:

> . . . and so it may yet be that, in spite of everything, it *will* be to you that I will owe my life's happiness. And that, Vera, is why I write to you in such haste. I want to give you a hint of what I dare to presume may be in store for me. And I want you to know how much I hope that for you, too, the same happiness is in store, of which the happiness we had together may have been only a foreshadowing.

Bewildered, she turned back. Then, beside herself, she skipped through the first pages.

> You will remember how we often spoke of destiny? It certainly does seem now that there was, after all, a strange concatenation of events in my life. Not only did I, in a way, initially undertake this voyage because of you, and most certainly because of you at the time I did, but it was a likeness to you that first drew my attention to Mary. That is her name: Mary Seward, the girl I told you about in my other letter. It is for her I'm waiting here in the hotel at this moment.
>
> When I ran into her on deck the day after my last letter to you, and we got into chat, I cannot tell you how much I was struck by several small resemblances between you. In no time at all I was telling her about you. I found her so understanding. It was the beginning of our friendship. And now it seems that there is to be more in it for us than mere friendship. How strange to think you and I knew each other for so long, and Mary and I have just flown into each other's lives while both of us, as she put it rather beautifully, were "on the wing."
>
> When things are settled, I will write to you again. And if I am not mistaken, Mary will want to write to you, too. She told me last night how very conscious she was of the part you played in our lives. She said she would like to thank you. In spite of the distance that divides us, it is my hope that you two will be friends.
>
> But I must stop. I see her coming. We will have to hurry, as we must be back on the Orcades at 10:45 P.M. In haste, but with affectionate remembrance,
>
> ALAN

Affectionate remembrance! It was like a line on a mortuary card. As for that sentimental rubbish from the other woman, that hurt most of all.

Oh, it was so humiliating! And what would Lily and Rita think? Vera sprang to her feet. But as she stood staring down at the miserable pages, her heart froze at a sound from her father's room. "Oh God, what is that?" she said out loud. Headlong, she ran onto the landing. Although low,

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those sounds had filled the house, and ahead of her Rita and Lily had raced up the stairs and were with her father. Rita was bending over the bed, and Lily was on her knees, mopping up the floor. "What is the matter?" Vera cried.

Her father was almost entirely out of the bed, leaning forward in a position so grotesque that, combined with the way they were holding him, it made it seem as if he were trying to swim, or to fly. He was retching violently. And as the black bile poured out of him, it seemed that by its force he, too, was splayed out over the side of the bed. "Vera!" he gasped as their eyes met. Do you see now for what it was that I saved my strength, those eyes seemed to ask.

As suddenly as it started, the retching stopped. And where before he seemed to have been flung forward, now he seemed to be flung back, his gaze transfixed.

Rita, as white as a sheet, straightened up. Her face was wet with sweat. "Another minute and he would have been gone! He shouldn't have been left alone."

"Is he dying?" Vera cried hysterically, trying to push past her to get to the bed.

"Oh, not at all; he's all right now," Rita said impatiently. "We got to him in time."

Vera was shaking. "What does it mean?" she cried.

Rita swung around. "I'll tell you what it means," she said callously. "It means that you'll have to get a night nurse right away! Where would we be if this happened during the night? He could have choked!"

Vera's face reddened. "Wouldn't I have heard him?" she cried.

"You didn't hear him in broad daylight, did you?" Rita said. She wiped her hair back from her face. "A nice kettle of fish that would have been—for me, I mean. We should have had one from the start, I suppose, but I was sparing you."

"There was no need for that!" The tears came into Vera's eyes. When had she been niggling?

Rita had the grace to be ashamed at least. "It's not that I'd mind getting up at night," she said. "But if I lost my sleep too often I'd be no use to you or to him. Good will isn't enough in nursing," she added awkwardly.

"I understand, Nurse," Vera said. It took an effort to be polite.

"I hope you do." Rita looked more contrite every minute. "I want to give him an injection," she said. "I'll have to go upstairs to my room for a new

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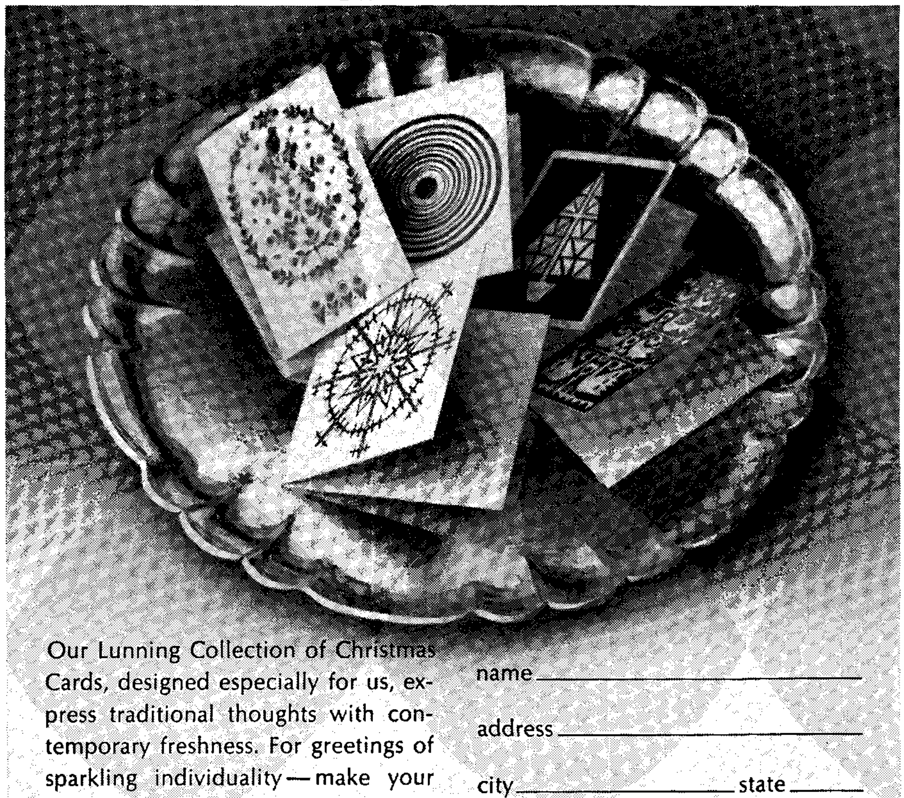

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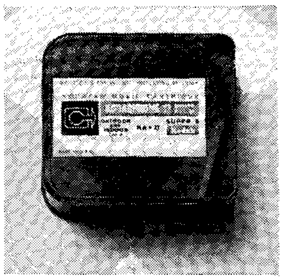

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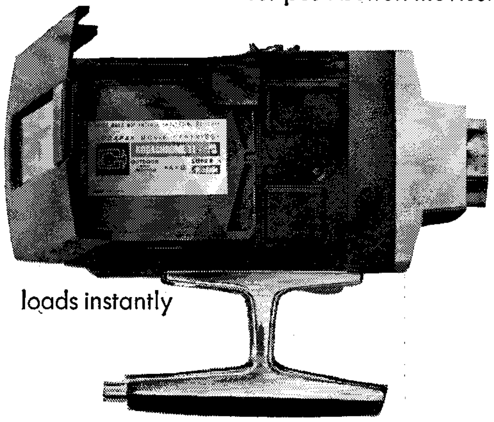

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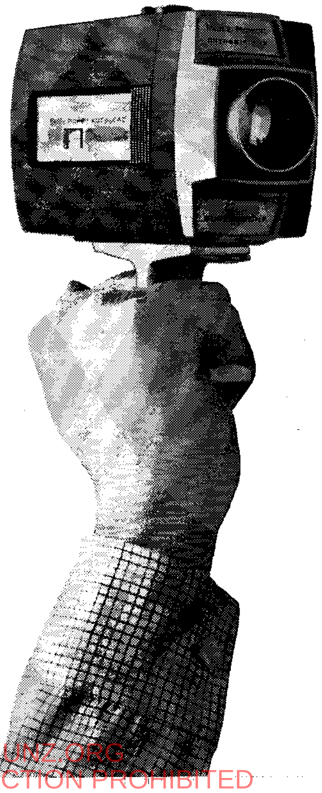

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needle. Will you stay with him while I prepare it?" As she went out of the room, she looked back. "There wasn't bad news in your letter, was there?" she asked.

The letter? A thousand years could have passed since she'd read it. Alan and his bride-to-be had shrunk to specks on a very far horizon. Even the pain they'd inflicted had been deadened. "Not really," she said quickly.

But Rita's eyes probed her through and through. "A little misunderstanding, I expect!" she said lightly. She went out.

Vera moved over to the bed. Her father was conscious again. She bent and kissed his forehead. Wasn't he all she had in the world now? She had a great longing to unburden herself to him, to tell him about her heartbreak.

But Rita was back. "Well! A nice fright you gave us!" she said briskly as she came in the door. "Why didn't you call someone? Shame on you!" Across the bed, she winked at Vera. Then, bending down, she smiled into the sick man's eyes and her voice was soft and cajoling. "I'm only joking," she said. "It was *our* fault. We shouldn't have left you alone. But it won't happen again. We can promise you that! We're going to get someone to sit up with you and keep you company, even at night. Won't that be nice?" When he looked taken aback, she gave him a playful nudge. "We'd have had one long ago, only we couldn't find anyone fetching enough for you!"

For a moment, her father seemed to hesitate, and then, playing his part, he tried to smile. "How about a blonde this time?" he whispered.

"Come, now. I can't have talk like that," Rita said. "I'll be getting jealous."

"Oh, you'll always be my first love, Nurse," he said, but it made Vera sad to hear that he had given Rita back her formal title.

IT wasn't easy to get another nurse, with the summer coming on. After several trips to the phone in the village post office with no success, Rita said desperately, "I wonder if we ought to try for a nurse attendant. All we need really is someone to sit with him at night. And I know one who's free—a very reliable person. We were on a case together before. She's an old dear."

"Oh, she's old?" Vera was doubtful at once.

"She's fairly old," Rita said, "there's no denying it. But she's very efficient. She's had enough experience, God knows!" And here it seemed she

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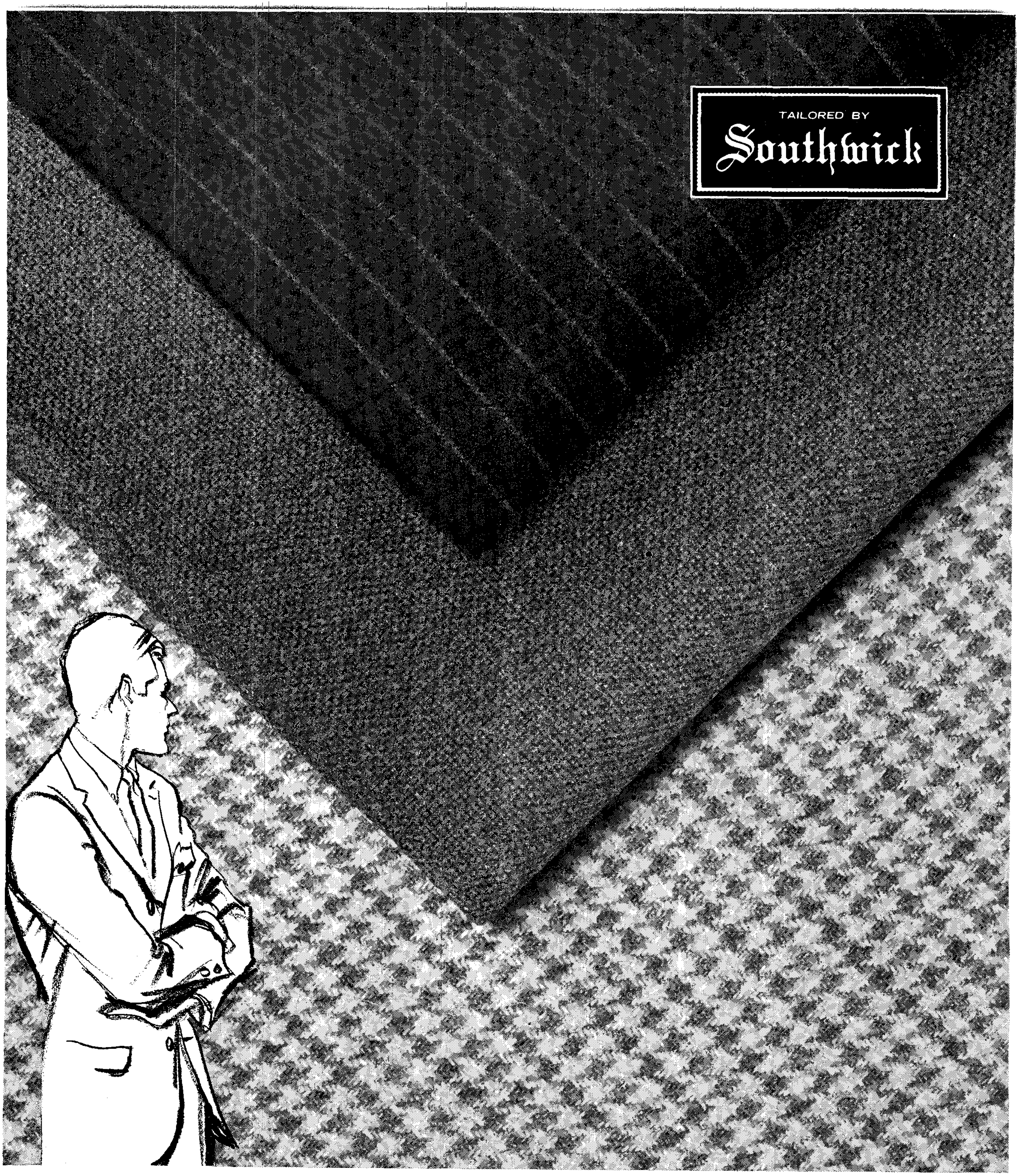

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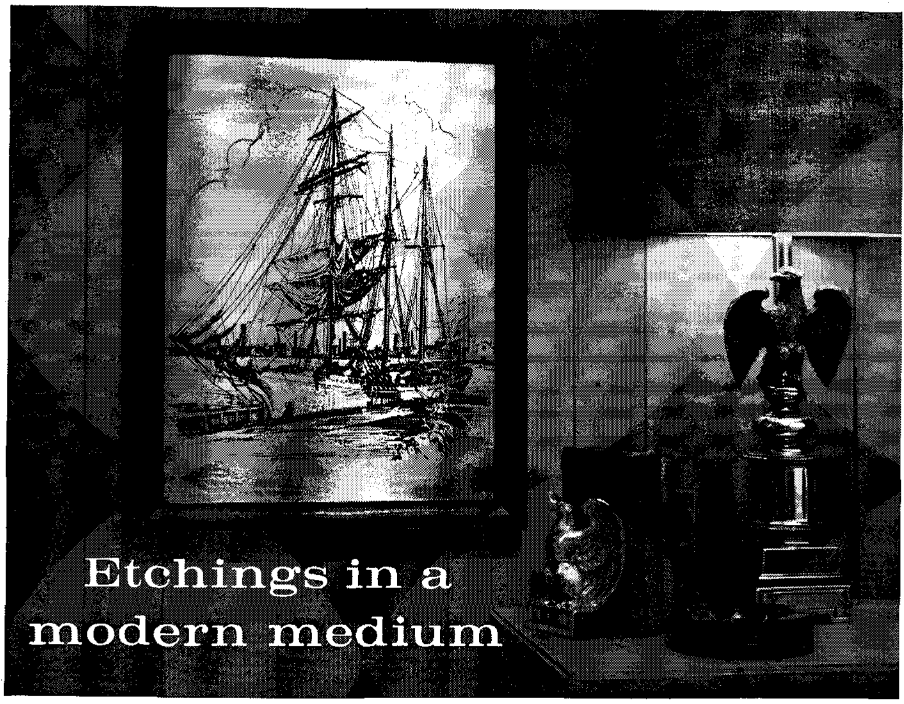

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could not help laughing. Vera felt she might have been less unfeeling.

Next day, however, when the old nurse stepped out of the taxi at the door, Vera's own first impulse was to laugh. She looked a million years old. How would her father take this? It took them five minutes to get her up the steps, and once inside she didn't seem to have a glimmer about direction; several times they found her going the wrong way along a corridor, or looking for the patient's room on the wrong landing. It was nearly eleven that first night before they'd got her ready for her duties of the night. She'd be almost as much trouble as the patient, Vera thought uneasily as she said good night to her. She herself was having a cup of cocoa in the kitchen with Rita and Lily before they, too, went to bed. "How can she be competent to mind a sick man at this rate?" she asked.

Rita looked both serious and sympathetic. "Don't let that worry you," she said. "Your father likes her! And that's the important thing, isn't it?"

It was true that the sick man did seem to like the old woman. Was it, perhaps, that the efforts of gallantry had been a strain? Did he welcome the peace the old creature brought with her? There was certainly a new quiet in the sickroom. He often dozed when the two of them were together. Going into the room once, it crossed Vera's mind that the old woman, too—no less than her patient—was waiting for her last end. Her few words were uttered in so soft a voice they could not be heard outside the door, and when she moved around the room she made no sound in the old felt slippers she wore. As time passed, it even seemed that the whole house was becoming muted.

Rita and Lily were gay as ever, but, freer now to leave the house, they worked off their excess vitality in bicycle rides and an occasional dance in the village. And once or twice when they had been out late, the old lady made Rita lie in next morning. "I can rest as well in a chair as a bed," she said placidly. And, indeed, the big plush armchair was as big as a bed for her small, shrunken body. "Anyway, I'll soon have enough sleep," she said once, and it was impossible to tell whether she spoke humorously or otherwise.

"She sleeps on her feet, I think," Lily said. "Like a bird on a branch."

"All the same, I don't want to trade on her good will," Rita said.

And yet it was inevitable that they did—all of them, even Vera. One day, she let Rita persuade her to go for a

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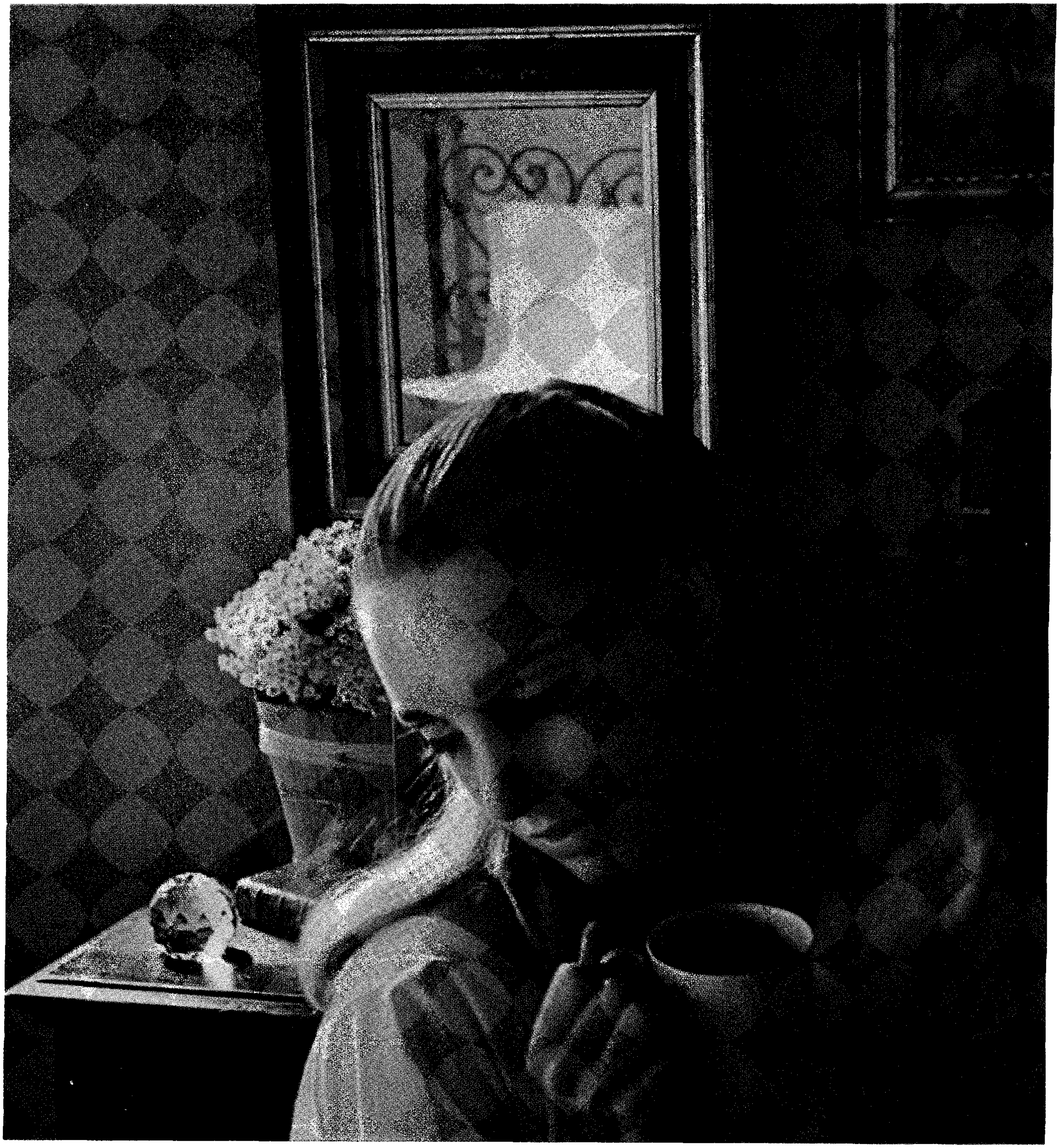

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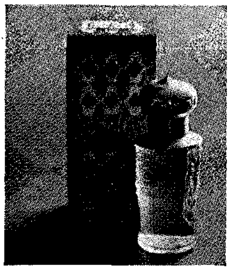

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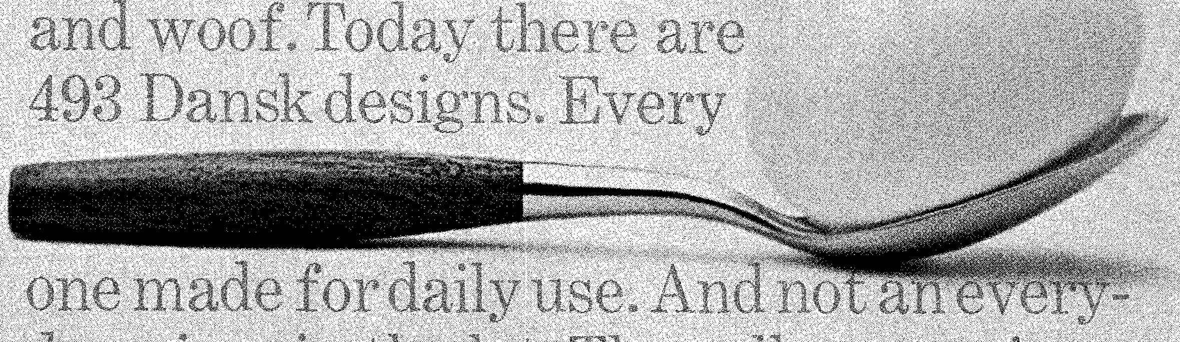

spin on the bike with her. "You're in the house too much," Rita said. "You need to get out in the air."

"Take sandwiches with you," Lily urged. "Make a day of it."

It was not yet the real summer, but this was a day such as seldom comes even in summer. The sun shone down as they rode along between the hedges, already thickening with leaf and bud, and they laughed and talked as happily as if they were one as young and carefree as the other. Rita took her hands off the handlebars and pedalled along whistling like a messenger boy. They stopped for lunch on a long, treeless stretch of road where the banks were high but softly mounded and the ditches shallow and dry. Throwing down her bike, Rita clambered up on the bank and sat down.

"Are you sure the grass isn't damp?" Vera asked, feeling it.

"Are you mad!" Rita cried. "It hasn't rained for days!"

But they had no sooner settled themselves and taken out their packages of food than rain splashed on the grease-proof paper. By the time they had got to their feet, it was pouring. "Oh, where will we shelter?" Vera cried, looking up and down the treeless road.

"Come along!" Rita cried, jumping up on her bicycle. "It's hardly worth our while sheltering at all." Already they were soaking.

"Look, there's a clump of trees ahead," Vera said, but a few moments later, when they reached it, Rita didn't stop.

"Let's keep going," she said. "We can change our clothes when we get back. I love the rain." Throwing back her head, she held her face up to it. Just then, the sky was split with lightning.

"Oh, my God! Did you see that?" Vera cried. Her words were drowned in a long peal of thunder.

"Oh, it's miles away," Rita said indifferently, although a second peal had volleyed over their heads.

"We can't go on!" Vera cried.

But there seemed to be a devil in Rita. "Why not?" she called back, and her voice was almost buried under the cataracts of sound.

To be heard, Vera had to draw abreast of her. "It's terribly dangerous!" she shouted. "Especially on a bike! Steel attracts lightning."

"Nonsense! We're safer on the bikes than anywhere! Aren't the tires rubber?"

In any case, the clump of trees was far behind. Keeping abreast, they careered along, while to either side of

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them the darkening countryside was lashed with light. Shrinking down over the handlebars, Vera didn't dare to raise her head, but Rita, standing on the pedals, rose up and down with them and stared out over the transfigured landscape. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"I'm scared!" Vera screamed.

Rita threw her a scathing glance. "Stay, then," she said. "I'm going on. Anyway, I've got to get back to my patient. A nice thing it would be if he hopped the twig while I was skulking in a ditch!"

In her fright, Vera's foot slipped off the pedal and she almost fell. "You don't really mean that?" she cried.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't take me up on every word I utter," Rita yelled crossly. "It's just that you never can tell with any case!"

As if her father was only a "case" to her! "Oh, let's get back quick!" Vera cried, and with a new spurt she shot ahead. Up to then, obscurely she'd felt that the blades of light as they scythed across the tops of the hedges would not dip to find her if she crouched low enough over the handlebars. But now she, too, stood up on the pedals and pressed them down with all her might. She, too, stared out over the fields; in that eerie light they were as strange as the fields of the moon. Trees and bushes even on the farthest rim of the sky were suddenly brought so close their branches switched her eyeballs. Near and far were one. Then around a bend in the road the white gable of a cottage came in sight. It seemed to rear up out of nowhere. And up its walls went their shadows, hers and Rita's, riding like furies. "Look at us, Rita!" she cried. "We're like death riders in a circus!"

Then there was another flash, and a second cottage rose up out of the earth. The walls this time were rosy pink, but to Vera it seemed that they were in flames. The whole world was in flames. Even Rita was startled. "My God, that gave me a fright!" she cried, acknowledging with a grimace that perhaps, after all, death could have been riding with them.

When they got back at last, they could see Lily's white face pressed to the window, and as they flung down their bikes she threw open the door for them and ran back, not daring to stand in the doorway.

"How's my father?" Vera cried.

Lily grinned. "He slept through it!" she said. "The old girl, too. I might as well have been all alone. I was scared stiff. And look! I got stung by a wasp!" She held up her arm. It was

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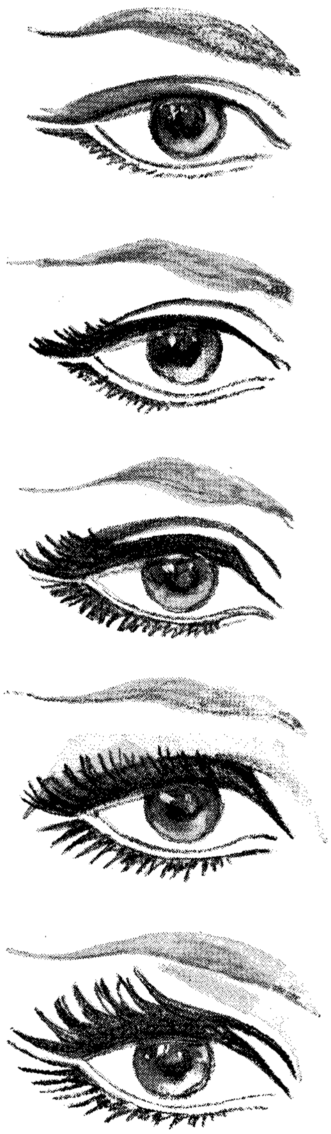

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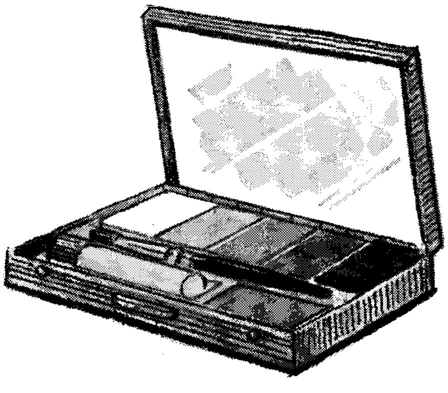

Elizabeth Arden

red and swollen. "And what do you suppose! There's a nest of them under the kitchen window—in the grass. I nearly stood in it!" She laughed.

Rita was the one who was cross. "You'll have to do something about that!" she said sharply to Vera. "There's your father to think of! If we managed to get him out in the sun for a few hours, it would be a nice thing to have him stung to death!"

Bewildered, Vera looked at her. How could she have him dying one minute and out in the sun the next!

Vera went upstairs. Her father was still asleep. So after she changed her clothes, she ran down again. Rita and Lily were sitting at the kitchen table. They exchanged a very odd glance, but Rita immediately drew her into the conversation. "I was just saying to Lily here that those thunderstorms are usually a sign of good weather—summer storms."

"But it's only May," Vera said instinctively.

"Nearly June!" Rita said.

"And those wasps!" Lily cried. "They're a sign of summer." But she looked guilty. "Of course, this fine weather could be just a flash in the pan."

Rita gave her a quelling glance. "This could well be all the good weather we'll get. I've made that mistake too often—spent May and June watching out for the good weather and July and August finding out it was over."

They were thinking of their holidays! Vera's face must have given her consternation away to them.

"Of course, I'd never take my holiday in the middle of a case," Rita said quickly. "That is, not if the end was in sight. There is this to be considered, though. If I were to take my holiday now, while your father's condition is fairly stable, I'd be back when you really need me."

"At the end, you mean?" Vera said quietly.

"Oh, the end could be easy enough," Rita said airily. "But he might go into a coma. You might like to have me here then! All things considered, I really think I ought to go while the going is good. And the great thing is that you won't need anyone to replace me. I sounded out the old girl and she said that if you put a cot in your father's room she could easily manage singlehanded. It isn't everyone would do it, mind you. Oh, wasn't it a godsend it was her we got! She's as good as two people rolled into one!"

So it was already settled. Vera's heart

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sank. How false had been her feeling of solidarity with them. These girls had their private lives, which at all costs they would safeguard from interference.

YET when the day came for Rita to leave, her concern was genuine. "Do you think you'll be all right without me?" she asked anxiously, for about the twentieth time. There was a car calling for her, and they were standing on the steps, waiting to see her off.

"Her fellow," Lily whispered to Vera.

But Rita was uneasy and restless. "The wasp's nest!" she cried. "We forgot it! Oh, perhaps I oughtn't to go at all! Not that I really think your father will ever stir out-of-doors again, but there's the old girl to consider! What if she got stung?" She wrung her hands.

"Don't worry," Vera said placatingly. "I'll attend to it at once—tomorrow!"

"But how? That's the whole point. It may not be as easy as you think."

"What about tar?" Lily cried. "We could pour it into the nest!"

Rita shook her head. "Too hard to handle. You have to heat it. It's very dangerous. But you could set fire to it, perhaps, with petrol—"

"Not petrol so near the house!" Vera cried. "The whole place could go!"

Rita bit her lip in vexation, but all at once her face lit up. "Wait!" she cried. "Have you a gun? You could fire a shot into it—at close range! But can you handle a gun?"

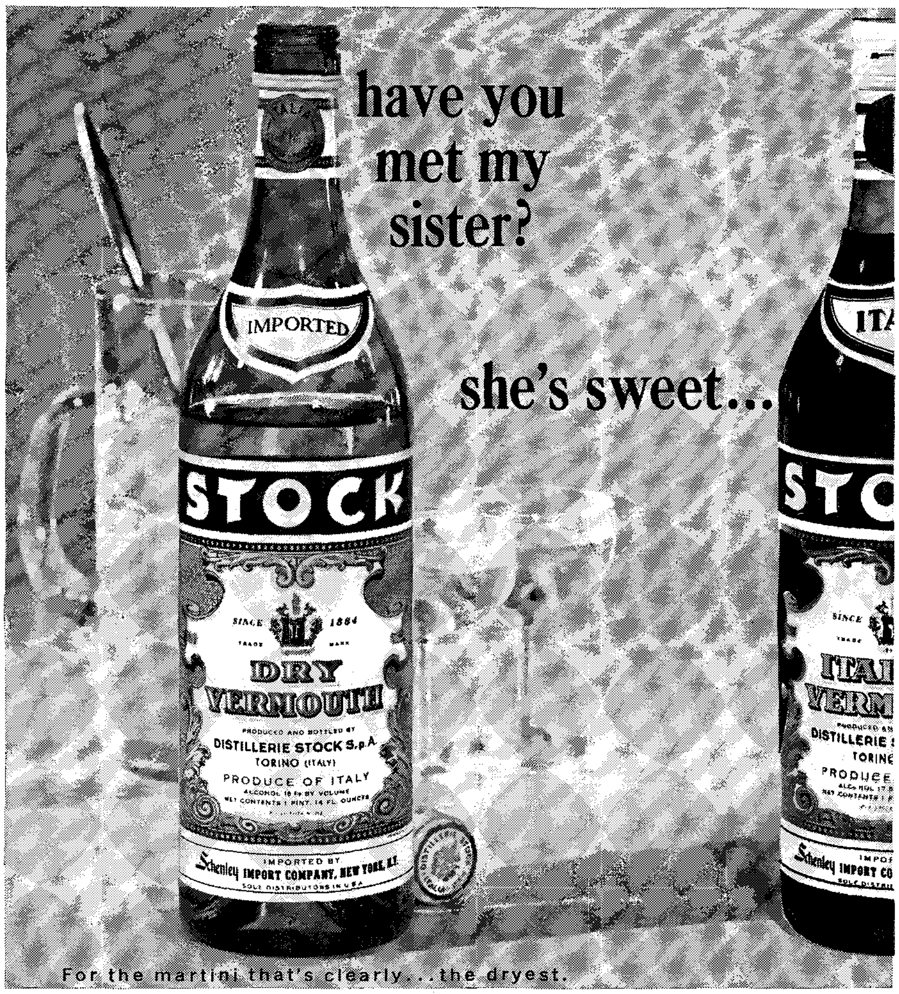
"I'm sure I could manage," Vera said.

"Well, then, there's no more to worry about." Leaning forward, Rita strained to see the road through the trees. "Here he is," she said as she saw a car. "I told him I'd meet him at the gate," and, catching up her bag, she gave them both a quick kiss and ran down the steps. "Goodbye," she called back. "Goodbye."

Looking after her, Vera felt curiously bereft. She looked at Lily.

"Well, that's that!" Lily said, and she turned and went back into the house.

Had the sun gone? Had the birds stopped singing? It was hardly possible that one person's absence could make itself felt so immediately. Yet before the week ended, the house was like a tomb. Certainly the kitchen became one. The leaves of the trees had thickened and the shrubs grown dense, and although the upper rooms were above the level of their shade, the lower part



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of the house was sometimes as dark by day as if evening had prematurely fallen. One afternoon, when Vera went down to make a pot of tea, it gave her a shock to see two birds that were chasing each other dash in one window and out the other, as if, indeed, the house was a deserted place.

And then, one afternoon while Vera was upstairs mending a sheet, the silence of the house was shattered. Voices. Like a twitter of birds, only louder and more inconsequential. Unmistakably, she heard Rita's laugh. Throwing the sheet aside, she ran down the stairs.

"Oh, there you are!" Rita cried gaily. She ran forward and kissed Vera. "I was just telling Lily here that I got bored in Dublin and I hopped on a bike and came over to see how you were getting on! Talk of a busman's holiday! But how are you? And how," she added quickly, as an afterthought, "is your father? I must go up and see him before I leave. Not that I can stay long," she said, glancing at her watch. Then she laughed. "What I'm dying to know is how you're getting on with her nibs?"

"Oh, she's been very good and very kind," Vera said sincerely.

Lily, too, was full of praise. But she giggled. "She's a howl, really," she said. "I never stopped laughing since you left!"

Vera looked at her with astonishment. When had all this hilarity taken place?

"Oh, I didn't let on to you," Lily said, "but she was going to leave several times, only I got around her to stay. There was one time she had her bags all packed, ready for off. She thought she was in a madhouse!" Lily was spluttering with laughter, and Rita joined in. "It was that day, you remember"—she turned to Vera—"she was just having a cup of tea when you walked in with the master's gun in your hand!"

"Oh, Lily!" Rita squealed. "Don't tell me!"

"Wait!" Lily begged. "I've been dying to tell someone. 'I thought it was the closed season!' the poor old thing said. 'Oh,' says you, 'I'm only going out in the garden to shoot a few wasps'!"

"Oh, no!" Rita screamed. Laughing, the two girls sank onto the kitchen chairs, their feet sprawled out in front of them.

"To think I never noticed a thing!" Vera said so sadly that Rita was sobered.

"Ah, you were too anxious about your father," she said kindly. "You didn't tell me how he is! Ought I go

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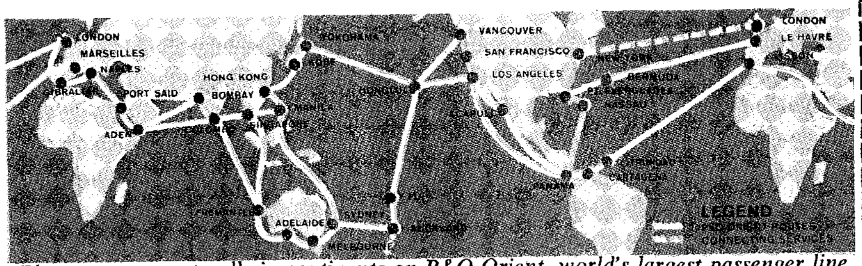
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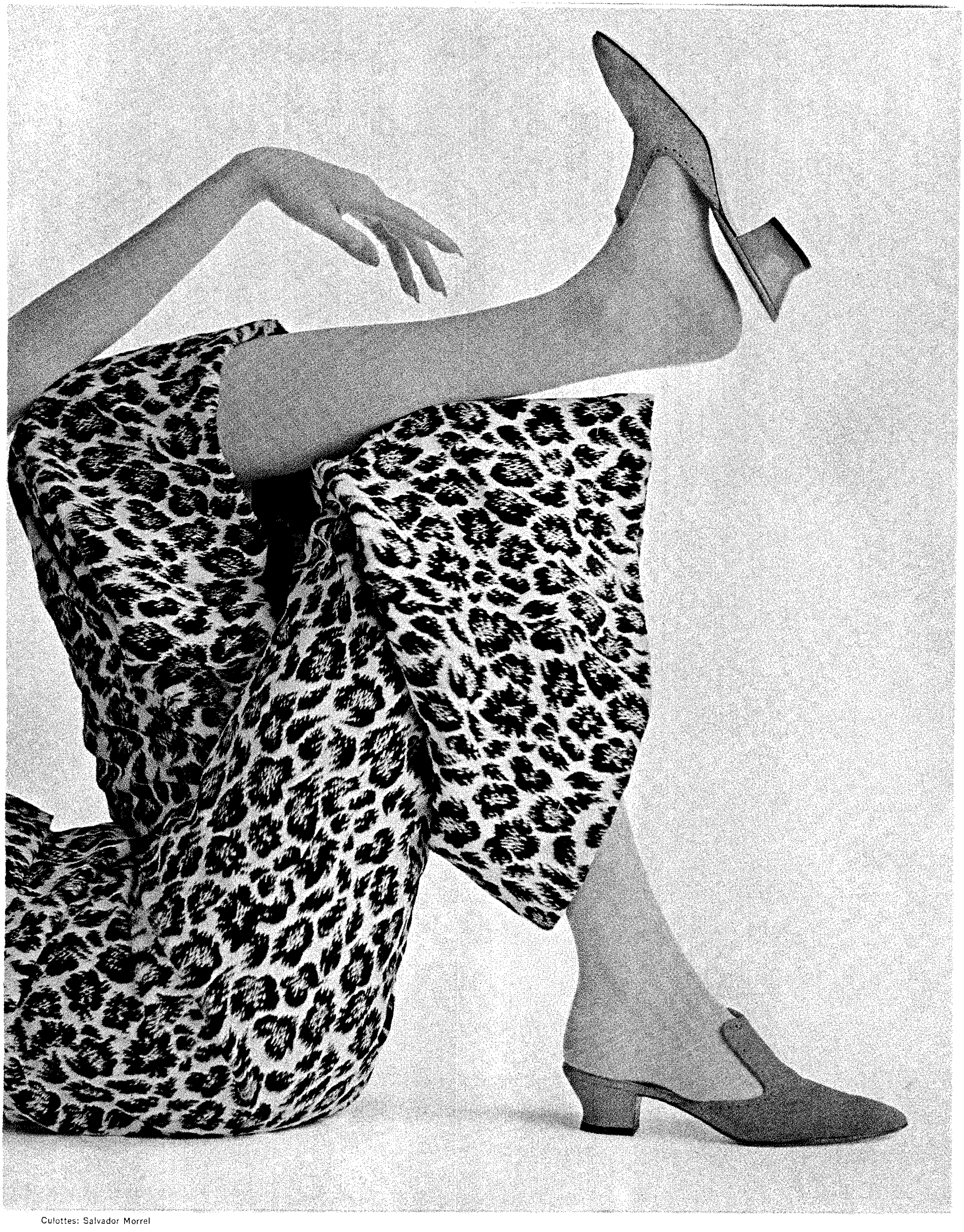

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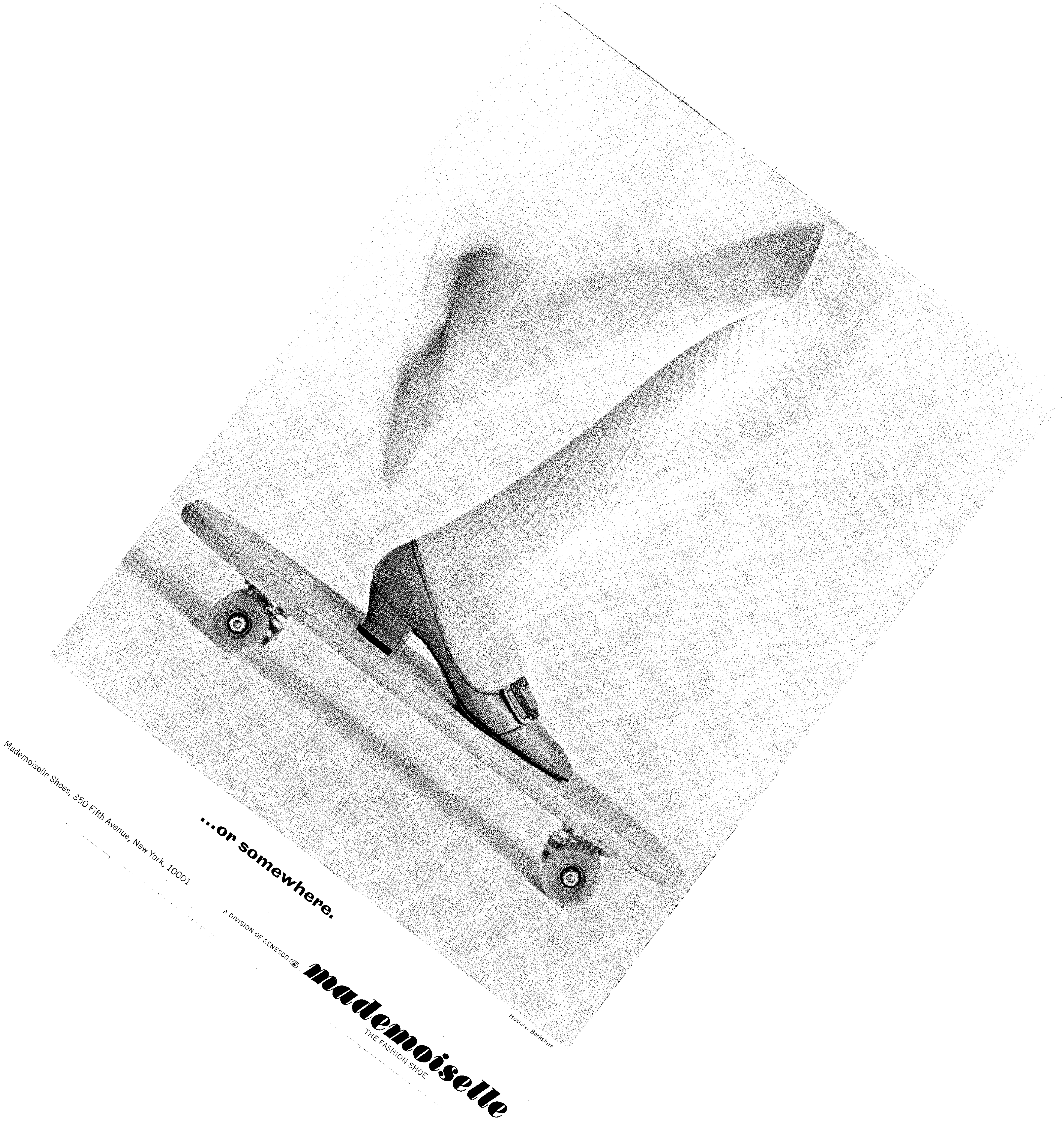
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up to him, or might it only disturb him?"

A week earlier, there would have been no question, but all of a sudden Vera had misgivings. "Would you like me to tell him you're here and see what he says?" she said, after a minute. And without waiting for an answer, she slipped upstairs.

In the sickroom, the windows were thrown up, and the whole room was filled with a myriad of small sweet summer sounds—the hum of insects and the songs of birds. As Vera went softly in, there was a whir of wings as the swallows under the eaves swooped back and forth from their nests. The old nurse and her patient were both awake, but although they were not speaking, Vera felt as if she were intruding. It was as if they were communicating in some way beyond her understanding. How could she ever have been so mistaken as to think that life had ebbed from this room? Dying, too, was a part of life. For a minute, she stood unobserved in the doorway. When she heard footsteps on the stairs, she stepped back quickly, closing the door.

But not before Rita had seen into the room. "Oh, what a change there is in him!" she whispered. Gently, she put her hand on Vera's arm. "It looks to me as if he's near the end." But, seeing Vera start, she spoke sternly. "You're lucky, you know—the end is going to be very easy." Then, drawing Vera toward the stairs, she went down a few steps. "It's funny the way things work out, isn't it? We only thought of that old woman as a stopgap, and now it looks as if it was God who sent her to you. I don't think you'll need me back at all," she said firmly.

"Oh, Rita!" Vera cried. "We couldn't do without you!"

But Rita shook her head. "It's not my business, I suppose," she said, "and I don't know how you're fixed with regard to money, but there's never any sense in throwing it away."

"The money doesn't matter," Vera said in a flat voice.

Rita looked censoriously at her. "You'd be surprised what a financial drain it can be," she said. "A death in the family, I mean. And coming after a long illness!" She threw up her hands. "When it's all over, there's an avalanche of bills. I've seen people *crushed* by them. Yes, *crushed*."

"Oh, Rita," Vera cried, putting out her hands, "I can't bear to think of the house without you! And what will Lily do?"

"A pity about Lily!" Rita said. "She'll be getting married on you one

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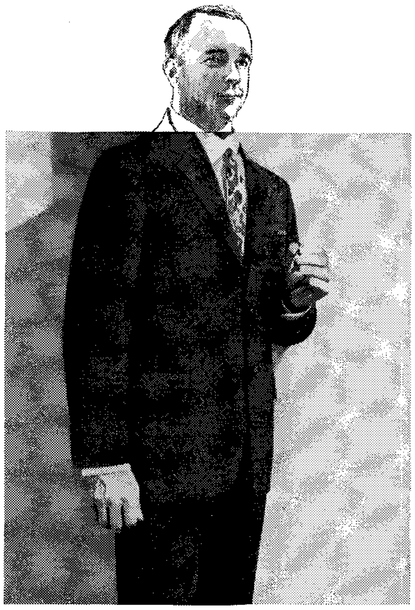

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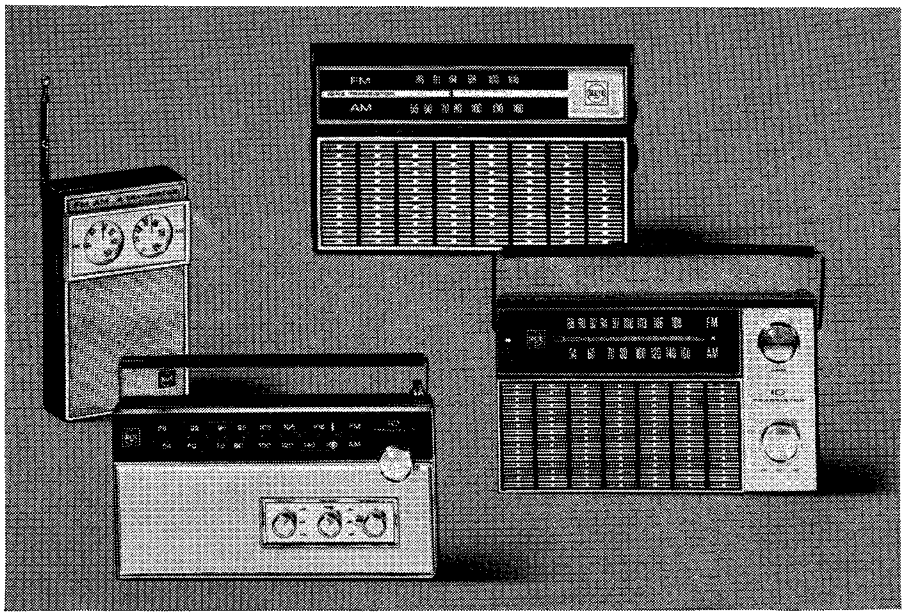

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of these days. She can live on the thought of it! And as for you—won't you be going out to Australia?"

It was a long time since Alan had been referred to, and Vera had begun to think Rita and Lily both suspected that there was something wrong.

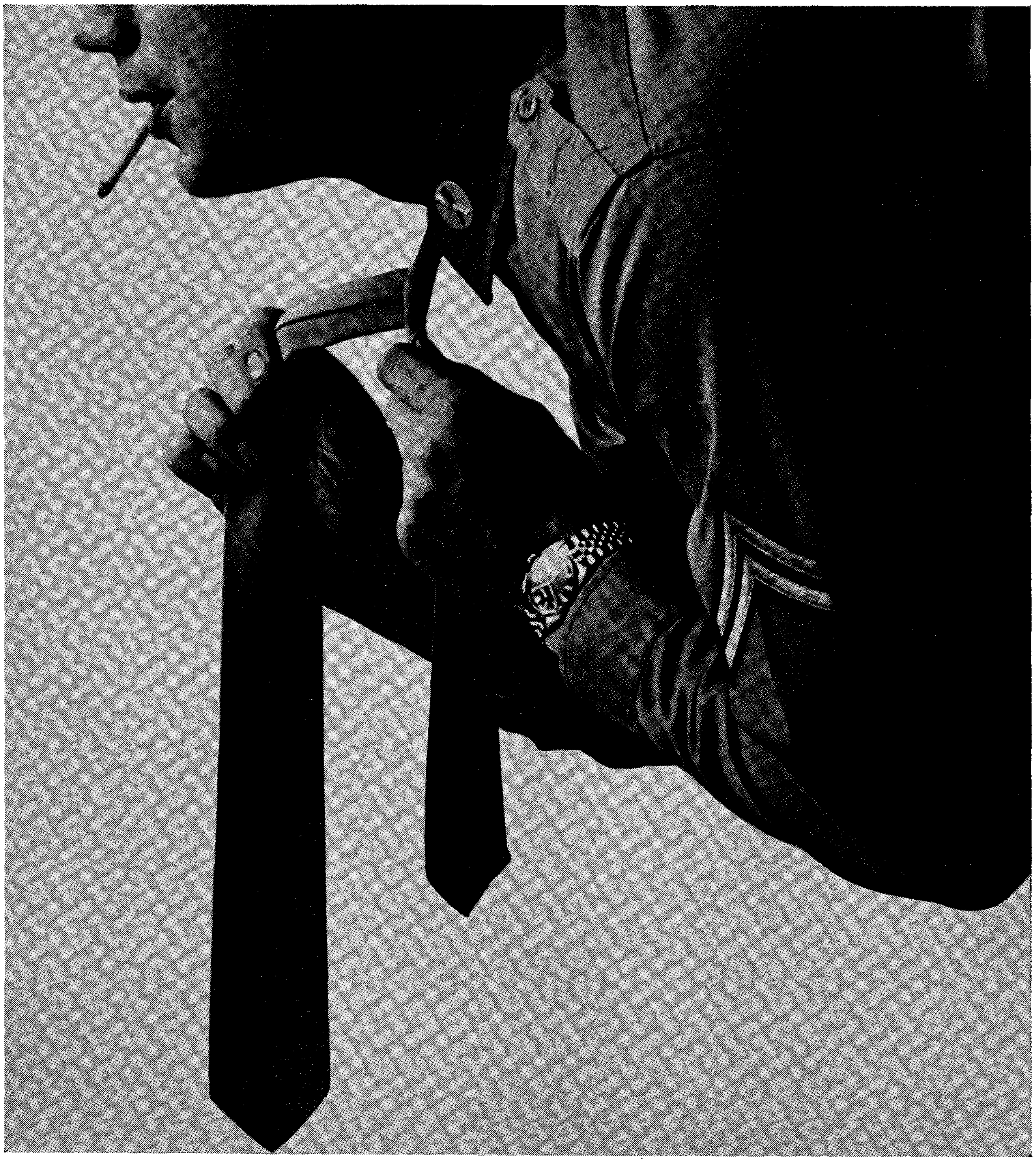
But Rita's face was guileless. "It's a pity," she said. "It's not—God forgive me—that I grudge your father his last days, but it seems a pity that the summer is passing. Ah, well, it's only one summer."

Vera looked at her. She was so strong and young. One summer more or less would indeed matter little to her. Unable to bear her secret any longer, she said in a low voice, "I may not be going out at all."

But Rita missed her meaning. "Oh, is he coming back?" she asked. "I can well believe it. I know lots of people who didn't like it out there. Still, it's a pity you didn't have the trip!" She yawned. "Oh, I'm jaded," she said. "I was at a dance last night. Late hours kill me." Then she looked at her watch. "I'd better be off," she said.

IN the days that followed, it became clear to Vera that her father was dying at last. His small world was shrinking smaller still. In the beginning of his illness, when there was a noise downstairs or in the yard he'd sometimes ask them not to slam doors or let things fall, but after a time when there was a noise he'd only look startled and his eyes would dilate as if with fear. It was as if the world outside the bedroom had become a foreign, a forgotten, world. Now sudden sounds in the sickroom gave him a start. His world had narrowed down to the bed on which he lay, and his face seemed to wear a habitual look of surprise. At first, Vera thought it was that he could not believe the pass to which he had been brought, but slowly she came to realize that it was the old life of health and normality in which he could not believe. When a light went on, he was startled. When a chair was moved, he started. When Lily brought his tray, he was startled, and yet again when she bent to take it from him. And once when Vera herself went into his room, he seemed to find her presence so startling she had to protest.

"Where did you think I was, Father?" she cried. Was it possible that deep down he did not trust in the finality of her break with Alan? Did he imagine she had deserted him, after all? In that moment, she made up her mind to tell him the truth. And so one day when she was sitting with him while



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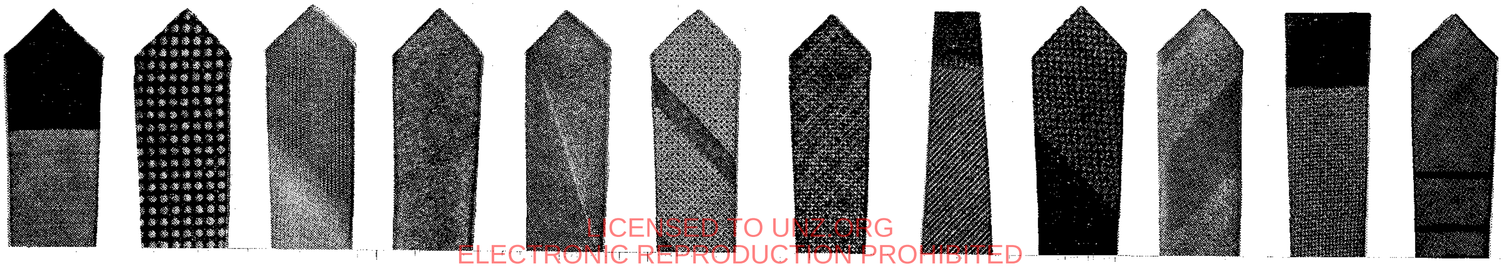

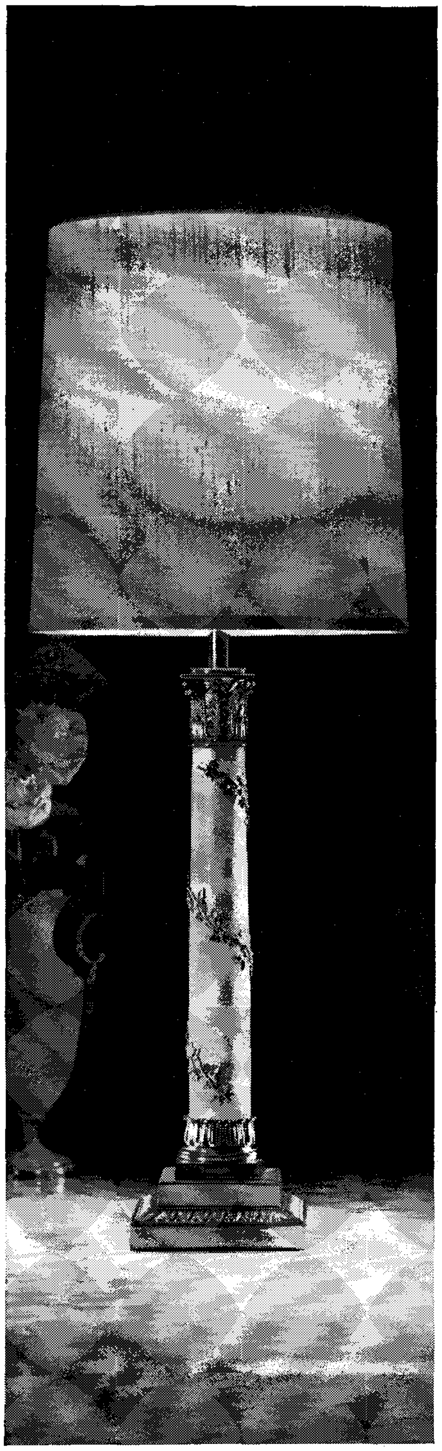

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the old nurse was taking a doze, she said quietly, "There's something I never told you, Father—about Alan. He's gone out of my life for good."

Weak as he was, he was able to hide his immediate reaction. Then he turned and looked at her. "What matter!" he said dully.

Stung, she was about to move away, when she was struck by the depths of pity in his eyes. It was not the rage of pity of long ago; it was a pity that embraced them both. And he did not need to explain it. She knew what it was—what matter anything when all comes to this in the end!

Then he took her hand. "What does your mother's loss matter now to me?" he said sadly. "And someday it will be the same with you."

It seemed a strange and unreal analogy—this analogy between her and her dead mother—and yet it was valid, she supposed. A silence fell as they pondered their separate aspects of the same thought.

"Vera, do you think there's any meeting in the next life?" he asked suddenly.

Taken aback, she said, "I don't know, Father." Not for years had she given the matter thought.

"Because I don't," he said vehemently. "When they dig the black hole and put you down in it, that's the end of you."

"Oh, no!" Her heart cried out against the thought of his facing into that nothingness and that nowhere. "Of course there's a hereafter!" she cried. "Otherwise, what would be the meaning of love?"

Weak tears came into his eyes. "Do you really believe that, Vera?" he said.

Partly lying and, like himself, partly wanting to believe, she nodded.

He closed his eyes. "It would make up for everything!" he said, almost under his breath. Then he opened his eyes wide. "Just to see her! Just to see her!"

Vera's own eyes widened. "Who are you talking about?"

"Your mother," he said, and he looked surprised. "Who else!"

—MARY LAVIN

•

The primordial element of fire that domineers in the "Trovatore" the inspiration of Verdi, comes in this opera incenerating so superfluous dress some forms of the counterpoint and of the harmony, so also all the conventionalism and unlikelchoods of the libretto.—*Program of a concert in Venice.*

Might be easier just to burn the librettist at the stake.

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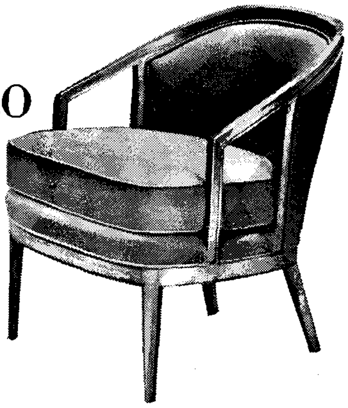

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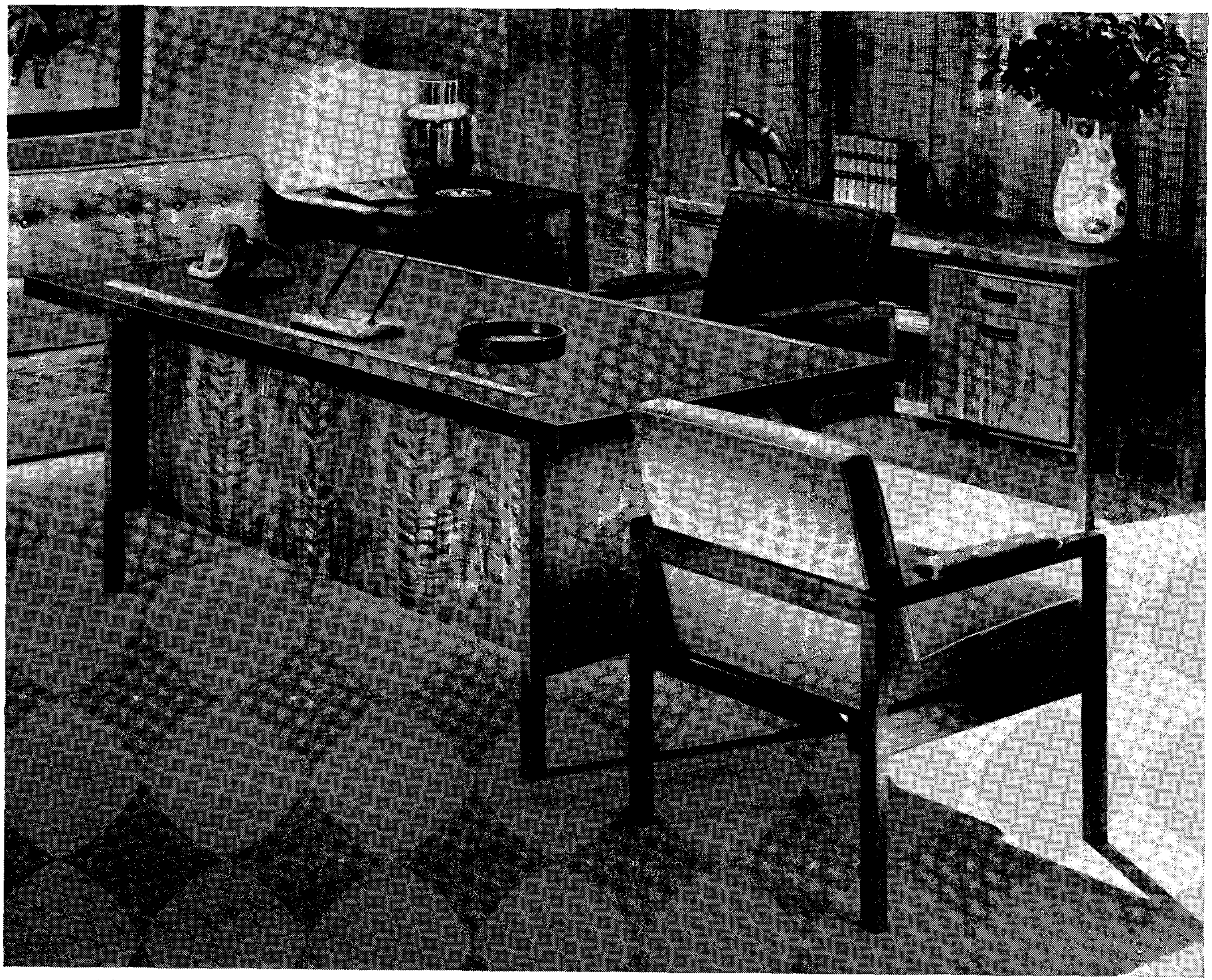

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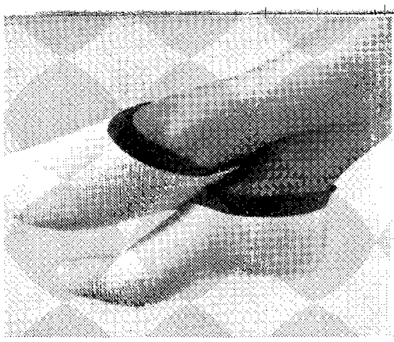
THE CURRENT CINEMA

No, No, No

THREE terrible pictures, and since the old saw has it that least said is soonest mended, it will amount to an act of kindness on my part to dispose of them as briefly as possible. "The Hours of Love" is a conventional Italian comedy about how hard it is for people in love to remain in love, especially when they make the mistake of getting married. If this notion strikes you as extremely fresh, bold, and witty, then you may find "The Hours of Love" an entertaining ninety-three minutes; otherwise, it will seem several dull days long. The movie features Ugo Tognazzi and Emmanuèle Riva, who must have nerves of steel, and was directed, with incomprehensible relish, by Luciano Salce.

"She" is the fourth movie version of the famous adventure story by H. Rider Haggard. As even the youngest among us surely know, its heroine is an Egyptian princess who has managed to stay alive century after century, awaiting a reunion with her boy friend, a high priest of Isis, whom she thoughtlessly stabbed to death in a fit of jealous rage a couple of millennia earlier. (I've always wondered whether Mr. Haggard wasn't moved to write about a vengeful female with supernatural powers because his name contains an almost perfect anagram of "hagridden," to say nothing of "dagger," "rage," "her," and—the English sense of humor being what it is, even in adventure stories—"ha, ha.") The role of the princess is played by Ursula Andress, who has been billed as the most beautiful woman in the world, and is indeed an eyeful, but who has evidently not yet found time to master more of the art of acting than simple posing. As a twentieth-century Briton who uncannily resembles the princess's long-dead lover and is lured to a rendezvous with her in the lost city of Kuma, in the Mountains of the Moon, John Richardson makes his jute-doormat-like chest heave mightily under torture but in less trying circumstances proves something of a stick. The picture, which features rich color and



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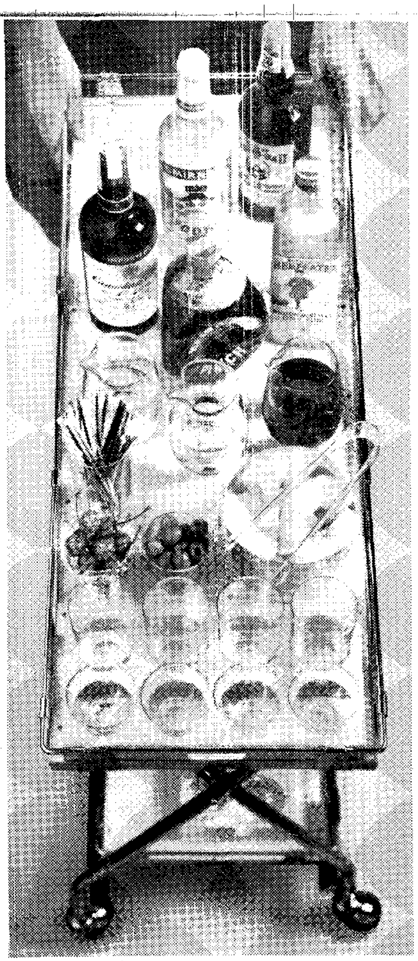

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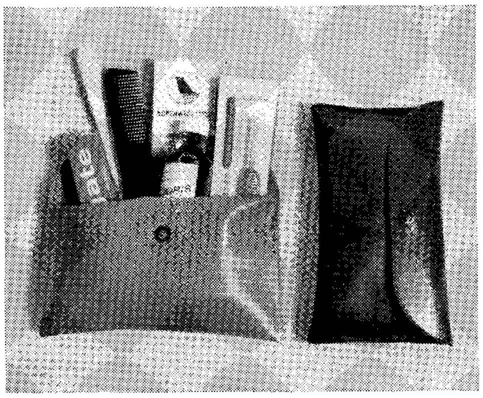

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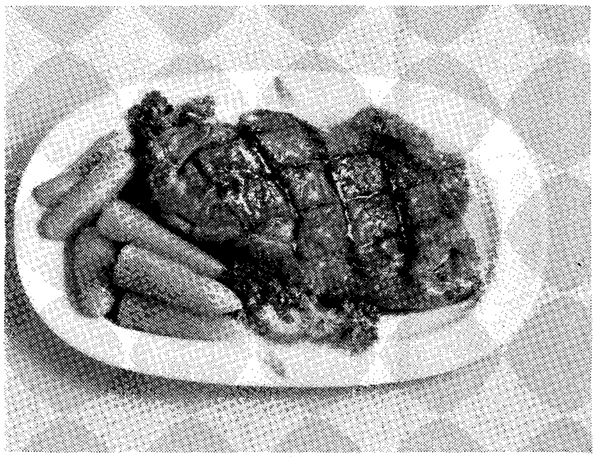

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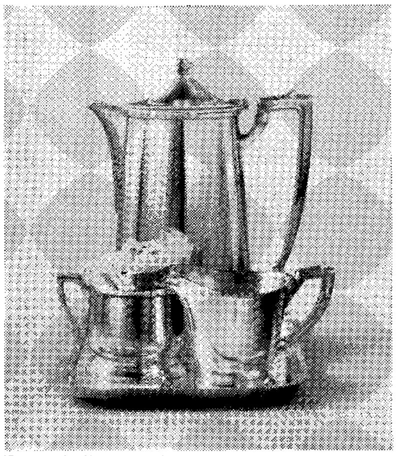

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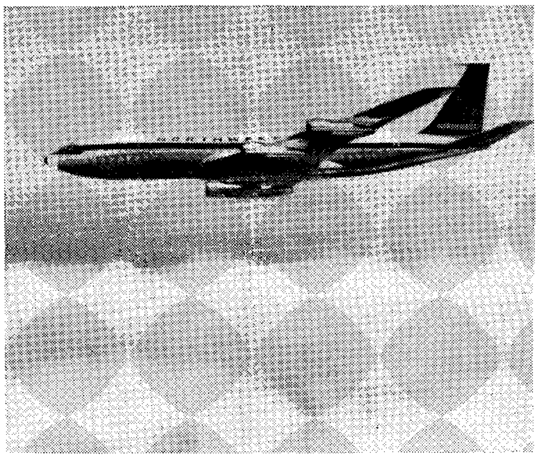

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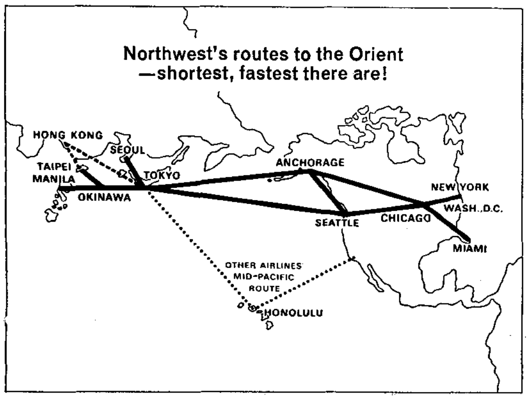
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bargain-basement dialogue, has been directed by Robert Day in a style that is nearly as old as the princess and every bit as tiresome.

"Paris Secret" is still another of those pictures that, though documentary in form, are anything but documentary in spirit. They purport to give us the inside dope on what certain people in certain more or less exotic places are like, but their real intention is to pander to a quite remarkable variety of perverse sexual appetites. "Paris Secret" is a disgusting picture, and I hope its producers lose a fortune on it. —BRENDAN GILL

•

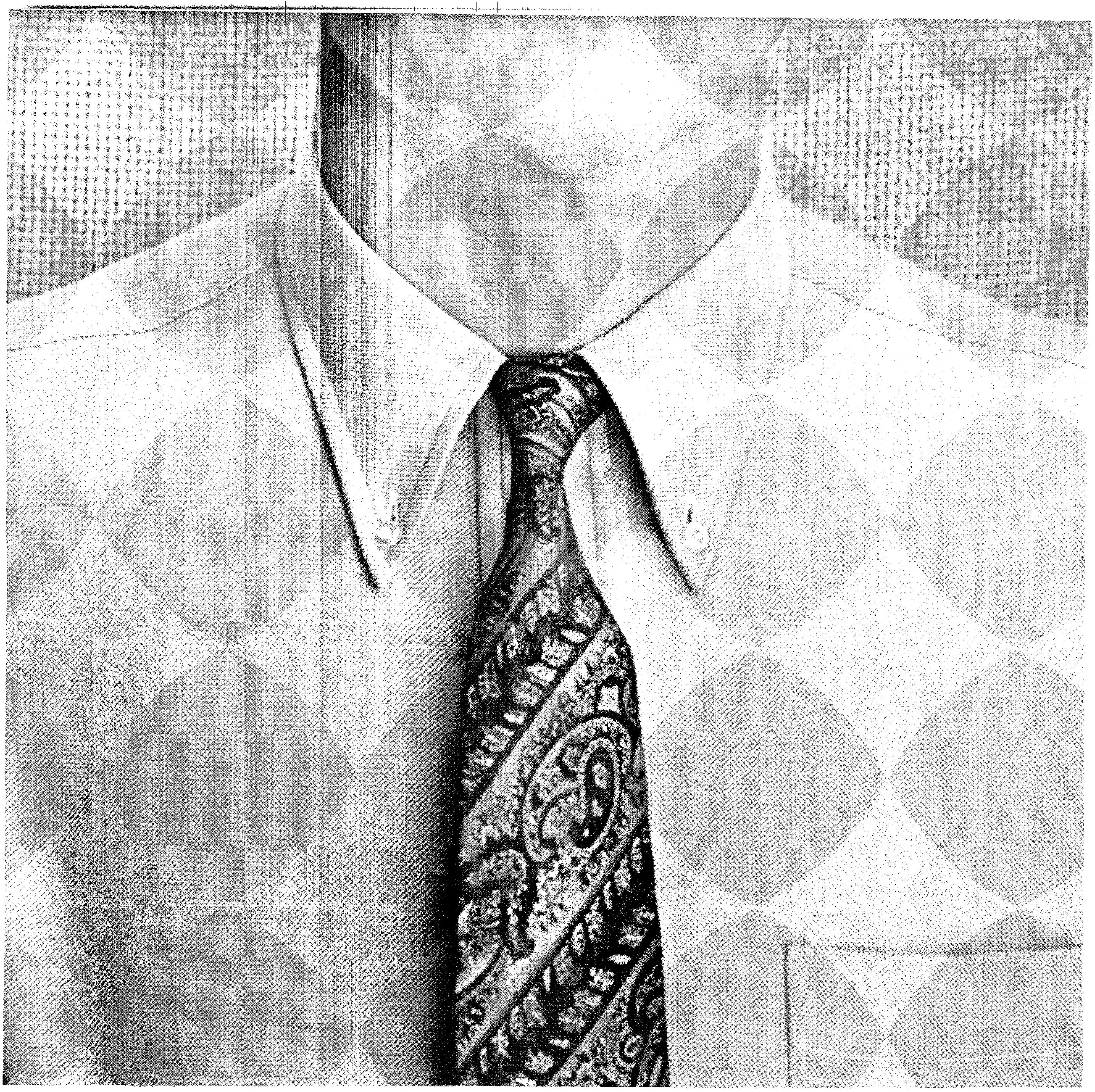
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
SEPTEMBER 3, 1965

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN the Profile of Dr. Marie Nyswander that appeared in your issues of June 26th and July 3rd, under the title "The Treatment of Patients," I wrote that for several years Dr. Nyswander had been associated with the East Harlem Protestant Parish Narcotics Office in connection with her research into narcotics addiction. I also wrote that Dr. Nyswander is now spending most of her working time at the Rockefeller Institute and Manhattan General Hospital, investigating the use of the drug methadone in the treatment and rehabilitation of patients addicted to heroin. It was my understanding that Dr. Nyswander's work with the East Harlem Protestant Parish had not terminated when she moved to the Rockefeller Institute. I have since learned that Dr. Nyswander and the Parish Narcotics Office have cordially concluded their relationship. The East Harlem Protestant Parish Narcotics Office is not connected with any aspect of the methadone project, though it is engaged in a rehabilitation program for addicts that is very broad in scope, including group therapy and a sheltered-workshop project looking toward the construction of Exodus House, a residence and rehabilitation center for former addicts. For information on the methadone project, one may get in touch with Dr. Marie Nyswander, Methadone Maintenance Program, Manhattan General Hospital, 307 Second Avenue, New York 10003.

Sincerely yours,
NAT HENTOFF



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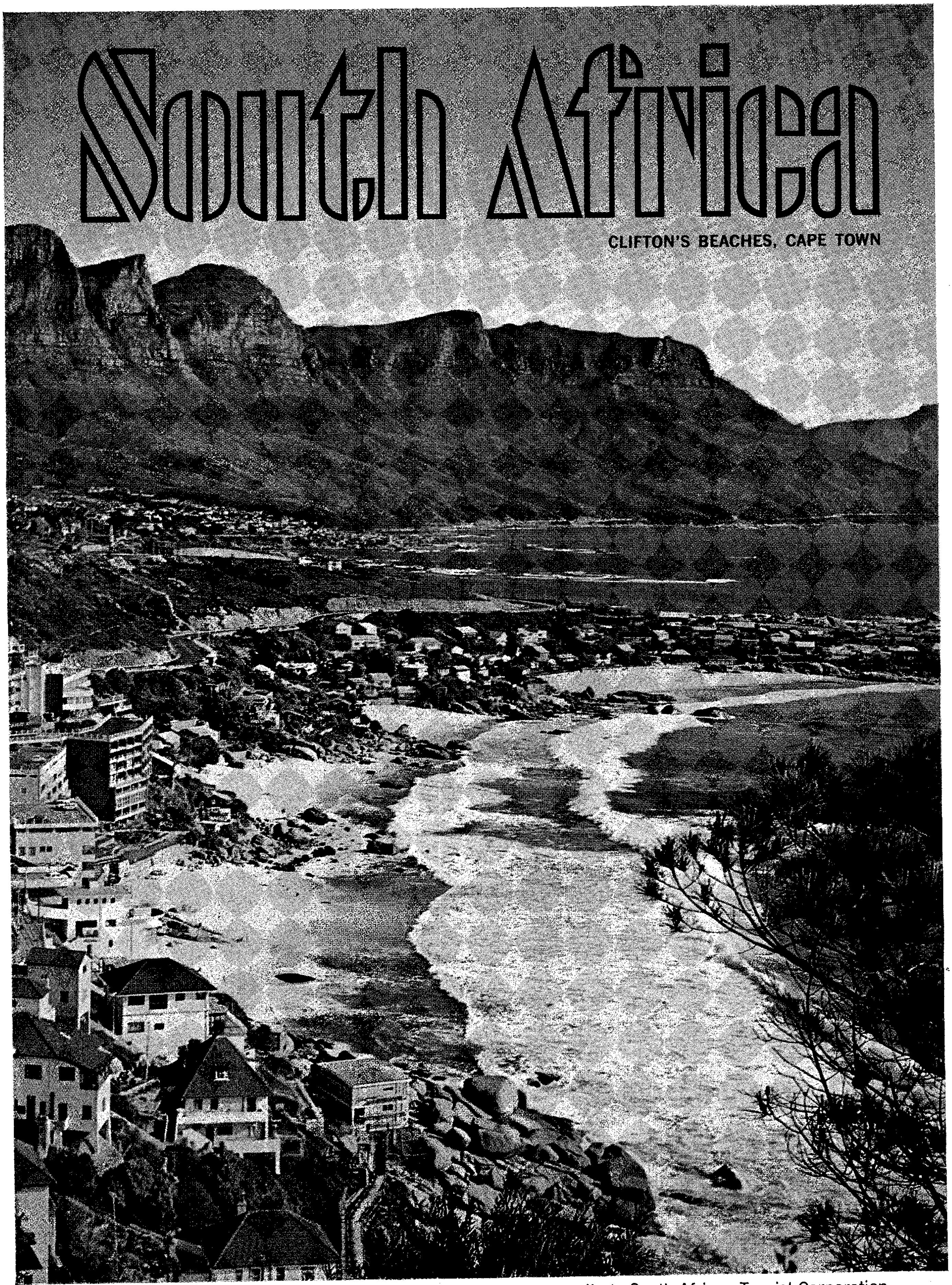
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

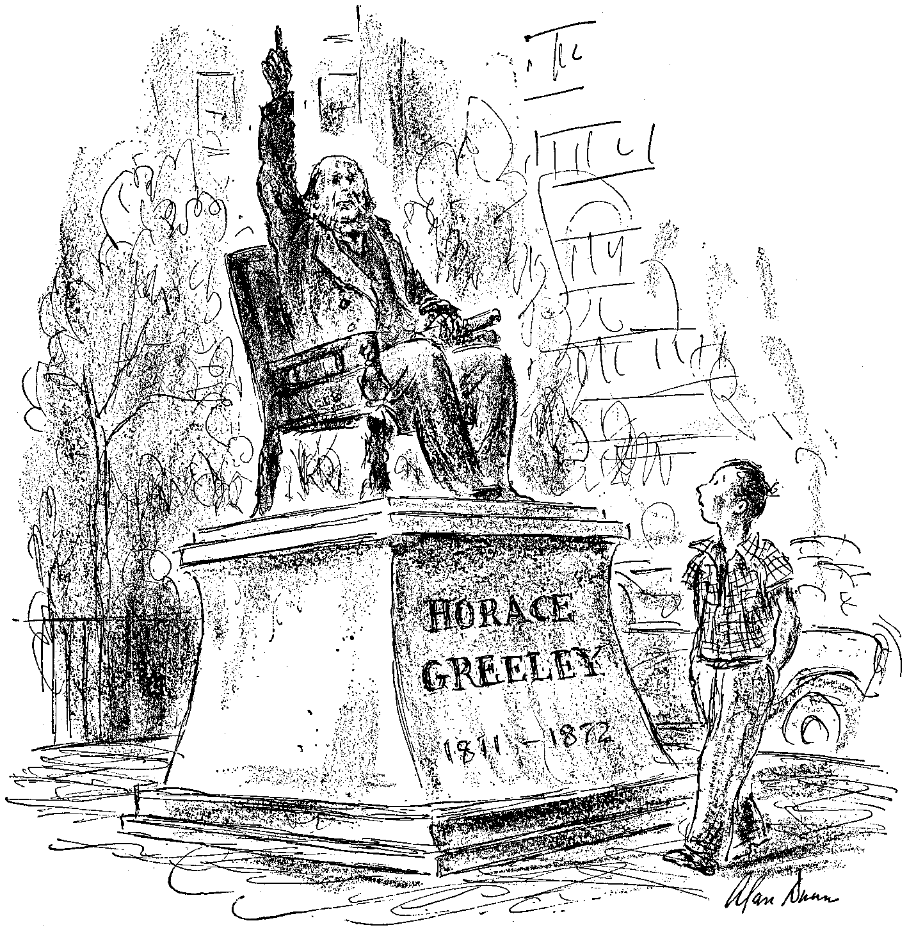
IN my time, I have lost plenty of battles in my effort to unseat the primly perched pillbox that can make even young women look overly set in their ways. (I am against open-back shoes, too, because they make nagging noises, and what luck have I had with *that*?) But I may at last have won the war, unless I completely mistake the custom milliners. At any rate, two glorious substitutes for this straight-on-the-head device are now around, looking soft and curvy instead of grim. One substitute is Sally Victor's Minute Men, which will have to be called quadricornes, I guess, for they are enough to persuade de Falla to compose "The Four-Cornered Hat." The tops of these contraptions dip in front, at the sides, and in back, where a ribbon ties in a bow—the kind Geo. Washington used to make. Mrs. V. (for Victory) does them of black velvet with black satin piping and of white kid with beige grosgrain piping, to name only two of her schemes. The second substitute is handed out by that great little Adolfo, who has designed some Marianne Moore tricornes with corners that are muted, to prevent severity, and with brims that are casually rolled up between these points. I saw them in black velvet, in white velours with a piping of black grosgrain, and in putty velours with an incongruous matching scarf of chiffon going around the crown. The scarved ones had streamers as well, by heaven.

These things are just outcroppings, though. For the most part, a shape that goes deep, deep on the head, down over the ears and the nape, with a lovely arch to flatter the face, is the pet of what passes for the fashion world these days. It can be a baby cap, or a big globe, or merely the starter for a turban that, using it as a base, wraps and twirls up toward the back of the head and then shoots out into space. Lilly Daché and Sally Victor are, as always, expert at this sort of thing. Victor gets real depth in what she calls collar caps, which drop a full two inches below the lobes of the ears and two inches below a nip-in at the nape of the neck. One I looked at is in white mink.

What has been christened the bustle back is likewise prevalent this season. It is exemplified by hats that are actually giant berets, which dangle from smooth headbands that cross the forehead, but such notions can certainly not be worn by every female. Unless you own an Audrey Hepburn neck, be sure to take a look at yourself in rear-view and side-view mirrors, for some of these concoctions can tumble too far down you to be becoming. Emme and her co-designer, Anello, are able, though, to handle bustle backs with éclat in a group of headgear that combines black antelope and black satin. One of this set arches extra high in front and puffs slightly astern, but it manages to clear the nape. Another—this in bronze antelope, for a switch, with black glove stitching—lies flat across the head but has a similar blown-out look to the rear.

This season, we are getting lots of medium brims, too, and good they are to see again. Some are really rakish, turning up sharply at one side in Cavalier or cowboy fashion, like Victor's Kit Carson, which is of white velours and wears two big black leather buttons on one side of the crown; some are demure, such as Daché's cloche of black felt, whose brim is covered with hand-speckled ostrich feathers, the brown and white specks so tiny that they blend into a soft gray—I can't decide why. (Feathers of the same sort, though speckled in orange and white, show up on the front of a Daché bonnet of orange velvet and then trail down to both shoulders.)

Another tendency (women actually have a choice this year, not merely an echo) is toward infinite variety in the cozy, wrapped hat, which occasionally appears in do-it-yourself kerchief style. Mr. John's kerchiefs (they are in general only *partly* do-it-yourself) are of silk printed in winter colors. Among them is a red-and-green triangular scarf to go over the head and then be tied in back and wrapped forward under the chin. Above this can go a small, shallow Breton of tweed that has been stitched and stitched and stitched. (Mr. John loves allover stitching, which is not a bad idea for brims, since the stitching makes them stay put no matter what position they are slapped into.) A further Mr. John venture in the genre is an olive-and-purple Paisley silk that he has made into a deep cap, which is accompanied by a big three-cornered stole of the silk edged with a long fringe of olive wool. This is apt to be worn over the cap, too, for everyone is superimposing scarves and boas and hoods on hats as meek as this one



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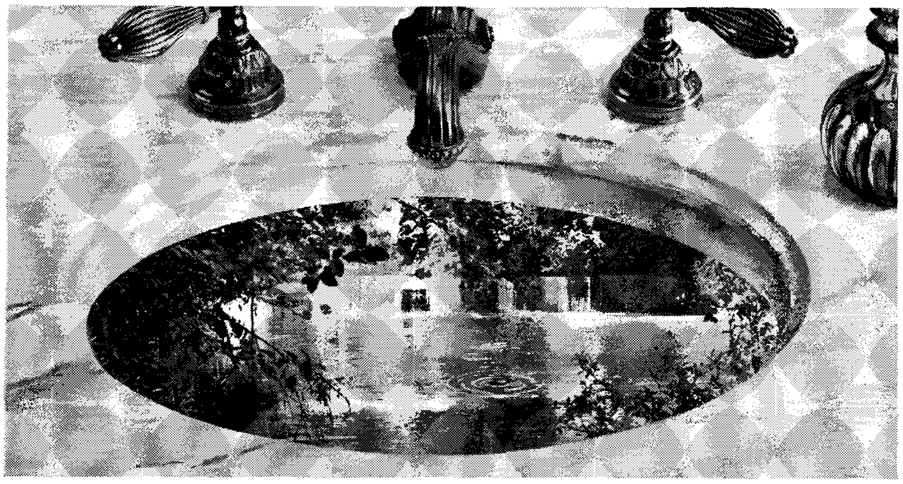

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is. Less spectacular in this welter of wrapped shapes is Halston's (of Bergdorf) deep jersey pillbox. It is tilted backward and made fast to an extremely long windsock, which spills out of the top and wraps around the pillbox to create a turban out of it, or else winds around the throat. Grandiose is Adolfo's deep cap of white mink; this juts into points at the sides to make double windsocks—which should mislead the most experienced aviator. Still, they *can* be tied under the chin or tied back and knotted into rabbits' ears. Another wrapped Adolfo invention (this of gray Persian or of nutria or whatever) is a bonnet hood whose long, wide ends, which depend from the sides, are to be curved around the throat.

Never before has white been whiter and more pristine, and never has black felt been blacker and more dramatic. White velours or white kid does a polo helmet by Emme and Anello, with a deep, round crown, a small brim, and a chin strap that buttons up to one ear. Adolfo's Duke of Edinburgh is of the same species—of double-bodied white velours that slides down a bit on the forehead, with a chin strap that fastens beside an ear with a fake-diamond buckle, which assuredly would not amuse the Queen. White glove leather is Victor's choice for her deep caps (they remind one of the nineteen-thirties) that just clear the hairline and that have a bit of drapery, ending in a tiny knot, across the nape. More white velours goes into Balenciaga's double-brimmed fedora (Emme has it) that slants down over the eyes without interruption; the small brim begins only at the sides, and it curls up in back. Emme also owns St. Laurent's bishop's mitre, which is all of white velours except for a narrow triangle in coffee at one side and one of charcoal at the other. Not lily white, like the rest of these hats, but real sharp, all the same. A plenitude of gleaming white coq feathers, usually shooting down to make small jags around the face, is in the armories of Victor and Halston. They cover huge globes. One Victor version has feathers sprouting on top into a lunatic peony; one Halston version, a soft, round cap, has coq feathers swirling around it into a scoop that zooms across the face to end at one corner of the mouth.

As for that dramatic black felt, it is especially effective because of the lack of any ornamentation. In Norell's collection are hats by Halston of the stuff with narrow crowns that can be as tall as the ones British bobbies come equipped with (his are sometimes

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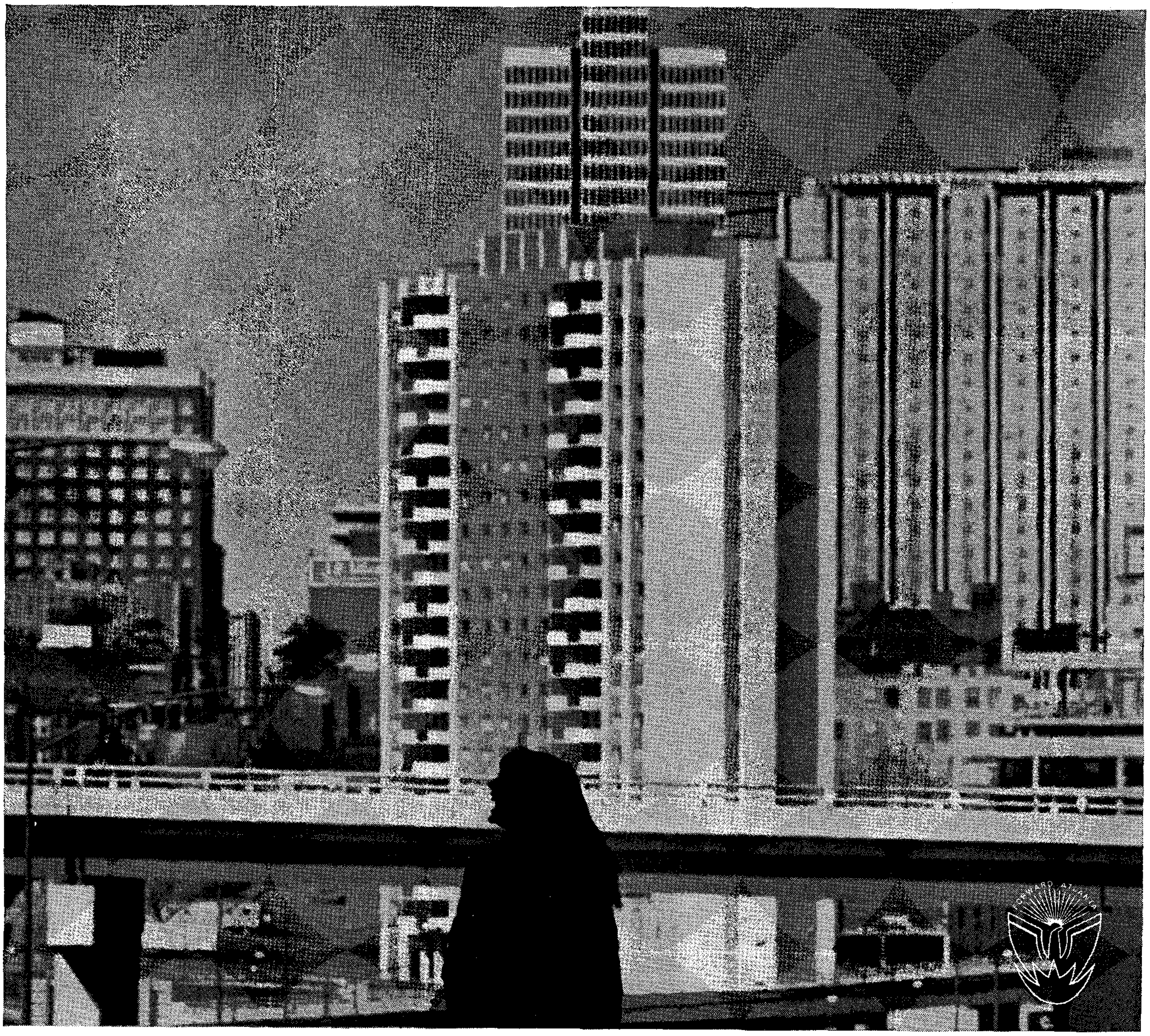

Miss Nancie Phillips, formerly of Jacksonville, Florida, enjoying another look at her own personal skyline.

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punched in a bit, though) and very small brims that curl up at one side, or curl up all around, or come down a bit over the forehead. One large felt begins with a one-inch band just above the hairline and ascends into a tall beret that is simply dying to be punched any old which way.

Well, enough of this hop-skip-and-jump inspection; let us get on to a door-to-door inspection, as follows:

Sally Victor is having not just a field day but a field fall with everything she sets her hand to. She has always been one for bonnets, and this time she has done Priscilla (she must have been hobnobbing with those who saw America first), which she is displaying in a jade wool jersey. Two folds arch above the face, in turban fashion, but the back is bonnety, all right. Her Carriage Hoods are perfectly huge (they are anchored upon caps inside them), and they make a wide and deep frame for the face before they snuggle close to the nape. The ingredient is quilted velvet, or felt skirting with a broad edging of India lamb, or else. We are back in Revolutionary times with John Paul Jones, which is one of her swagger-brim hats. It's an irregular and tilted tricorne of black velvet, with gold braid on the upper edge and a cocarde high on the left side. Her Cavalier hats, some of them in tan leather, turn up decisively to port. An Annie Oakley (we are up to Ethel Merman's time now) is a Breton of black velvet, quite long front to back and completely unadorned. Another hardy Victor perennial is the turban. This season, every one comes down on the ears, no matter how lofty it is to the rear. Brilliant velvets abound in this category, but my favorite is a very round turban of black antelope, which is draped at the side front into a self buckle. Fur hats are all over the place. The bustle back gets a nutria treatment, with an adjustable elastic band in back, so that you can farm this expensive item out among friends, I suppose. A sable beret has the same band. The lynx berets remind us of our fellow-citizens the Eskimos. And so on and on. For evening, the most delightful of the presentations is Abigail Adams, a cap of black lace with ruffles across the brow and more ruffles edging a demure cascade that descends the back.

As for Adolfo, he can accomplish almost anything. I seem to have lost not a battle but at least a skirmish by deciding, last season, that those

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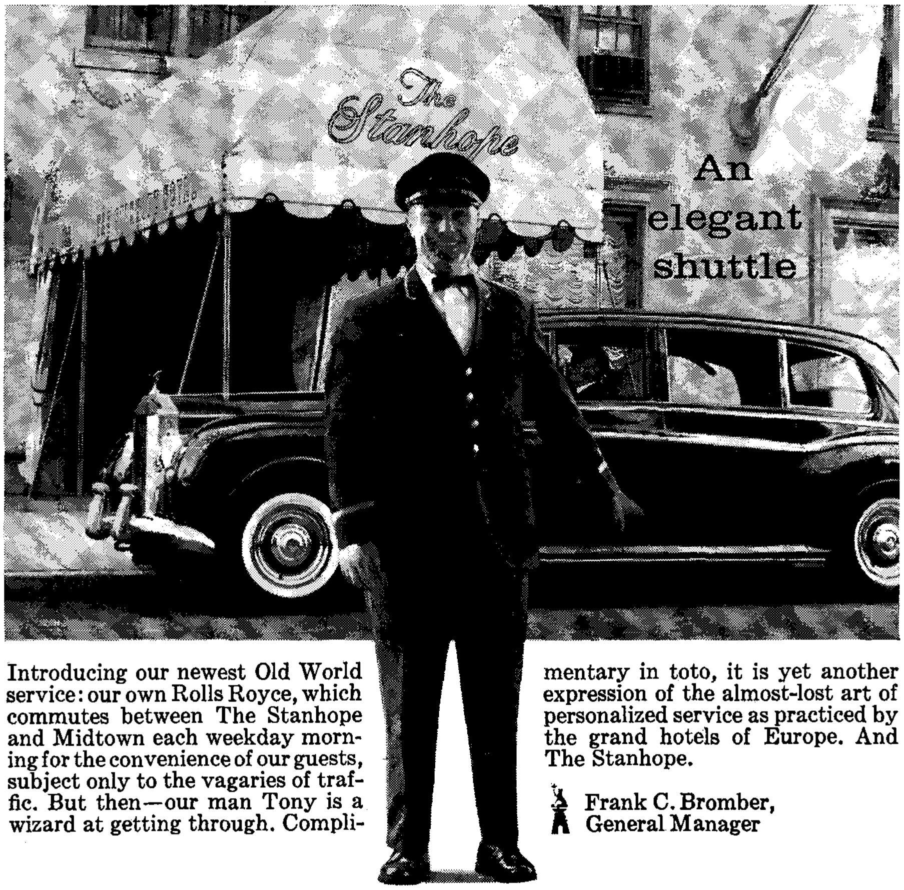

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frantically decorated pigtails of his Must Go, for go they did, to a wild success among his patronesses. I thought it was just a stunt; I may never smile again. This year, his accent on eccentricity has to do with big, glassless goggles, of felt or something, to be worn over standard or sun spectacles. (They are mounted on elastic, so that they will keep their place.) In bright-green velours, such goggles appear with visor caps whose ancestry certainly includes the in-the-dim-past Jackie Coogan ones. A bloused crown and a squared visor are part of the scheme, and bright-green velours can be, too. Moonshot, which I saw in white velours, is a globular helmet with points down by the ears, and there are goggle-shaped openings for the eyes. All this provides a goodly contrast with Adolfo's more conservative hats, among them big reversible ones of ranch mink and brown glove leather. My especial admiration is a deep beret that hangs low in back and is made up of pie-shaped pieces. And there are large triangles to be worn as kerchiefs, over the head or not, of nutria backed by mink, nutria backed by lynx, et al.

Adolfo is not one to put all his hats in one boutique; for his establishment in Saks Fifth Avenue he has done a ready-to-wear assortment (plus things like that reversible beret, which is custom), and some of the results are wild indeed. Such as huge feather globes that have a Mardi Gras abandon even without being accompanied by feather-and-jewel lorgnettes or similar masks that cover most of the face. Are these the makings of another skirmish I am to lose? Anyway, Saks has some special, very daytime hats by Adolfo that make one think of Sophie of Saks, one of them a shallow, tilted turban of a jersey in charcoal and pale-yellow stripes, with a matching stole, of steamer-rug size, that is edged at both ends by heavy wool fringe.

COMES now Daché, one of the most feminine of milliners, though her designs are straight to the point. This milliners' milliner is particularly celebrated for her turbans, and the first one I noticed this time around is of white satin and well down over the ears, with a wriggle, like a part in the hair, going up the center front, as well as lots of folds going straight to that point I was speaking about—in back. Four shades of satin (purples and blues, for one) do a turban that goes straight into several points, below the crown. Vividly printed velvets, and so on, are also permissible. Another, turned out in putty soleil, reaches *its* point at the top of the high back, in a series of jags. The feathered wig is present, too, in coq feathers of iridescent gunmetal hues; it likewise shoots out sharply to the rear. The wrapped look that is prevalent this season is taken care of by folding gray jersey around the head and then placing a fright wig of gray-and-white guinea feathers well at the back of it, or by starting off with black malines, adding a point of black velvet to it, and then appending a fountainhead of stripped black hackle feathers. Daché's fondness for opulence (a fondness nearly overwhelming at times) is proved by the quantities of uncommonplace jewelled effects she uses for evening. The most assertive instance this time is a Moroccan pillbox that is a series of clusters of giant multicolored iridescent stones interspersed with figure-eight bands of pale-gold braid. This descends into a V between the brows, and a sheer sari, gold edging and all, makes a most enveloping veil. As for fur, Daché is sure that she is the first huntress in town to capture South African astrakhan, a curly, close-piled beige sheep. It shows up in a hat-on-a-hat—a tribesman's cap with a hood that is edged by mink of the same shade. The cap is also possible in brown Persian with sable edging the hood.

MR. JOHN, who once called himself the Mad Miller, likes a neat and simple head nowadays, so he makes plenty of deep caps and cap toques—trim little tubes, say, of white mink, and white hats with smooth velours for the cuff and ruffled velours for the crown. To these he often adds tremendous boas that are speckled like that Daché cloche I was talking about back at the beginning of all this—taupe-and-white for a toque of taupe velvet, mustard-and-white for a toque of mustard felt. There is nothing neat and simple about these boas, I might note; they're of curly ostrich. Some of the caps are almost helmets, such as one of gray velvet with a face veil and a removable chin strap. His "winter prints" (of silk) are sometimes used for small Basque berets; with one of foulard goes a hood of the same stuff, to be lined (if you like) with the fabric of your suit or dress. As we near dusk, dressier hats appear; a job of China silk is as smooth as a bathing cap until it bursts into ruffled petals low in back. Mr. John does a few big-brimmed hats (such were a specialty of his earlier on), among them a beige felt that dips in front. A scarf of silk in a black-and-white print comes out from

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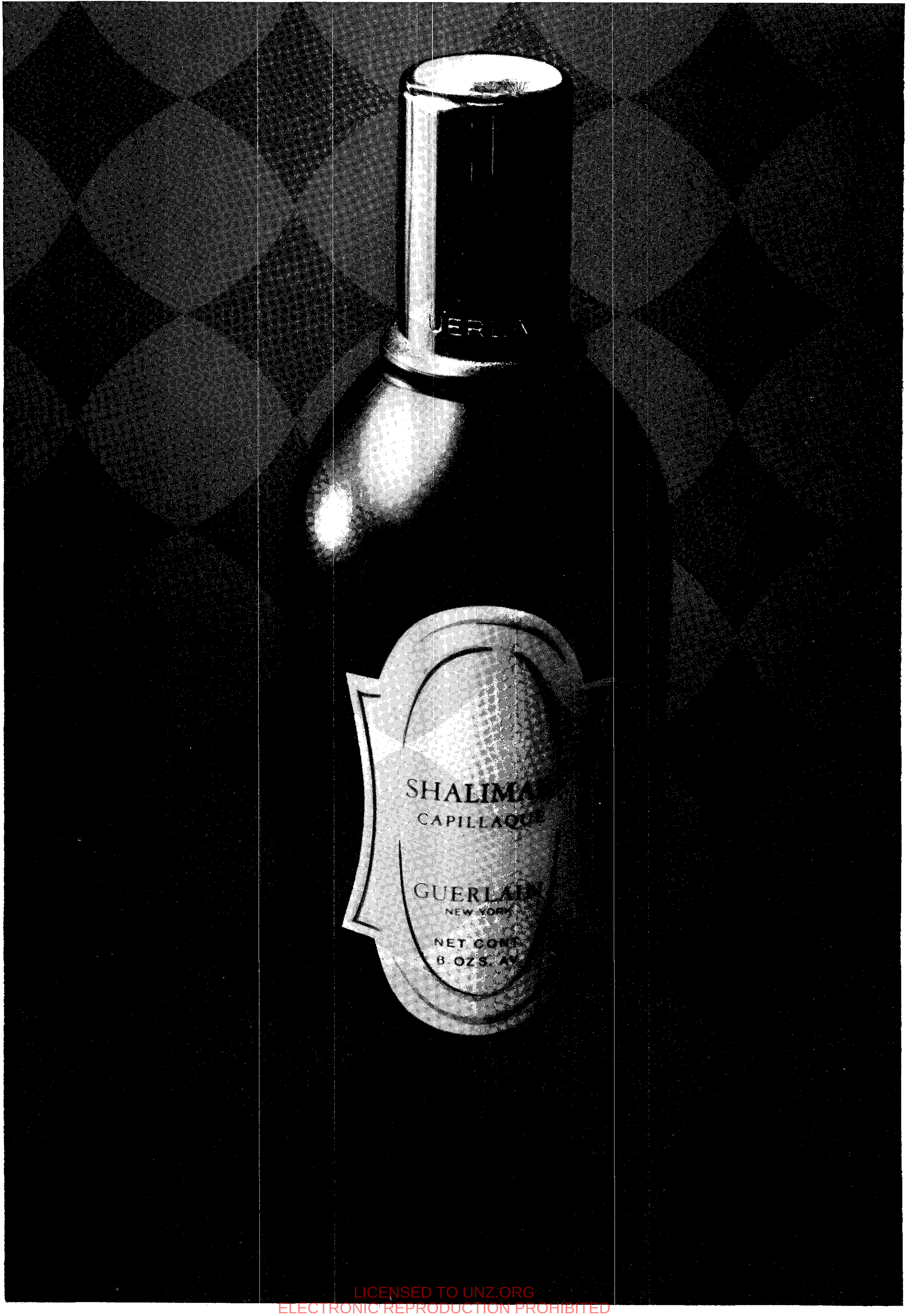

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under the brim at the sides and ties beneath the chin or in back, and more of the silk swathes the low, shallow crown (and his crowns used to be staggeringly deep).

EMME and Anello, in their joint enterprise, are enjoying white calf stencilled in feral patterns. (When these are good, as they are here, they are very, very good, and when they are not, they are . . .) Me, I liked the giraffe stencil, in a huge beret that drops nearly to one shoulder, and the baby giraffe, in a cuffed fez, and I especially liked the black-and-tan tiger, which makes, among several things, a very deep roller that curls high in front and is accompanied by a pullover (black knit makes its long sleeves, its turnover collar, and so on) whose front is of the same hide. This pair of designers is fond of such hat-and-overblouse combinations, which are great for women who cannot manage a scarf properly in the V of a suit, and such of us are legion. One instance is a high, wrapped turban of printed challis (clearing the ears, for once) and a very square-shouldered blouse of the same challis. White, as I have said, is in volume everywhere now, but the Emme-Anello duo varies that spang-clean look by using the palest of dove-gray velours for a wide, deep fez with a panel of vertical stitching in back that ends in a flippant black bow or for a big-brimmed Anzac hat that is curled up high on one side. Those iridescent stones for evening are used in this shop all over the heavy black net of a baby cap that sits far back on the head and wears a cage veil. Sable gets its chance here, and so does white India lamb, which produces a deep, narrow tam-o'-shanter with a wide knob on top.

BERGDORF'S Halston (I've already talked about those smashing black felts of his) has been experimenting with the hat-on-a-hat idea, and that has resulted in a baby cap of black glove leather beneath a sort of riveter's helmet of the same stuff. The small brim slants over the forehead and curls up in back. But this is the merest prelude to what he has done with fur. Lap-of-luxury tipped sable is in hat form around the town for a slight $350 and thereabouts. Halston, though, uses *crown* sable for a triple-tiered deep fat turban—three full skins in all. It is $750, but it will last for years and will go with just about anything. Other fur fantasies, on a more moderate scale, exist, such as a swooping, medium-brimmed hat, quite Dietrich; the brim is brown felt, and it is topped by warm gray-brown sable; the crown is of the felt. A prankish, high-perching headdress of white mink has a sort of chignon knob on top, and two ends emerge from the back and come forward to fasten under the chin. The hats Halston picked out of the Paris showings were just arriving when I visited Bergdorf, and I admired some of the Patous, which represent his delight in smooth caps that go into a coif oblong low in back. For evening, the Patous make use of heavy black net dotted with small black flowers, with a half-inch band of peau over the forehead and outlining the coif back; for daytime, these hats are duplicated in velours, and the squared-off back (which silhouettes, rather than obscures, the neck) is pulled up toward a bow knot, at the top, that is visible from the front. More trickery to the rear is offered by Lanvin, in deep caps of velours, perfectly smooth and simple in front, that go into snail coils toward the back or end up in vast fins shooting backward.

ALL of which goes to show that, in the case of the new custom millinery, everyone is prepared to make Grand Exits instead of Entrances. Everyone, maybe, but Maria Pia, whose tiny establishment is at 20 East 56th Street. She knows exactly how even an entrance into a discothèque can be made impressive and winsome simultaneously, and she does it by using sheer black to perfection. Combining strips of black mink and crushed black tulle in alternating bands to achieve a swirling, deep cap turban is one way, and doing an extra-deep turban, down on the ears, with the mink top and bottom and the tulle (gathered into fine pleats) in between is another. On a profile cap of black tulle that is dotted with jet beads, a cluster of black coq feathers rises high at one side and then slashes down to one ear. Her pixie hats, shaped like Dixie cups, are often made of black net and covered with shivering stripped black hackle feathers. The big bow that goes flat across the top of the head is a hallmark of the Signora; the most recent edition has double folds along the sides and black flowers (can they be hyacinths?) low at the rear.

IF, as I walk offstage, I seem to leave behind me the impression that I am happy about what I have seen, the answer is yes. In my book, easy lies the head that wears one of these crowns.

—LOIS LONG

There's a great deal behind Boe Jests.

In Boston Boe Jests looks wonderful buying flowers at Faneuil Hall, watching the skaters at the Public Gardens, going into Cambridge to eat an Elsie's Special or just for the every day joy of wearing Boe Jests.

The full fashioned argyle cardigan of heathered shetland over the A-line heather skirt. In Harrow blue, Bannock beige or Guardsman grey. Sweater 34-40. About $20. Skirt 6-18. About $15. At "the" stores in Boston and everywhere.

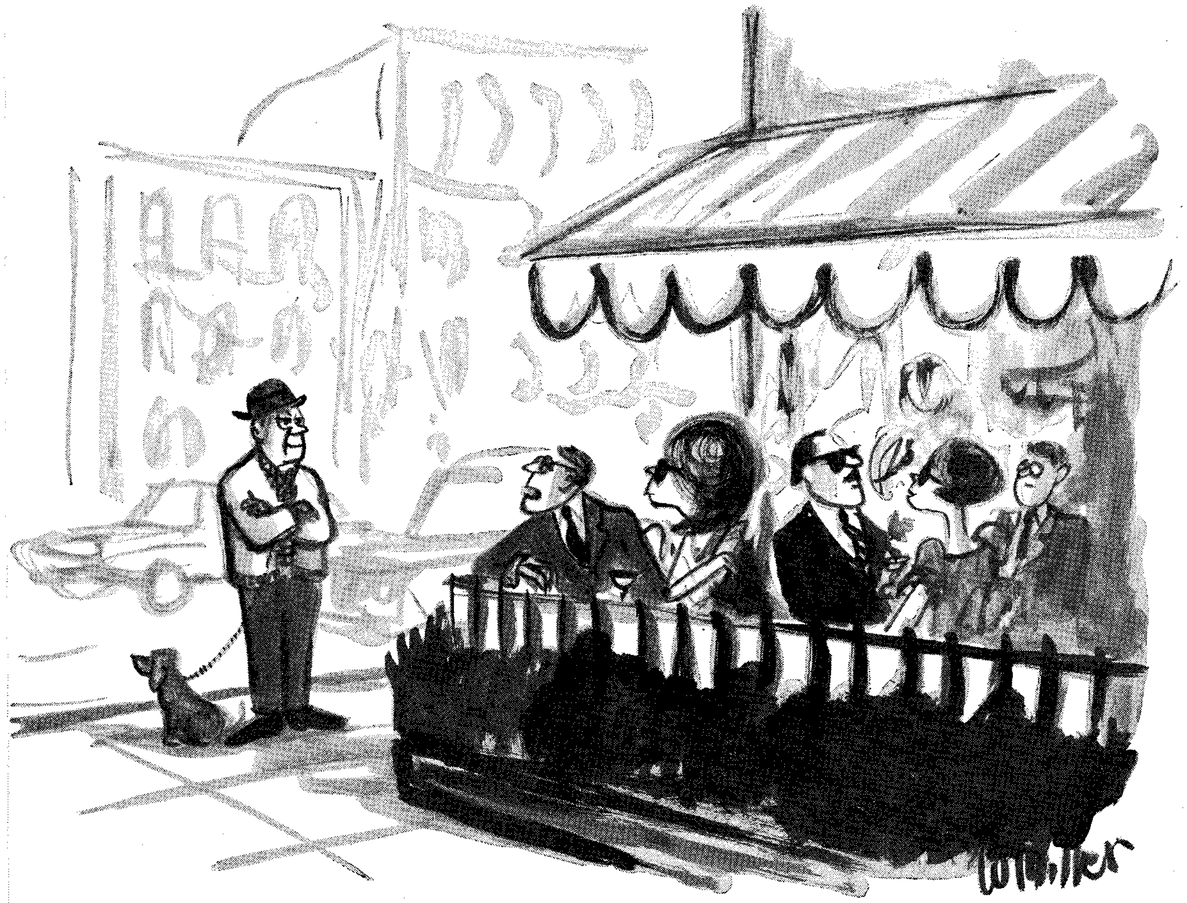
BOE JESTS INC., 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 2

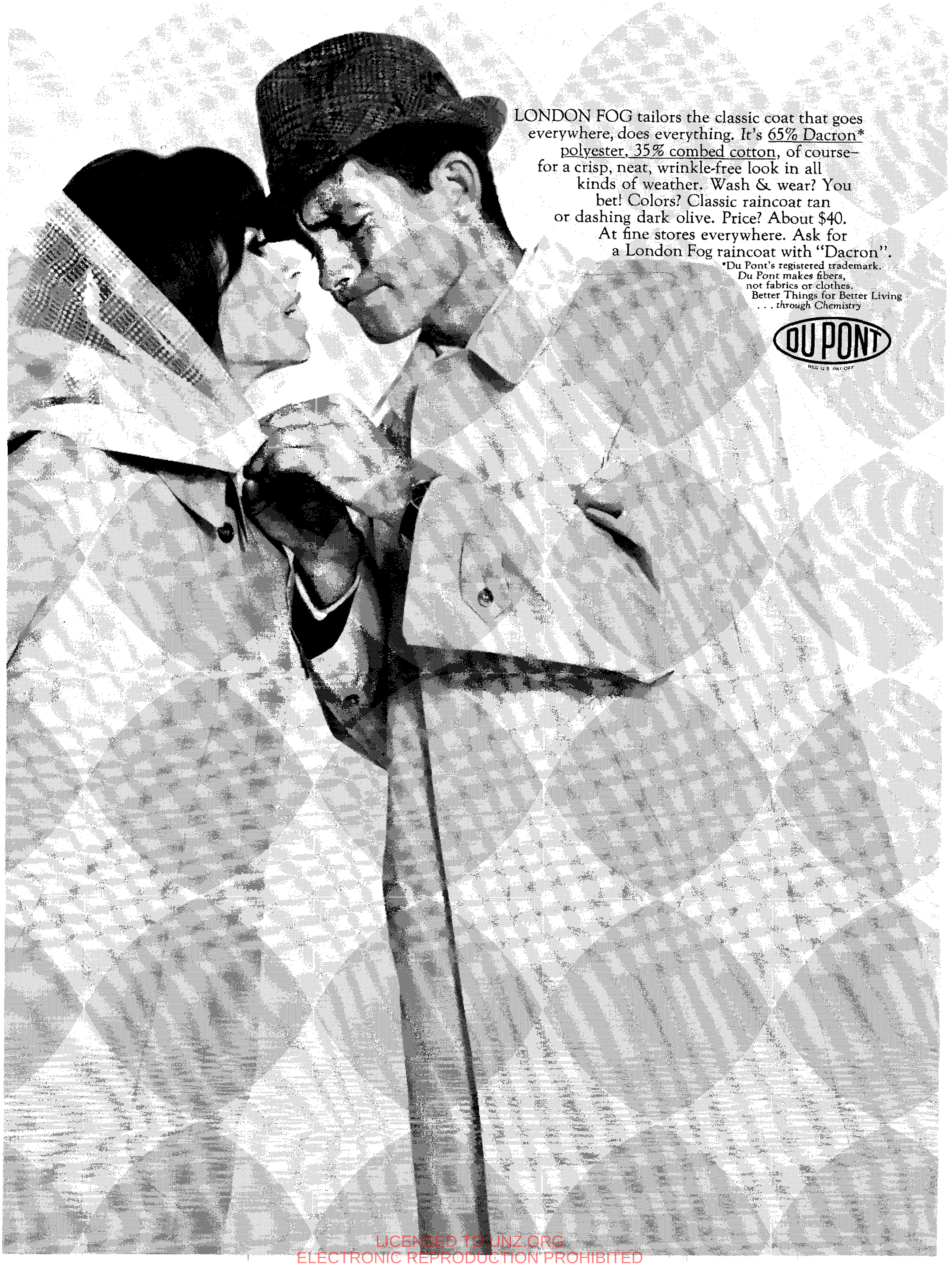
SOMETIME this autumn, the White House will be the scene of a conference aimed at developing a national policy to strengthen the ego of the Negro male in the United States. This is an extraordinary task for the government to set itself, and the White House, of course, could not officially subscribe to any such description of it. The title of the conference, for which no date has yet been set but which was announced by the President in a speech at Howard University last June, will be "To Fulfill These Rights," and its object, the President said, will be "to help the American Negro . . . move beyond opportunity to achievement." But he put the matter this way toward the end of a speech in which he had identified "the breakdown of the Negro family structure" as the most formidable barrier that currently stands in the way of actual equality, as distinct from the equality in and before the law which has been achieved through court decisions and legislation over the past decade. The evidence with which he supported this assertion came from a study that attributes the breakdown of family structure to assaults on the pride and authority of the Negro male which began in the peculiar conditions of his enslavement and have persisted through Emancipation, the Reconstruction, and urbanization. This study, which was completed last March but has not yet been publicly released, and perhaps never will be, was commissioned by the Office of Policy Planning and Research of the Department of Labor. Its title is "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action," but it is commonly spoken of here as the Moynihan Report, because its author is Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a scholar who became Assistant Secretary of Labor in 1963 and resigned that office this year to go to New York, where he was born and educated, and seek the Democratic nomination for president of the City Council. Moynihan's political aspirations, which have been encouraged by his superiors in the Johnson administration, have been given as one explanation for the government's unwillingness to authorize general circulation of the report, but there are doubtless other reasons. Certain of its statistics come from the Department of Defense, which does not believe that it would be in the public interest to disclose them. Furthermore, some of its findings could be used by racist propagandists in their attacks on administration policy. But despite the fact that the report is clearly labelled "For Official Use Only," a good many people outside the government have managed to get hold of copies of it, and general descriptions of the report, along with important bits and pieces of its statistical evidence, have been finding their way into the press. These breaches of security are probably a source of some gratification to the administration, for the descriptions are generally admiring ones. It isn't very often that a government document can be praised, as this one has been, for its candor, its lucidity, its insight, and, perhaps most remarkable of all, its brevity. The entire document, including all appended material, runs to seventy-eight pages; the text of the report proper takes up only about thirty of these.

The Moynihan Report urges the adoption of a national policy for the reconstruction of the Negro family but, with one or two minor exceptions, recommends no specific approaches. It is diagnostic, not prescriptive. It begins with the announcement that "the United States is approaching a new crisis in race relations," since, as it puts it, "the expectations of Negro Americans will go beyond civil rights." Being Americans, "they will now expect that in the near future equal opportunities for them as a group will produce roughly equal results as compared with other groups. This is not going to happen. . . . The harsh fact is that as a group, at the present time, in terms of ability to win out in the competitions of American life, they are not equal to most of those groups with which they will be competing. Individually, Negro Americans reach the highest peaks of achievement. But collectively, in the spectrum of American ethnic and religious and regional groups, where some get plenty and some get none, where some send eighty per cent of their children to college and others pull them out of school at



"We're supposed to watch you stroll by. You're not supposed to stand and stare at us."

Dacron®... a man's way to look great, stay neat!



LONDON FOG tailors the classic coat that goes everywhere, does everything. It's 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton, of course– for a crisp, neat, wrinkle-free look in all kinds of weather. Wash & wear? You bet! Colors? Classic raincoat tan or dashing dark olive. Price? About $40. At fine stores everywhere. Ask for a London Fog raincoat with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers,
not fabrics or clothes.
Better Things for Better Living
. . . *through Chemistry*

DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT OFF

the eighth grade, Negroes are among the weakest." Moynihan is well equipped to compare and contrast Negroes' problems with those of other groups, for he is the co-author, with Nathan Glazer, of "Beyond the Melting Pot," which was published in 1963 and is perhaps the most perceptive inquiry into American minorities ever made. No other group with so many handicaps, he thinks, has ever sought assimilation; in fact, he considers it something of a miracle that the Negro today is moving toward liberty and equality rather than toward extinction. "That the Negro American has survived at all is extraordinary," he writes. "A lesser people might simply have died out. That the Negro community has not only survived but in this political generation has entered national affairs as a moderate, humane, and constructive national force is the highest testament . . . to the creative vitality of the Negro people." The report insists, however, that the Negro cannot make it the rest of the way on his own—that is to say, without a national effort—because the Negro community lacks the resources needed to achieve for itself, as other minorities have done, the equality it expects and demands. In Moynihan's view, the basic repository for these resources is the family, and the structure of the Negro family "is highly unstable and in many urban centers is approaching complete breakdown." The assumption that the family has been and still is the most important institution in American life—or at least in the lives of those Americans who have had a difficult time winning acceptance—may be arguable. The report contains no defense of the assumption; it merely asserts its validity and rests the entire argument on it. However, the report is brilliant in its demonstration of the fact of the breakdown and of the breakdown's connection with other ills.

The Negro American family for which the government is now showing so much solicitude began as an illicit, almost underground institution. Under American slavery, Negro marriages received neither sanctification nor legal recognition. (This was only one feature of our slave system that distinguished it from others and made it by far the most oppressive large, organized slave system in history.) Unions were tolerated, and no doubt encouraged, in some places and at some times, but until Emancipation they could be dissolved from the outside and the offspring sold. After Emancipation, the Moynihan Report says, "The Negro

Someone invents something, and if it's good, others start making it too. This happened with Anisette. As a result, there are many Anisettes today...but still only one original. We suggest you consider the original Anisette as the standard for all others.

Invented about 1750, Anisette comes from the seeds of green anise. The original Anisette, however, uses only anise seeds grown in Spain. They are the most flavorful in the world. To capture their flavor, the seeds must be harvested at just the right time, then dried and processed with extreme care.

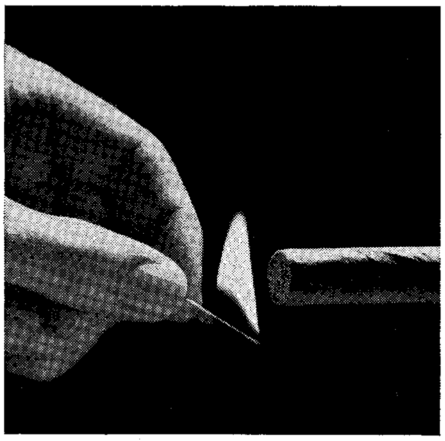
Anisette—made like this according to the original formula—has a rare and delicate taste. And to assure this taste, the original Anisette liqueur is sealed in the bottle by the producer. If you would be sure of all this in an Anisette, remember the one who invented it.

"Yes, I Know... Marie Brizard"

BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Marie Brizard
ANISETTE
LIQUEUR
Marie Brizard

Sole U.S. Distributors
Schieffelin & Co., New York

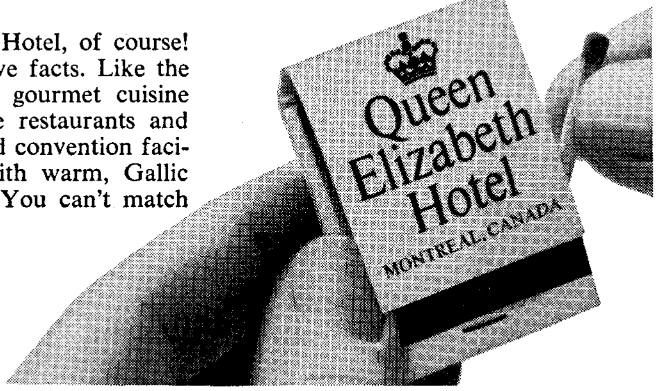
Anisette • 50 Proof



how to impress your boss:

Let him discover where you stay in Montreal

The Queen Elizabeth Hotel, of course! Tell him the impressive facts. Like the Beaver Club with its gourmet cuisine and the other 16 fine restaurants and lounges; the unexcelled convention facilities; all tempered with warm, Gallic hospitality. Admit it. You can't match it anywhere!



Family Plan • Free garage for room guests • Single from $11.50 • Double from $16 • See Travel Agent or call N.Y. Res. Off. LO 3 6900 • or any Hilton Hotel. A CN Hotel operated by Hilton. Other Hilton operated Hotels in Canada: Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C. A CN Hotel; Montreal Aéroport Hilton.

By a peculiar form of arithmetic known only to space salesmen, we'd like to prove that it costs less to buy space in The National Observer now that we're raising our rates.

Are you ready?

Here we go.

Starting October 1, our open line rate goes up from $2.42 to $2.88.

Which, if you care to work it out, is an increase of some 19%.

At the same time, our advertising rate base jumps from 275,000 to 350,000; a rise of approximately 27%.

In other words, for only 19% more money you get 27% more subscribers.

And that, as any of our space salesmen will be only too eager to tell you, means that our page cost will go down by as much as $1 per thousand.

(If you get your contract in before October 1, it will be even lower than that through 1965. For contract holders, we're not raising our rates until January 1.)

On top of all of this, we can also offer you a nice little chunk of bonus circulation. Since March we've been selling more than 400,000 copies a week.

Not bad for a paper that hardly picked up an extra subscriber for the first two years it was around.

But now it seems that more and more people are beginning to see the sense behind a publication that combines the size and speed of a newspaper with the searching outlook of a newsweekly.

Our readership is now well over 1,200,000.*

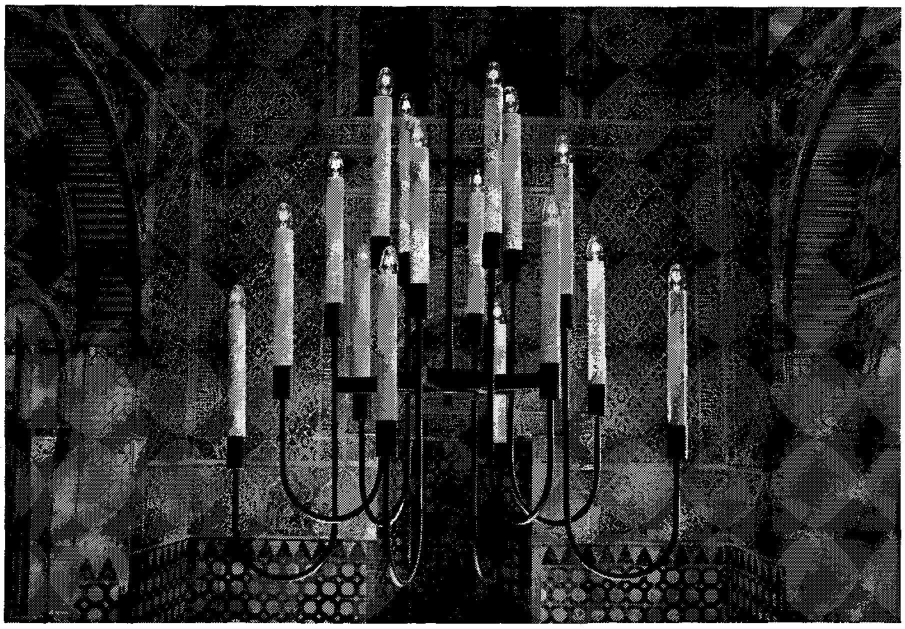
It doesn't take any peculiar form of arithmetic to work out that we're doing very well.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

***Source: 1963 audience study, Erdos & Morgan, Inc. Three readers per average copy.**

American family began to form . . . on a widespread scale. But it did so in an atmosphere markedly different from that which has produced the white American family." It was an atmosphere that was bound to produce a fundamentally matriarchal pattern in a fundamentally patriarchal society. The slavery system may have been equally bruising to the male and the female egos, but the new system, the report contends, was particularly destructive to the male. For when the Negro had to contend with fear and hate, and—not long after liberation—legal segregation, the fear and hate were directed primarily at the male, and even more particularly at the assertive male. "When Jim Crow made its appearance, toward the end of the nineteenth century," the report says, "it was the Negro male who was most humiliated thereby; the male was more likely to use public facilities, which rapidly became segregated once the process began, and, just as important, segregation, and the submissiveness it exacts, is surely more destructive to the male than to the female personality. Keeping the Negro 'in his place' can be translated as keeping the Negro male in his place; the female was not a threat to anyone." This male humiliation came at a time when "a particular type of exaggerated male boastfulness became almost a national style. Not for the Negro male. The 'sassy nigger' was lynched." The report goes on, "Unquestionably, these events worked against the emergence of a strong father figure," and therefore against a patriarchal structure.

The report is not based on male chauvinism. "There is, presumably, no special reason why a society in which males are dominant in family relationships is to be preferred to a matriarchal arrangement," its author writes. "However, it is clearly a disadvantage for a minority group to be operating on one principle while the great majority of the population, and the one with the most advantages to begin with, is operating on another. This is the present situation of the Negro. Ours is a society which presumes male leadership in private and public affairs. The arrangements of society facilitate such leadership and reward it. A subculture, such as that of the Negro American, in which this is not the pattern is placed at a distinct disadvantage." The main body of the report is taken up with a demonstration of the fact of this matriarchal development and its measurable disadvantages in American life. Almost twenty-five



Intimate Ultimate. Light a mood. Highlight the subtle beauty of a room with a chandelier by Lightolier—like this "Silhouette." Delicately-curved black iron arms (sixteen or twenty-four lights) meticulously blended with soft candle white. Dramatic elegance for most any setting. One of the loveliest new looks in sight, designed to be the ultimate in intimacy. From Lightolier ...for over 60 years the symbol of craftsmanship and creative design in both decorative and functional lighting. Send for our Free Lighting Idea Book to Dept. NY-9.

LIGHTOLIER®
11 East 36th St. New York City
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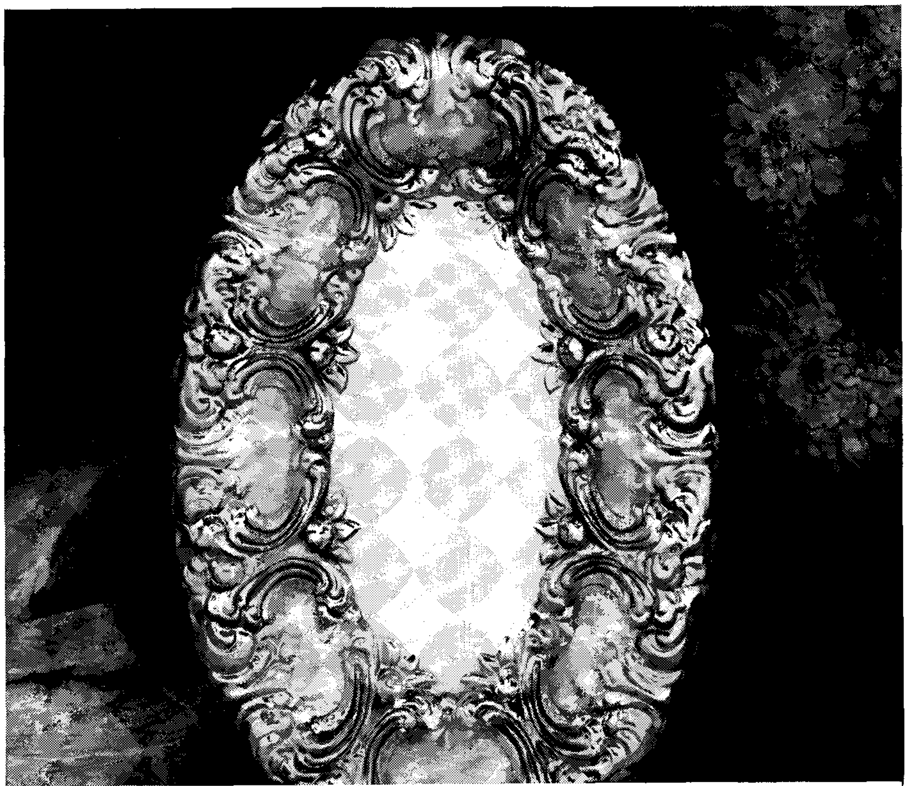
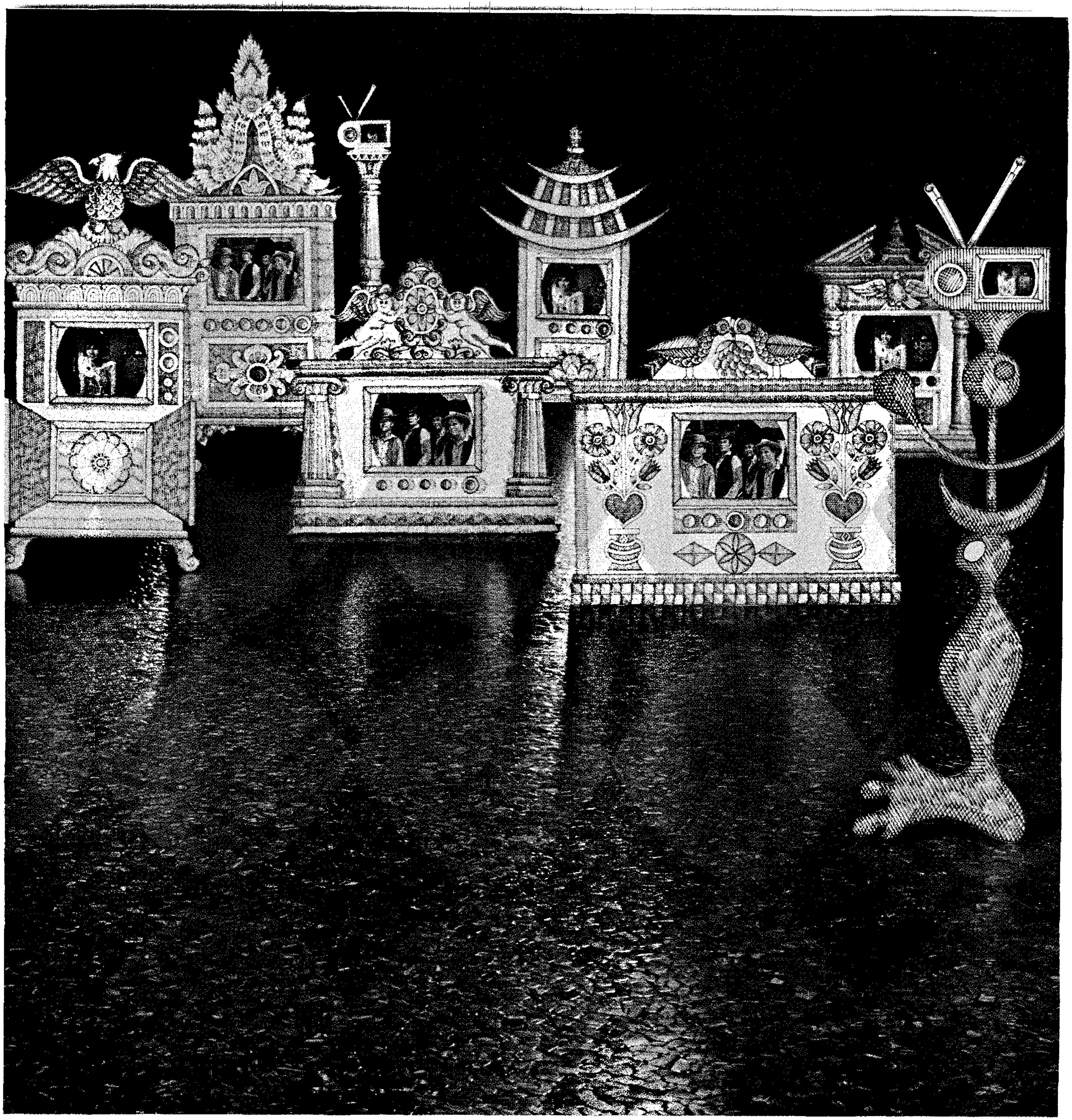
Distinctive chandelier and lamp innovations to solve lighting problems for any interior.
Through decorators and dealers.



GORHAM

A breadwinner! Gorham's brand new silver plated bread tray. Resplendent with flowers and scrolls. $11.95. Matching bon-bon dish, $5.50; bowl, $11.95. Only to be found at finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



Floor style shown: 86705. Montina and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

A Montina Vinyl Corlon floor goes with any style of color television set, especially on Wednesday evenings.

The styling of Montina Vinyl Corlon is especially contrived to be compatible with any decorating—and redecorating, and re-redecorating—impulse that may take your fancy. This is a point we have often made in magazines (and we hint at again in the picture above) and on television. Until now, however, we have confined our television commercials exclusively to what is known as black-and-white.

This, you might think, was a bit feebleminded of us, since black-and-white is not a color combination in which Montina comes. We could cite a number of economic and practical reasons for our past monochromatism, but they are of little interest now—even to us. Suffice it to say that we are about to start—on Wednesday, September 15, to be precise—presenting Montina in full color in our commercials.

Gentle reader, if you have not yet seen fit to trade in the old black-and-white for a Louis XVI or Duncan Phyfe or Victorian or high-impact polystyropropylene color TV set, it is none of our business. We make floors, not television sets. However, you may recognize that the moment that makes the whole transaction worthwhile has now come. Armstrong commercials, we repeat, are now in color.

All that remains is to order a Montina Corlon floor to give tone to the thing.

We should mention that the shows in which these commercials can be found are also in color:

Gidget and Big Valley. Stirring shows, both. ABC-TV. See your local listing for the exact time and station. Wednesday evenings in most places.

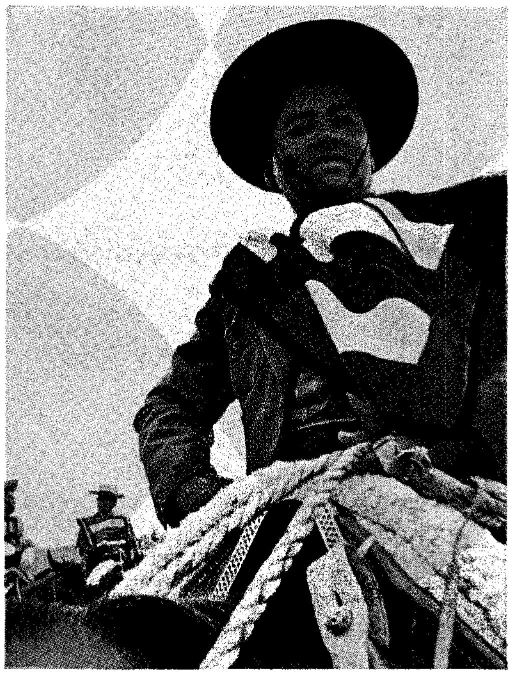
For your free sample of Montina Vinyl Corlon write Armstrong, 6509 Payne Rd.,
Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 95-R, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

vinyl floors by Armstrong

One thing's for sure—you won't meet the same old faces in South America.

Ever see a llama on the Champs-Elysées? Not likely! And he's only one of the unique faces of South America. Come along and meet some more!

This dancer and his multi-colored costume star in the Diablada de Oruro, an annual religious spectacle in Oruro, Bolivia. Each year, the honor of wearing it falls to a different specially trained dancer.



This is a Huaso . . . cowboy to you. Watch him "break" an untamed mustang in the wildest rodeo you've ever seen. And that same night, you will see him doing the Cueca, Chile's stately national dance.

A religious relic found near Lake Titicaca, this quaint fellow is made of silver—and he's centuries old. Yet his smile is symbolic of the warm welcome of South America.

This serene beauty, one of a tribe of Colorado Indians from the Ecuadorian forest near Quito, was just a face in the crowd. Then she won the local beauty contest. Now she's the chief's daughter-in-law. Success story!

These new faces are now only $550 away, round trip. For just $165 more, you can visit them First Class, on the same 30-day round-trip jet excursion from New York to Buenos Aires . . . via Panagra, the one U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. Panagra's daily *El InterAmericano* DC-8's are the most frequent jets to South America's West Coast and Buenos Aires. You fly with no change of plane over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra—from New York or Miami. For reservations, see your Travel Agent. Or call Pan Am—sales agent for Panagra.

FLY PANAGRA

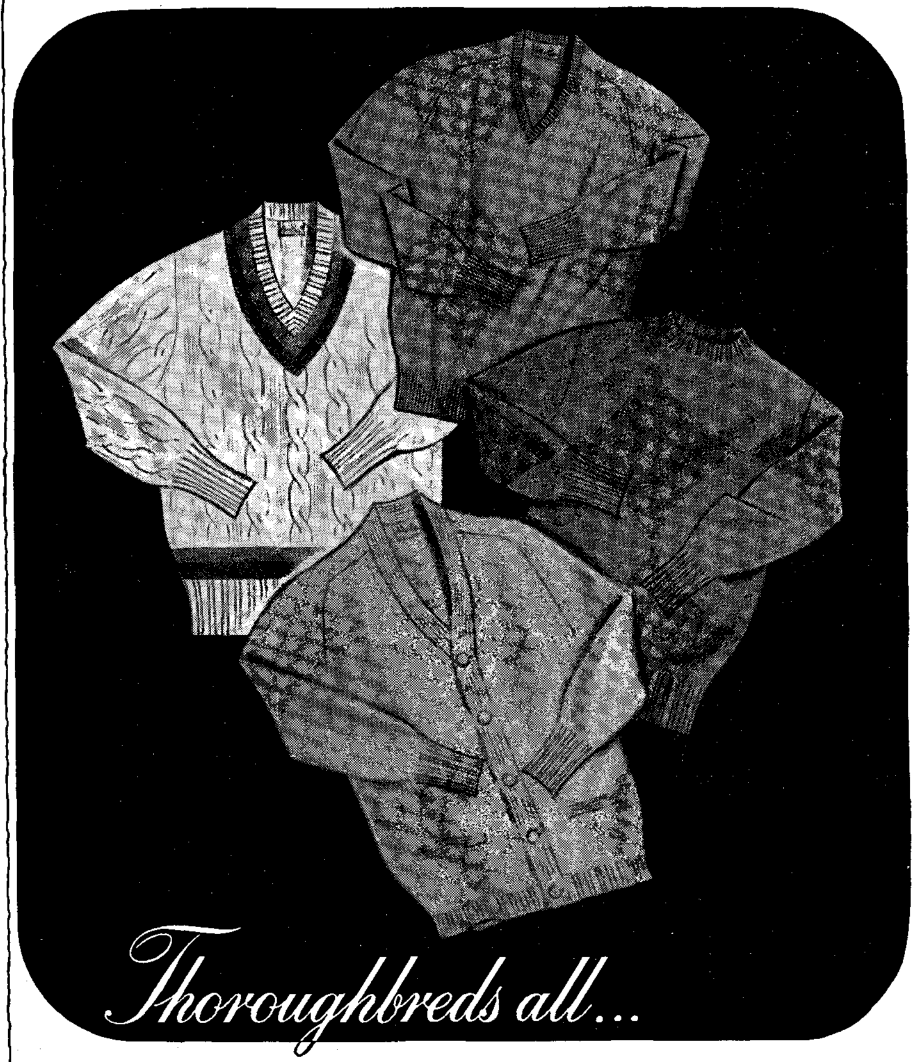
WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

per cent of non-white families are headed by women, as against only eight per cent of white families. (Most of the report's figures deal with "non-whites" rather than "Negroes," despite the fact that Negroes constitute more than ninety per cent of the category. It is believed that no significant variations would be found if American Indians and Americans of Oriental descent were eliminated. Where educational and economic attainment are involved, statistics covering Negroes alone would make for a slightly bleaker outlook.) The number of Negro families headed by women has lately been increasing sharply and steadily by almost one per cent a year, while there has been a slight decline of female leadership in white families. The Negro rate of divorce, which in 1940 was exactly that of whites, is now forty per cent greater. The figures on separation, legal or otherwise, and desertion show roughly corresponding differences. Such figures reflect arrangements that once contained some of the elements—and therefore some of the promise—of stability, but there are Negro "families" that have never had any prospect of stability at all. Although the report does not make this point, its findings seem to show that nearly half of all Negro families must be headed by women, because, in addition to those homes in which there once was a father but is no longer, there is approximately another twenty-five per cent in which there has never been a father. Nearly a fourth of all Negro births throughout the country are illegitimate—as against a white rate of between three and four per cent. The report points out that figures on illegitimacy are not always dependable, since some illegitimate births are not recorded as such, and some legitimate births—owing to the workings of welfare systems, which occasionally make it advantageous to claim an absent father—are reported as illegitimate. The report assumes that there is roughly as much false reporting of illegitimacy as of legitimacy.

Many statistics on American Negro life are unreliable and improbable—sometimes wildly and eerily so. If, for example, one were to accept the findings of the Bureau of the Census, one would believe that among young adults in the northeastern United States there is only three-quarters of a non-white male for every non-white female. According to census figures, in the country as a whole there are a hundred non-white males for every hundred non-white females up to the age of

Alan Paine

FOR MEN – DISTINGUISHED SWEATERS FROM ENGLAND



Generations of tradition in wool craftsmanship are reflected in these superb sweaters made in England by Alan Paine: 100% pure cashmeres, finest lambswools, authentic Shetlands, luxurious four-ply camelhairs and the original club trim tennis classics. *In a distinctive new group of memorable colors created by Alan Paine.* From about fifteen dollars.

Alan Paine sweaters are available at these fine stores:

Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Asheville, N.C.	Ivey's of Asheville
Atlanta, Ga.	Muse's
Bakersfield, Calif.	Coffee's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Boston, Mass.	R. H. Stearns Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Wm. Hengerer Co.
Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.	Derek Rayne, Ltd.
Chapel Hill, N.C.	Town & Campus
Charleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlottesville, Va.	Ed Michtom's
Chicago & Suburbs	Baskin
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Dayton, Canton	Walkers
Dallas, Tex.	Jas. K. Wilson Co.
Darien, Conn.	Darien Sport Shop
Denver, Colo.	May—D. & F.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's Inc.
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Durham, N.C.	van Straaten's
Flint, Mich.	The Loft, A.M. Davison Co.
Gainesville, Fla.	Donigan's
Greenville, S.C.	Ivey's of Greenville
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co. Inc.
Iowa City, Iowa	Moe Whitebook's
Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Brothers
La Grange, Ga.	Mansour's
Lexington, Ky.	College Town Shop
Los Angeles & Branches	J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.	Rodes—Downtown and Mall
Lynchburg, Va.	Raby/Jordan Ltd.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
New York & Branches	Bloomingdale's
New York & Branches	Wallachs
N. Conway & Littleton, N.H.	Carroll Reed Ski Shops
Omaha, Neb.	Charles J. Assmann
Oxford, Ohio	Jack's Corner Store
Peoria, Ill.	The Schradzki Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker London Shop
Phoenix & Scottsdale, Ariz.	Goldwaters
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Ore.	Lowenson's
Princeton, N.J.	Langrock's
Rapid City, S.D.	Seeley
Richmond, Va.	Greentree's
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Salt Lake City, Utah	Arthur Frank
San Diego & La Jolla, Calif.	Lion
Seattle, Wash. & Pebble Beach, Calif.	Littler
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Summit, N.J.	Root's
Washington, D.C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Winston-Salem, N.C.	Norman Stockton, Inc.
York, Pa.	Lehmayer's

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fourteen or fifteen, but after fourteen, non-white males begin disappearing from the census tables, and they become scarcer and scarcer until the age of forty-five, when they make a dramatic statistical reëntry and begin to put the figures back in line with biological and actuarial probabilities. To some degree, the imbalance in the tables covering Negroes between early adolescence and early middle age may be accounted for by certain welfare clients' practice of claiming absentee husbands and fathers. But that is far from the whole story. Large numbers of Negro men have in fact removed themselves from their own communities and lead furtive, withdrawn lives—enumerated, if at all, only as deserters, drug addicts, criminals, vagrants, or seekers of casual employment.

The Moynihan Report, using figures that are more readily verifiable than most, shows that the Negro male outdoes the Negro female in all categories of failure and is at a heavy disadvantage not only with his white peers but with the Negro female in most categories of accomplishment. The male does less well in school than the female and, largely in consequence of this, less well outside school. Negro females stay in school longer, perform more satisfactorily, and achieve more after they leave. In the population as a whole, far more men than women have college degrees; among Negroes, fifty-three per cent of those with degrees are women. (This ratio may now be changing. In 1963, there were a few more Negro men than women enrolled in colleges.) The Department of Labor estimates that among non-whites in "the labor force," men are more than a year behind women in "educational attainment." In academic distinction, Negro women are far ahead of men. Daniel Thompson, of Dillard University, a Negro institution in New Orleans, wrote Moynihan, "As low as is the aspirational level among lower-class Negro girls, it is considerably higher than among the boys. For example, I have examined the honor rolls in Negro high schools for about ten years. As a rule, from seventy-five to ninety per cent of all Negro honor students are girls." The Ford Foundation maintains scholarship programs for graduates of predominantly Negro high schools; seventy per cent of the applicants are girls, despite, according to the report, "special efforts by high-school principals to submit the names of boys." Approximately four times as many Negro men as Negro women are

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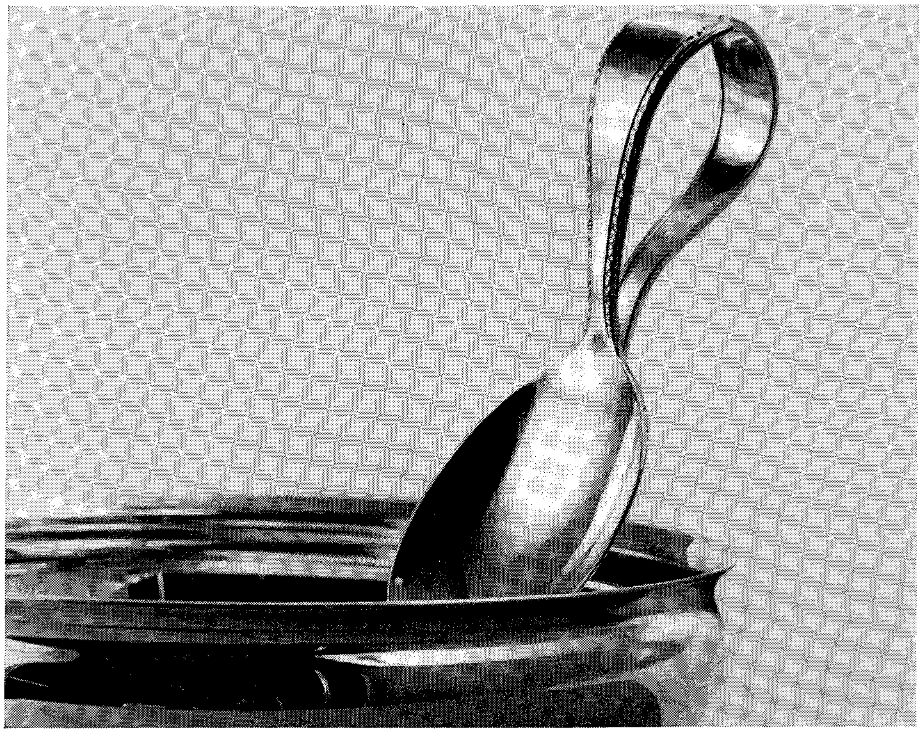

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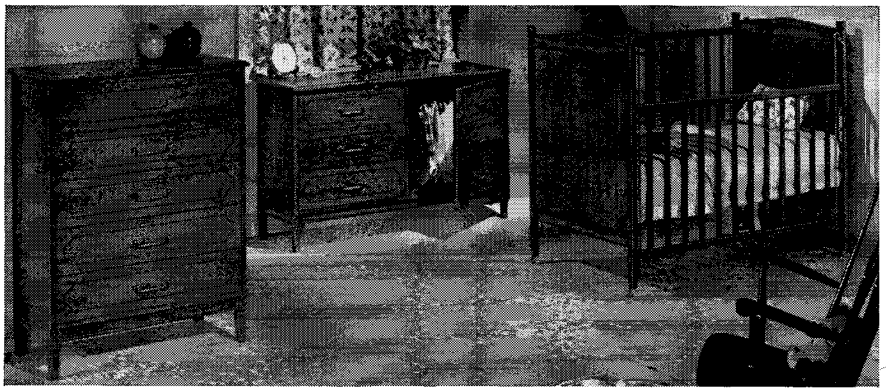

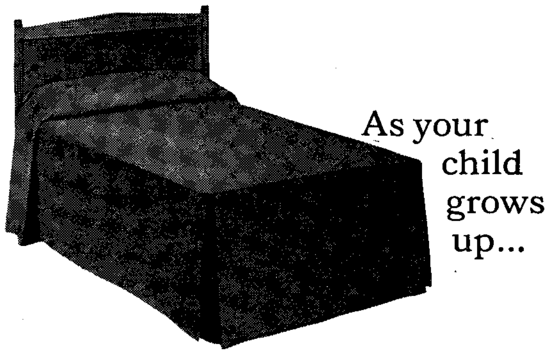

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employed or actively seeking employment, but, according to the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, Negro women outnumber Negro men by four to one as holders of "significant white-collar jobs." Negro men hold only slightly more than one per cent of the white-collar jobs available to men; Negro women hold more than three per cent of those available to women. Among "female technicians," ten per cent are now Negroes; among "male technicians," only two per cent are Negroes. Six out of every hundred Negro women qualify as professionals. In his Howard University speech, the President was able to announce, "The median income of Negro college women tonight exceeds that of white college women." Indeed, if these indices are accepted, the Negro female has just about achieved equality—a fact that only complicates the problems of the male.

There is something melancholy and distasteful about accepting standards such as these and measuring Negro achievement by them. It implies a certain virtue or worth in categories that are perhaps meaningful only in terms of pay scales. It attaches prestige to occupations that may be less honorable than occupations that have no prestige at all. But it is this American society of 1965—a society in which there are many false values and in which squalor is by no means confined to the Negro ghettos—in which the Negro is seeking full and equal participation, and from which the Negro male is more systematically and humiliatingly excluded than the Negro female.

The failure of the Negro male is almost certainly the largest single factor in the breakdown of the Negro family structure. The report shows a direct and, in terms of time, almost immediate relationship between unemployment and broken families. A curve showing the ups and downs of unemployment over the years is almost identical with a curve showing the ups and downs in the incidence of "non-white married women separated from their husbands," except that variations in the one are almost monotonously one year out of phase with variations in the other. In other words, twelve months of male unemployment is almost fatal to a Negro family. There are, of course, no great peaks and troughs in the illustrative charts. "The fundamental, overwhelming fact," the report says, "is that Negro unemployment, except for a few years during World War II and the Korean War, has continued at disaster levels for thirty-

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five years." (It was in 1930 that the first statistics were gathered in this field.) The rate varies most of the time from a couple of points below ten per cent to a few points above it. It is seldom less than double the white rate, and at certain times and places it is a good deal more than double. In any case, the figures on broken homes tag along behind, almost as if a game of follow-the-leader were being mapped. And behind these figures come others. One of the most striking revelations in the report is its comparison of the intelligence quotients of children whose homes include a father with those whose homes do not. At all economic and educational levels studied, the scores in the first category are higher than the scores in the second. In the "lowest-social-class level," first-graders with fathers absent have I.Q.s seven and a half per cent below those with fathers present; among first-graders from the "middle-social-class level," the difference is six per cent. All this may speak rather poorly for our concept of "intelligence" and for the measuring devices we use, but the crucial fact is that performance varies according to the structure of the household. The figures apply to both male and female children; evidently no studies have been made that distinguish between the sexes. All other evidence, though, leads one to assume that matriarchal leadership is more damaging to the males than to the females. In any event, matriarchal leadership follows the general law of leadership and tends to extend itself. The Moynihan Report cites another study, which holds that such leadership "further alienates the male from family life," and adds, "Embittered by their experiences with men, many Negro mothers often act to perpetuate the mother-centered pattern by taking a greater interest in their daughters than in their sons."

The legislation and court decisions of recent years—not only those strengthening civil rights and liberties but those directed at combatting poverty, illiteracy, and ill health—have offered hope and some social and economic amelioration to the Negro community. But the Moynihan Report stresses that what amelioration there has been or is currently in sight must be seen against a background of spreading deterioration and mounting frustration. As the Negro population grows, the ghettos become more confining. As general prosperity increases, so does the gap between the white and the Negro shares in it. Educational opportunities may improve without corresponding improve-

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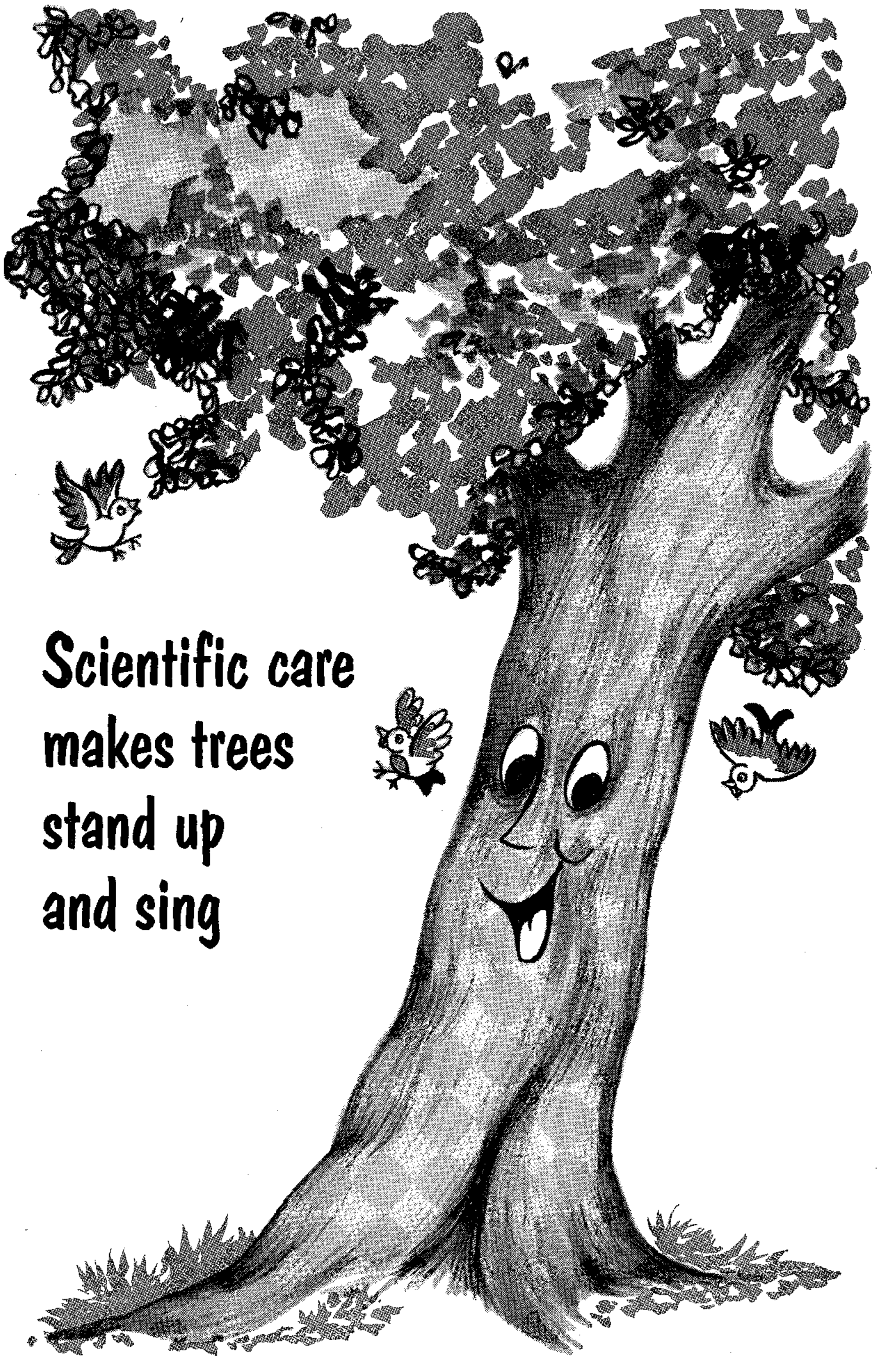
ments in employment opportunities. Except in the field of female employment and in a slight expansion of the Negro middle class, the report shows no trends that can be looked upon as hopeful. Illegitimacy, delinquency, crime, narcotics addiction—all seem on the increase. But though they all may be related to unemployment and poverty, none of them follow the curve of unemployment the way broken homes do—they just keep going up. And the spread of matriarchy is not to be measured simply by counting the number of households headed by women. The greater relative earning power of Negro women tends to extend it even to unbroken homes. It is becoming, according to the report, a dominant principle in Negro life. The whole Negro community, the report says, is being "forced into a matriarchal structure." If the process should be carried to completion, the outlook would be very nearly hopeless. There are people who believe that it already is. "It is necessary to acknowledge the view, held by a number of responsible persons, that this problem may in fact be out of control," the report says. "This is a view with which we emphatically and totally disagree. . . . [Nevertheless] our study has produced some clear indications that the situation may indeed have begun to feed on itself." The most disturbing of these indications has been a recent tendency toward an increase in certifications of child-welfare aid during periods of mounting employment. In the past, when unemployment rose or fell, the number of children receiving welfare aid generally rose and fell correspondingly. But in 1960, and again in 1963 and 1964, economic improvement was accompanied by a rise, rather than a decline, in applications for assistance.

There is not much doubt that the situation does "feed on itself." If, as the report says, male employment is the key factor, then "employment in turn reflects educational achievement, which depends in large part on family stability, which reflects employment." And it goes on, "Where we should break into this cycle, and how, are the most difficult domestic questions facing the United States." The "we" referred to is the federal government, and a prior question, which the report does not deal with, is whether—assuming that there is anything at all that can or should be done—the federal government is a competent agency. Moynihan himself seems to have had some misgivings about this. In an interview he gave Theodore H. White last October, when he was still in the Department of



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Labor, he said, "Maybe we're entering a new phase of government. Maybe the old legislative phase is coming to an end, the time when you passed a new law, which set up a new bureau, with a new appropriation to run new machinery. What lies ahead may be problems not answerable by law, or by government at all." His willingness to leave a high position in the federal bureaucracy to seek a municipal office that up to now has been largely a ceremonial one has been taken by some people as a reflection of the belief that—at least in dealing with social problems of this sort—a city government may offer more scope than the federal government.

In the report, little is said about remedies of any kind, though there is a suggestion that the armed services, which offer the young Negro full integration and broad educational opportunities in a disciplined male society, could be helpful. Still, the report calls for a "national policy" and a "national effort," which must, it says, "be designed to have the effect, directly or indirectly, of enhancing the stability and resources of the Negro American family." The President has committed himself to this, and there was a strong hint about the direction of administration thinking in the Howard University speech, which Moynihan helped write. At the outset, the President spoke of American Negroes as "another nation," and throughout the address, which was given before a largely Negro audience, he spoke as if he were describing conditions in a foreign country—one whose history and institutions were quite different from the history and institutions of the United States. This points to what might be described as a "foreign-policy" approach—an aid-and-development program, an interior Marshall Plan, a long-term subsidy for the entire Negro community. Whether it could achieve the desired results is a large question. Whether even a Congress as much under White House control as this one is could ever be persuaded to adopt it is perhaps a still larger question. But there is good reason to believe that it is what the coming White House conference will recommend, and that the President, with nearly all his other legislative requests already satisfied, will put the full weight of his office behind it.

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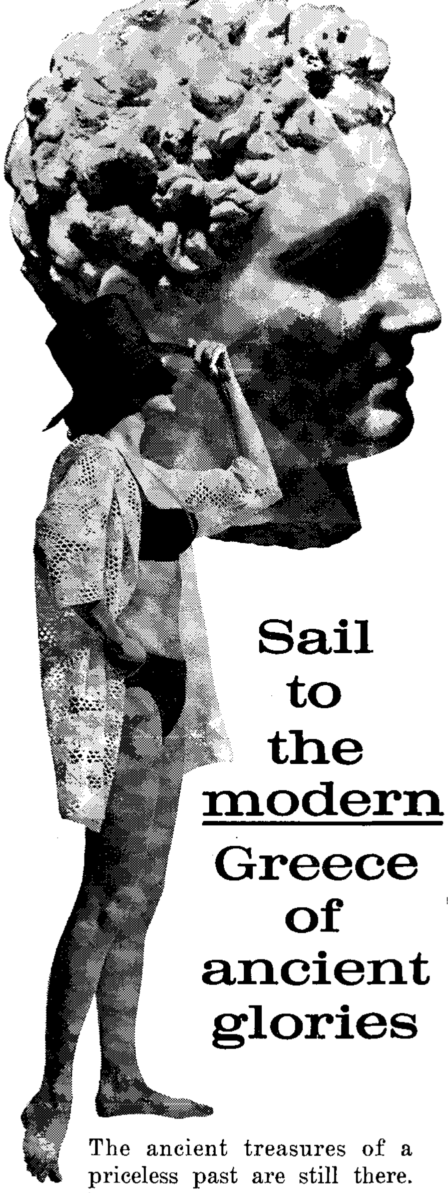

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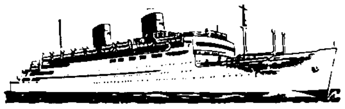

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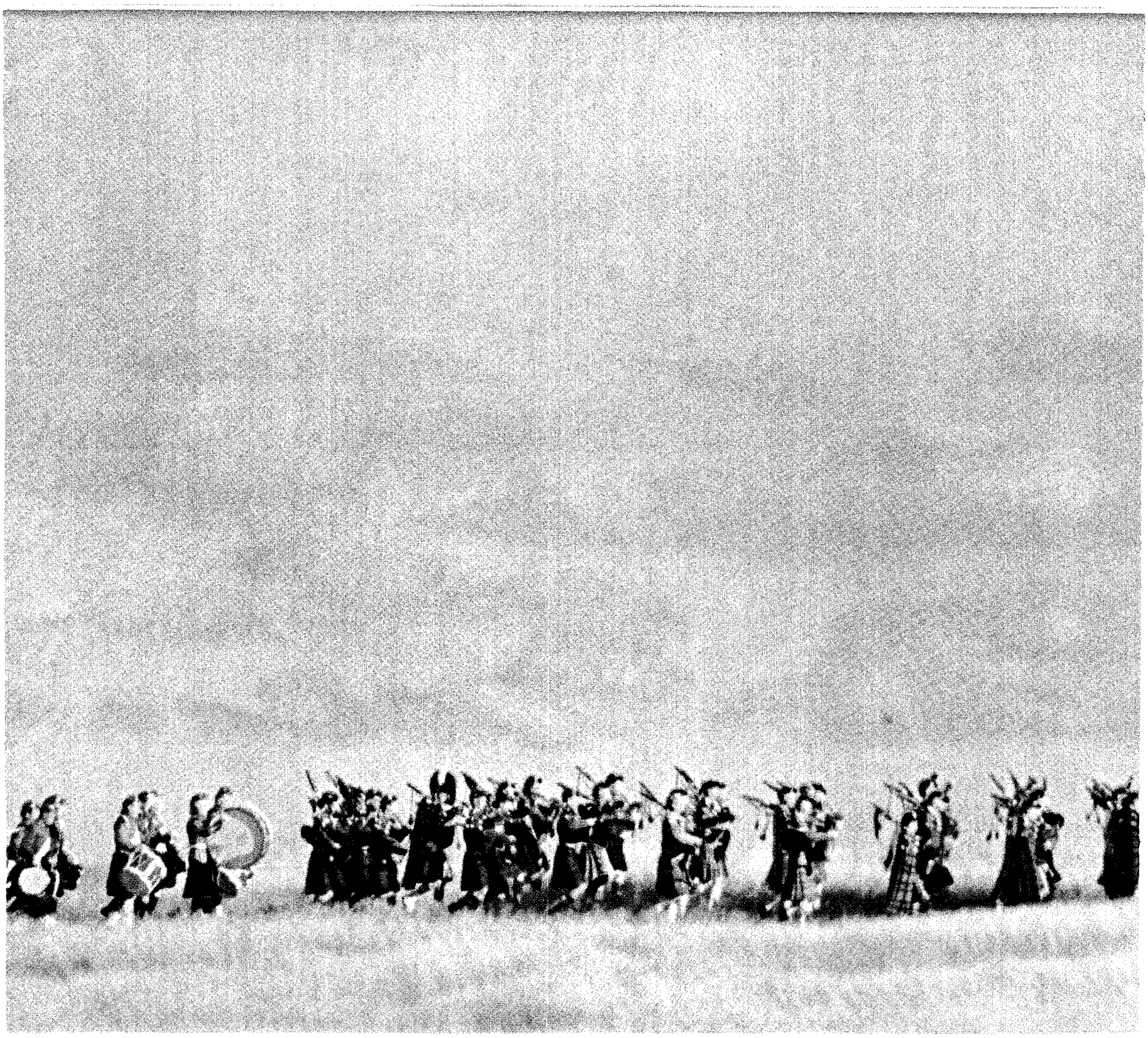

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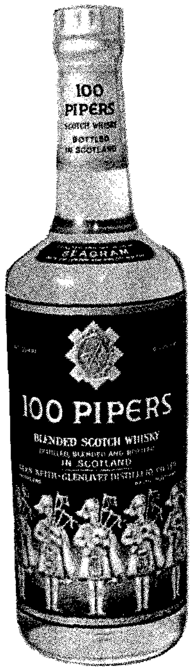

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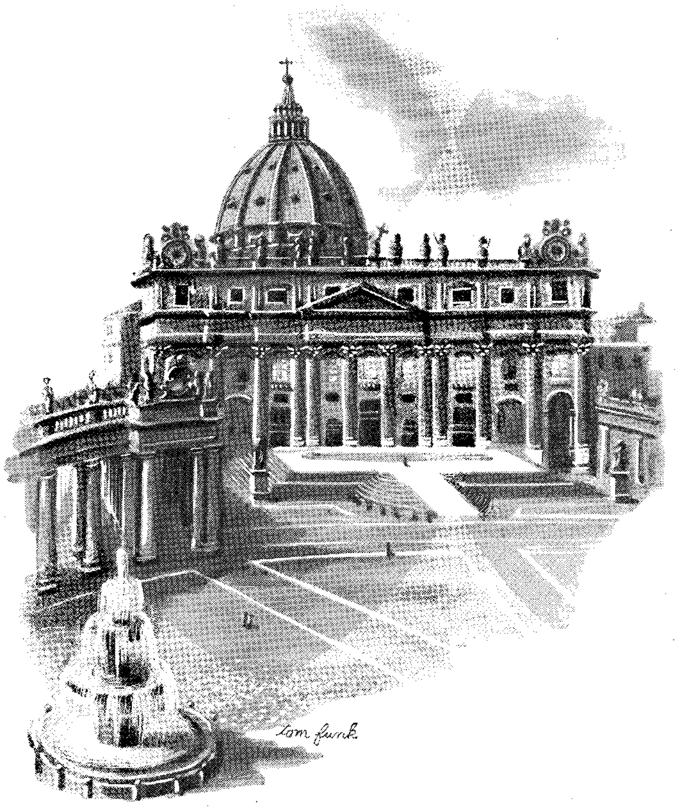
LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

SEPTEMBER 1

NOTHING could be more characteristic of Pope Paul than his recent rehabilitation of Galileo Galilei, more than three hundred years after the astronomer's humiliation by the Holy Inquisition and his forced recantation of his scientific views. The rehabilitation, which took place during a Eucharistic Congress at Pisa on June 10th, was so offhand and low-keyed that few newspapers reported it and those that did were not quite sure it *was* a rehabilitation. There can be no question about it, however. It was. Paul VI asked a crowd of over a hundred thousand, gathered in front of the twelfth-century marble baptistery of the Pisa Cathedral, to "imitate the faith of Galileo, Dante, and Michelangelo." Galileo was born in 1564, the year Michelangelo died, and Dante, of course, came much earlier, so the Pope had to go out of his way to mention Galileo first. Did the Pope choose the occasion merely because he happened to be in Pisa, Galileo's birthplace and the scene of his famous experiments? It is interesting that *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican organ, failed to comment on this historic moment, though it covered the Eucharistic Congress in its usual rhetorical manner. However, in view of the bold remark by Cardinal Suenens, Primate of Belgium, in connection with the debate on birth control at the third session of Vatican Council II last fall, to the effect that "the Church could afford only one Galileo case," Paul's statement must be regarded as deliberate. The Pope's action was also foreshadowed by the mysterious release last year of a full-scale biography of Galileo that had been written some thirty years ago by the late Monsignor Pio Paschini, the dean of Roman ecclesiastical historians. Despite the acknowledged reliability of the author, the manuscript had originally been impounded, obviously on orders of the Holy Office. The appearance of Paschini's work was hailed by the Vatican newspaper, though it failed to make any reference to the circumstances surrounding the suppression of the manuscript. James Brodrick, an English Jesuit and distinguished writer, has written an interesting monograph, "Galileo: The Man, His Work, His Misfortunes," published by Harper & Row, in which he refers to Urban VIII, the pope in Galileo's time, as "wrong and stupid" and to Galileo as "one of the brightest spirits in human history, till, broken in health and terrorized, he even offered to add new chapters to his 'Dialogue' in refutation of the Copernican views." Pope Paul's decision to make honorable amends for a long-standing scandal is admirable. If he had announced the rehabilitation with more fanfare, however, there would not be any feeling that he was deferring to Curial scruples against ever admitting an error.



On several occasions lately, Pope Paul has spoken about "the heavy burden of the papacy." The brusque octogenarian dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Eugène Tisserant, greeting the Pontiff on his name day, June 24th, ventured to say, "Permit me also, Holy Father, to manifest a certain anxiety for the state of your health. I do not want to give you any advice, knowing that it would not be accepted if I should suggest prudence and moderation." It was thought at the time that the Cardinal was merely being obsequious. Several weeks later, however, Vatican officials reported that Pope Paul was suffering from "a slight ulcerous condition." On July 19th, he had gone to Castel Gandolfo, the papal summer seat in the Alban Hills, under doctors' orders to rest and to stay out-of-doors as much as possible, and a medical examination soon afterward had indicated that he was not responding to treatment. Vatican officials were quick to point out, though, that there was no serious worry about the Pontiff's health.

The atmosphere of optimism surrounding Vatican Council II, whose fourth, and final, session opens on September 14th, has been tempered by a feeling of uncertainty owing to Pope Paul's rather equivocal attitude of late. Journalists are recalling his bold words at the start of the second session in 1963—"Let the world realize that the Church looks on it with profound understanding and sincere admiration, with the frank desire not to conquer but to serve, not to despise but to appreciate, not to condemn but to comfort and save"—and are contrasting their tone with that of many of his recent statements. A year ago, in an audience with Père Antoine Wenger, editor of the Paris Catholic daily *La Croix*, the Pope declared that he did not attach "too much importance to passing crises or the external repercussions of the Council, because these things are only transitory." He continued, "The eyes of faith must be kept focussed not on mere appearances but on the real meaning of the Council, which is a mystery," and explained, "The plan of the Holy Spirit is not immediately evident in the many episodes that make up the day-to-day business of the Council. But we know that it is an hour of grace, a great moment in the history of the Church. Like the striking of the hour, it is preceded and followed by silence."

These words, typical of Pope Paul, show why the world finds it difficult to fathom his intentions. It is known, too, that he regularly promotes his enemies in the Curia but rarely his friends. What the world regards as his faults—his scrupulosity, cautiousness, aloofness—he himself considers to be virtues. In an audience with the French writer Canon Daniel Pézeril one day, he remarked, "I read in the newspapers that I cannot make up my

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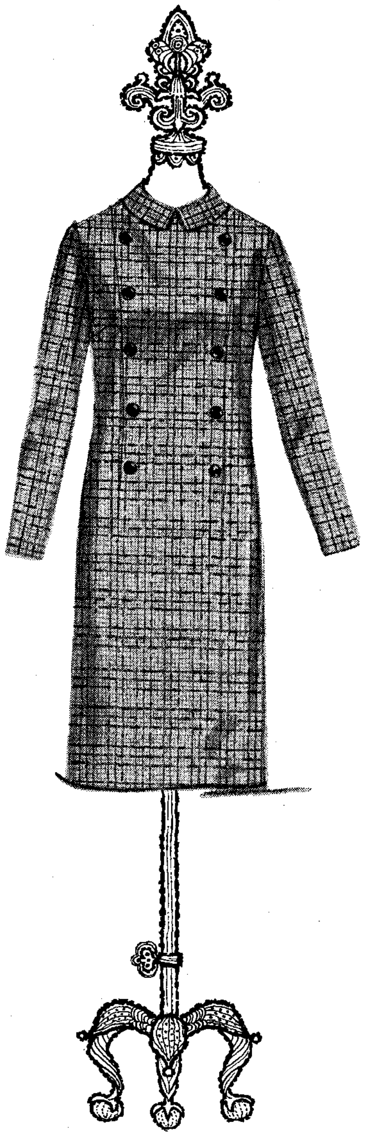

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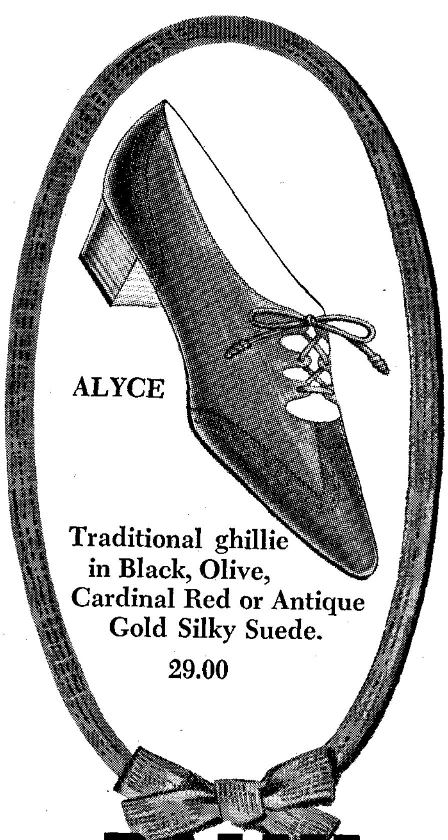
mind. I am restless, timid, and torn by conflicting advice. . . . I may perhaps be slow. But I know what I want. After all, it is my privilege to think things over first." Yet there have been signs that the strain of being pope under present circumstances is beginning to tell on Paul, a man of highly sensitive nature. "The ship of Peter is sailing on stormy seas," he said, almost plaintively, in his speech to the College of Cardinals on June 24th. "Everything moves, everything gives rise to problems." His rather frequent jeremiads this summer against "those who in a spirit of criticism and even indocility and rebellion are calling everything into question" and "who are causing a spirit of disquiet and reformism" and "who question principles, laws, and traditions to which the Church is firmly bound and from which it can never be separated" (the last probably being a reference to the current controversy over the celibacy of priests) suggest that he is worried mainly about excesses on the progressive side. And it is obvious that the papal barbs are being directed at some rather highly placed individuals in that camp, for the Pope has said, "Strange and confused voices come to us which make us very thoughtful, even very surprised and sad, because they are voices coming not only from those who do not have our faith . . . but often from the higher ranks of the people of God, always faithful and close to us."

This revelation of policy differences between the Pope and some of his trusted advisers will only worsen another problem. The image of the Good Shepherd, or Common Father, that the Pope desires to create has become blurred, and his own negativistic approach, if only because it encourages journalists to emphasize the minuses, which always make more interesting reading than the pluses, is certainly a factor. Chiefly responsible, however, is the chronic inability of Vatican officialdom to discard its view of the press as something unclean and unworthy of attention. What the Pope needs above all is a competent press secretary—somebody who could present his more intimate and human aspects to the world, as Monsignor Loris Capovilla did for Pope John. Accustomed to working alone and to drafting nearly all his important statements himself, Paul does not seem to realize what might be gained from such an arrangement. He prefers to rely on the routine, non-professional advice and services of old Curial hands in the Secretariat of State. He appears unaware of how



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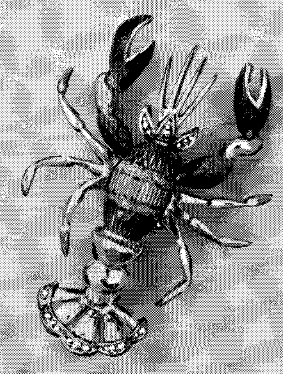

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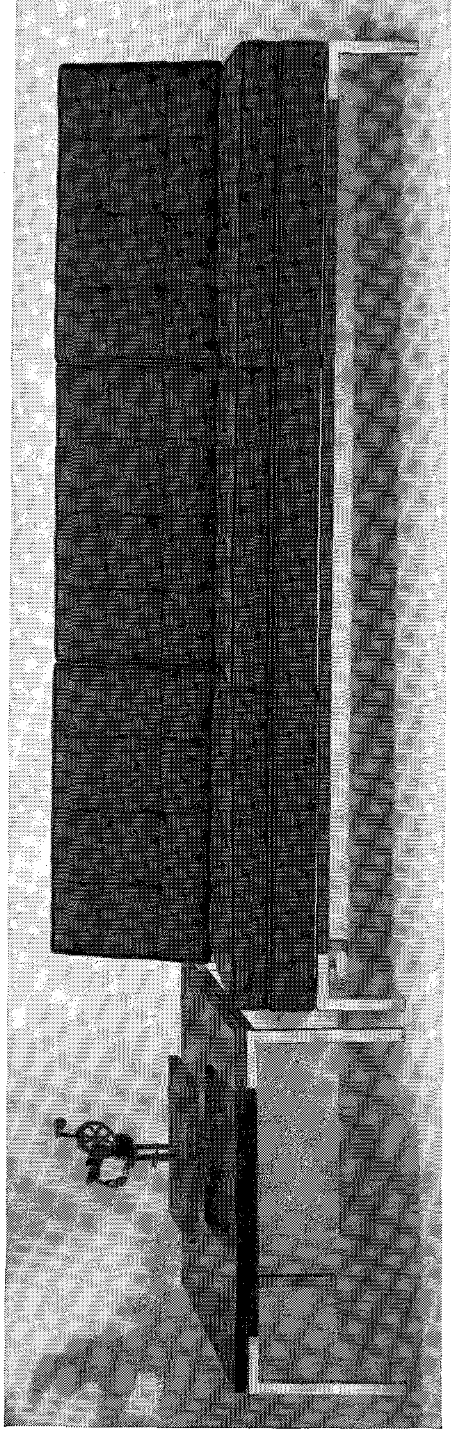

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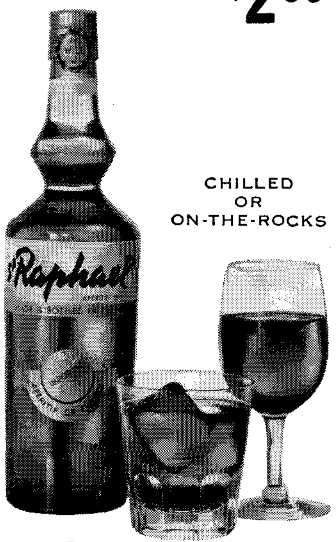
much the lack of an effective papal press office contributes to the difficulties experienced by journalists in getting the news and also to his failure to make himself better understood. Newsmen are not likely to forget the extraordinary press conference halfway through the third session of the Council when Archbishop Martin O'Connor and Monsignor Fausto Vallainc, in the name of the Council's Press Commission, denied that any maneuvers were taking place behind the scenes and roundly accused the press of distortions, only to have to back down a few days later and issue an apology of sorts. At the end of the session, insult was added to injury when Archbishop Pericle Felici, the Council's Secretary General and one of the prime maneuverers, characterized the press as a kind of "fungus" that would have to be tolerated until the full record of events could be published. And Pope Paul, in his frequent addresses to journalists, displays more of a theoretical than a practical interest in the problem of how they are to be faithful to the truth.

One disturbing consequence of the Pope's failure to get across to the world is the widespread impression that he has been captured by the conservative minority around him, which is opposed to the Council, or that, at the very least, he underestimates the danger from this quarter. In a statement this summer, the head of the Holy Office, Cardinal Ottaviani, declared himself in flat opposition to the papal policy, laid down in the encyclical "Ecclesiam Suam," of carrying on a dialogue with Communists and atheists—a policy that led to the creation earlier this year of a new Secretariat for Relations with Non-Believers, under Cardinal König, of Vienna, "to find a basis of accommodation." Said Cardinal Ottaviani, "Let it never be forgotten that Communists hold principles that are diametrically opposed to the Church. Every time that a dialogue is initiated with them, it ends in a diatribe on the part of the Communists against real or supposed errors on the other side. It is known to all that he who attacks is in a better position than he who has to defend himself." Clearly, the Curial prelate has no conception of Christianity as a positive value that needs to be preached to modern man in terms he can understand. In effect, this attitude amounts to saying that modern man can literally go to Hell unless he is willing to accept the Christian message on his, the Cardinal's, terms.

Another holding action is being



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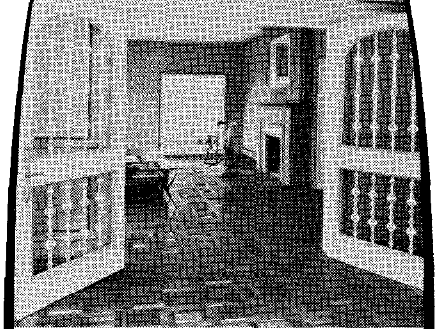

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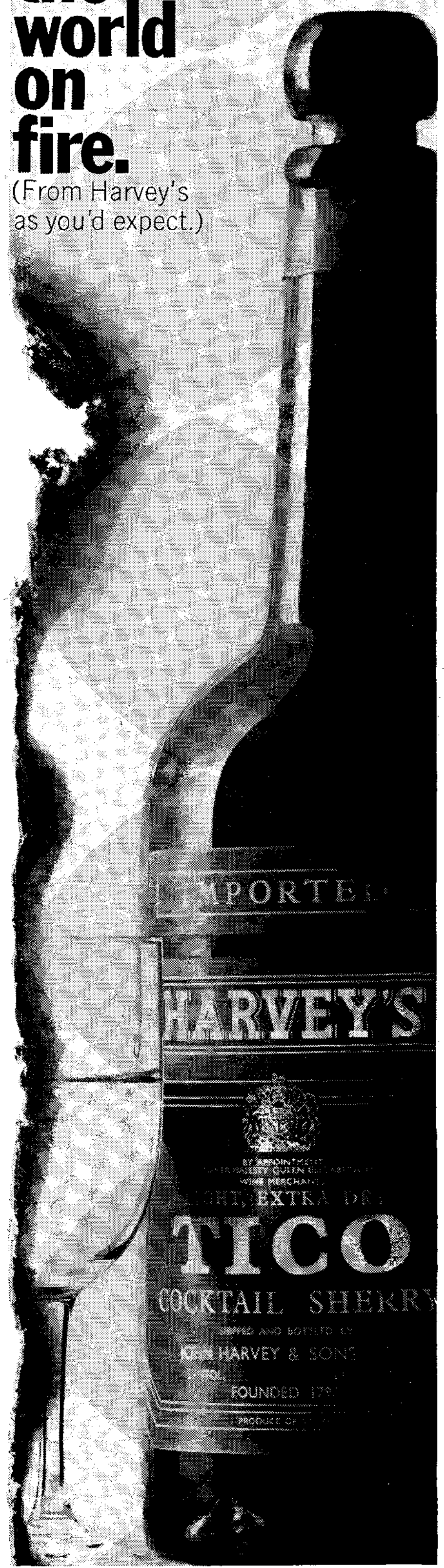

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fought by the powerful secretary of the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, Archbishop Dino Staffa, the acknowledged champion of the retention of Scholastic Thomism as the official philosophy and theology of the Catholic Church. In last year's session of the Council, this position was openly challenged, notably by the Canadian Cardinal Paul Émile Léger, whose lapidary phrase "Beware of the man of one book—beware of the Church of one Doctor" is still remembered. The indomitable archbishop has not admitted defeat, however. As he did before, he has circulated letters to all the bishops, and he boasts that he has five hundred signatures in favor of restoring St. Thomas Aquinas to his rightful place in the document dealing with seminaries that is to be voted on at the coming session. Perhaps it is significant in this connection that recent surveys have indicated an alarming number of dropouts among seminarians and professed nuns throughout the world. The official explanation of this phenomenon blames the rebelliousness of the "new breed." Studies reveal a much simpler cause, however—namely, that many seminarians are unimpressed by teachers who fail to reflect the modern approach to the Bible and theology that the Council stands for, and that nuns who were attracted to convent life by the promise that they would be able to achieve spiritual perfection through praying together and practicing charity in a family atmosphere often find themselves blocked by the traditionalism of antiquated rules and narrow-minded superiors. The nuns' chief complaint is that whereas the basic rule of Christian life is love of neighbor as oneself, they find a singular lack of charity among their sisters in the convent. The presence in and outside the Council of progressive religious superiors like Sister Mary Luke, of the American Sisters of Loretto, has had an upsetting effect on Curial circles. This was illustrated by the irony of her appearing as a witness before the commission drafting the text on the apostolate of the laity and of her being excluded by the commission dealing with the text on religious orders.

"Activism" is a word that has been used frequently in Curial propaganda to belittle the activities of the pastoral apostolate—for example, the efforts of Cardinal Cushing in behalf of South America. The Curial officials profess to see in such activism an implied danger to the life of prayer, but their use of the term seems to mask a desire to impose

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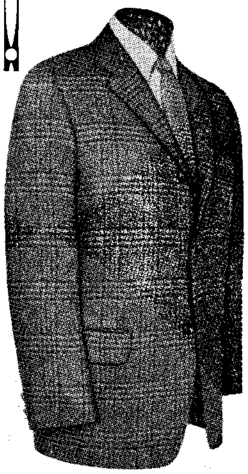

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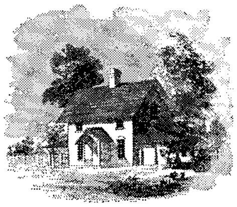

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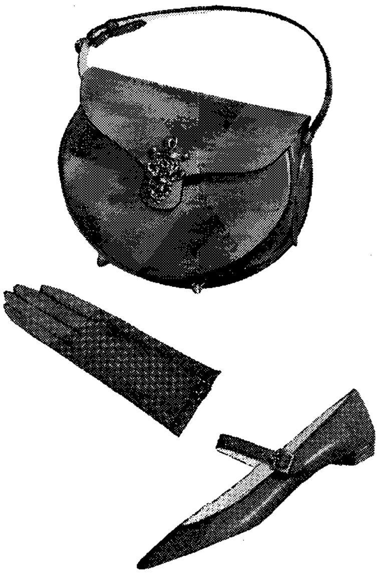
their own control over the far-flung missionary enterprises of the Church. Archbishop Antonio Samorè, who handles what might be called the South American desk in the Vatican Secretariat of State, has set himself up as the sole expert on the area, and he demands that all projects—particularly projects involving money, such as the German *Misereor* (the Lenten collection dispensed by the German bishops for missionary needs) and the American funds obtainable under the aid program for helping people to help themselves, and dispensed through local Church authorities—be cleared by him. What is disturbing about this policy is that Archbishop Samorè's decisions, made in Rome, not infrequently result in the disruption of a local program. Historically, the Curia has always attempted to control the Church in this dictatorial fashion.

IN spite of the ominous atmosphere created by these difficulties, it is a fact that the ecumenical spirit has caught on in the Church Universal—owing primarily to the ubiquitous activity of Cardinal Augustin Bea and his Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. The fragile-looking eighty-four-year-old German cardinal, who seems more than anybody else to embody the Johannine spirit, has made personal contact with almost every major Christian confession, from the World Council of Churches to the Fundamentalists, and is continually turning up at universities and cultural centers from Boston to Madrid, from Bombay to Patras. With minor exceptions concerning the way in which the decree on ecumenism was promulgated and certain reservations about the decree having to do with the Eastern Churches, the dialogue between the various Christian bodies is unquestionably progressing at an unprecedented pace. "This is an area in which the intervention of the Holy Spirit seems obvious," one observer has remarked. "What we are hoping for is to achieve a parallel evolution in each of the various Christian Churches until heads can finally be knocked together in a Pentecostal reunion."

There is also evidence of progress on a front that was hitherto regarded as unassailable. In spite of Roman fears for the integrity of the faith in Holland, Dutch Catholics have scored two triumphs over the Holy Office. (Cardinal Alfrink, of Utrecht, recently declared, "In Holland, my position sometimes compels me to warn against exaggerations. On the other hand, I can and



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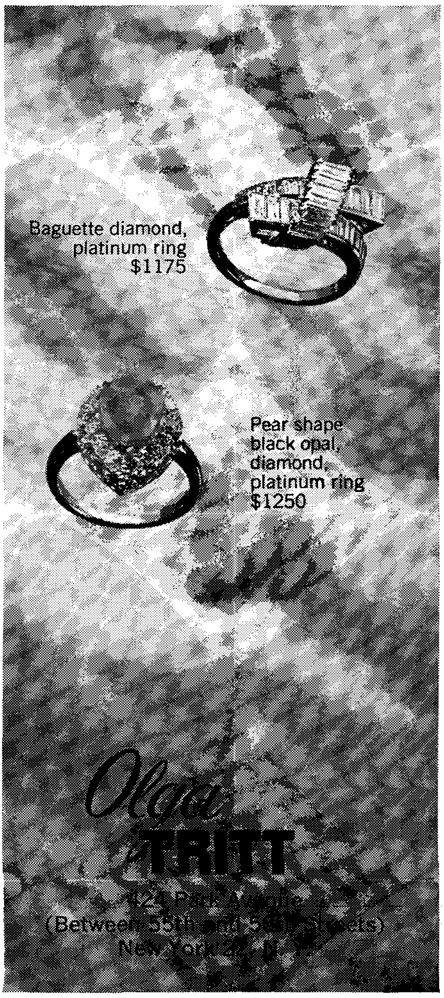
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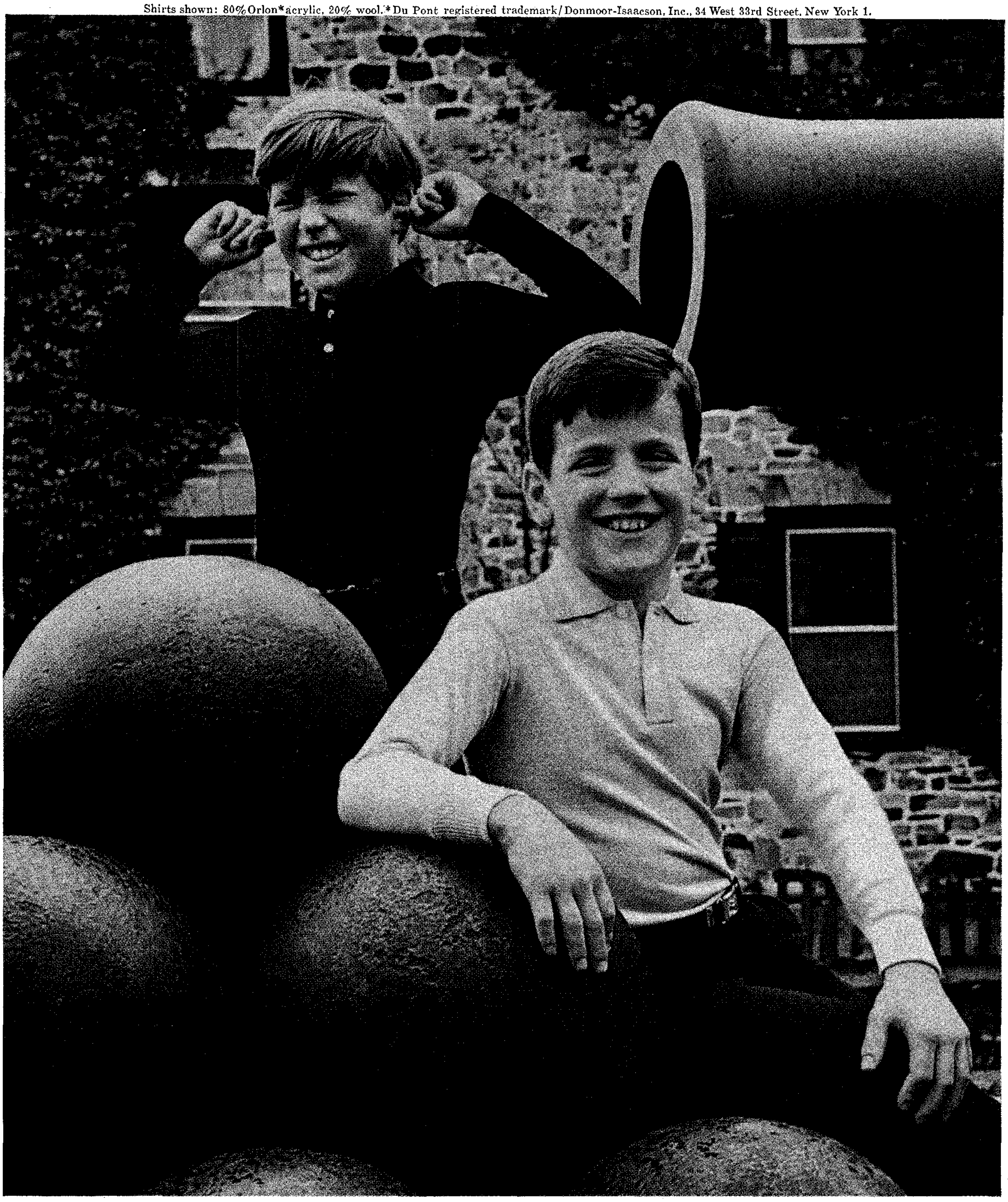

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must speak a different language outside the country where the thinking of people has lagged behind.") One of the triumphs involved the Catholic chaplain at the University of Amsterdam, Father J. van Kilsdonk, S.J., who in 1962 was censured by the Holy Office for a speech he had made before the St. Adalbert's Society (the equivalent of the Newman Club), in which he maintained that the apostasy of Dutch intellectuals from the Catholic Church was due primarily to the reactionary attitude of the Roman Curia. The Holy Office demanded that he be relieved of his post, but the Dutch hierarchy refused to bow to this order. After seeing Cardinal Ottaviani, the Bishop of Haarlem announced that "while the Holy Office continued to disapprove of the way in which Father van Kilsdonk had spoken, the Holy Office allowed the Bishop to take whatever measures he considered appropriate, in view of the measures already taken by the authorities in Holland and of the ensuing controversy." A subsequent statement issued by the Dutch bishop simply declared that Father van Kilsdonk was being retained as chaplain.

The other case had been developing behind the scenes for years and suddenly came to light in 1964. It concerns a Catholic woman psychiatrist, Dr. Anna Terruwe, of Nijmegen, who had many priests and seminarians among her patients, and whom the Holy Office accused in 1950 of giving professional advice contrary to Catholic morality. The Dutch hierarchy questioned her about her doctoral thesis and teaching, and although it did this at the request of the Holy Office, it came to the conclusion that the charges against her were unfounded. Some time after this decision, Father Sebastian Tromp, a Dutch Jesuit who is an official of the Holy Office, made at least two visits of investigation to Holland, but he did not bother to speak to the principal persons involved. Instead, in 1956, the Holy Office warned the Dutch hierarchy against erroneous teachings attributed to Dr. Terruwe, without naming her, and then issued an order forbidding seminarians, priests, monks, and nuns to consult women psychiatrists. At about the same time, the Redemptorist Father W.J.A.J. Duynstee, professor of civil law at the University of Nijmegen and an adviser to Dr. Terruwe, was relieved of his post and ordered to Rome. Archbishop Alfrink, as he was then, and the Dutch bishops demanded the revocation of these measures and the

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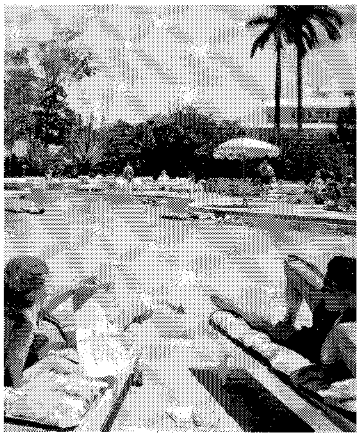

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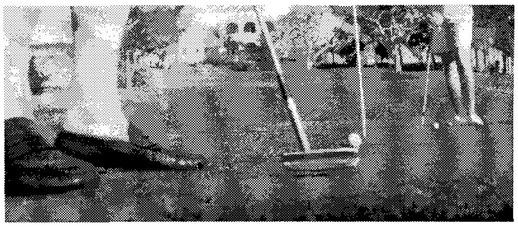

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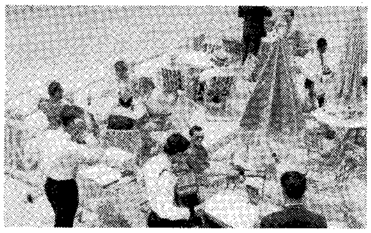

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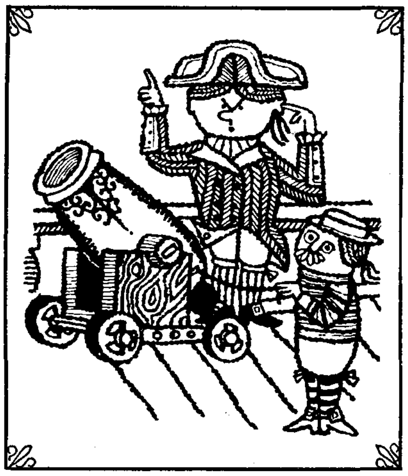

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rehabilitation of the persons whose good names had been impugned by the actions of the Holy Office. One result of Alfrink's intervention was the postponement of his promotion to cardinal until March, 1960; the Dutch papers complained bitterly when he was passed over in the December consistories of 1958 and 1959. The whole affair became known in October, 1964, when the Dutch Catholic progressive journal *De Volkskrant* published a petition that Dr. Terruwe had sent to the Pope, the Dutch bishops, and the Holy Office asking that favorable action be taken in her case. Meanwhile, Father Duynstee was quietly allowed to return to Nijmegen, and finally, on April 9th of this year, Cardinal Alfrink, as a result of conversations he had had with the Holy Office, was able to make the following statement: "The Holy Office had been concerned from the first with ideas and methods rather than with individuals. If the reputations of any individuals had suffered meanwhile, the Holy Office regretted this very much. In particular, it was sorry that any harm had been done to the professional reputation of Dr. Terruwe. It was now completely certain of her Catholic outlook and convinced that her writings, based on sound principles, could be of great help both to priests and to others." One of the things that had apparently shocked the consultors of the Holy Office was Dr. Terruwe's attempt to reconcile the teachings of Thomas Aquinas with the teachings of Freud—an attempt that some scholars have considered eminently successful. As the French bi-monthly *Informations Catholiques Internationales* recently pointed out, the case of Dr. Terruwe is probably unique, or nearly so, in the annals of the Holy Office. Individuals have been rehabilitated in the past, and condemned works have been withdrawn from the famous Index of Forbidden Books, but without publicity. Dr. Terruwe has since published an account of the whole affair, pointing out that although the Church teaches that in cases of calumny there is a definite obligation to make restitution, she has received no offer of restitution from responsible members of the Holy Office.

Another hopeful note was struck at the gathering of Jesuit superiors and delegates in Rome in May for the election of a new Superior General. The Jesuits, with some thirty-six thousand members, form the largest religious order in the Catholic Church, and their meeting proved to be almost a Council in miniature. After some two

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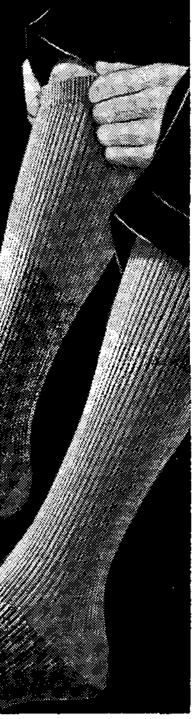

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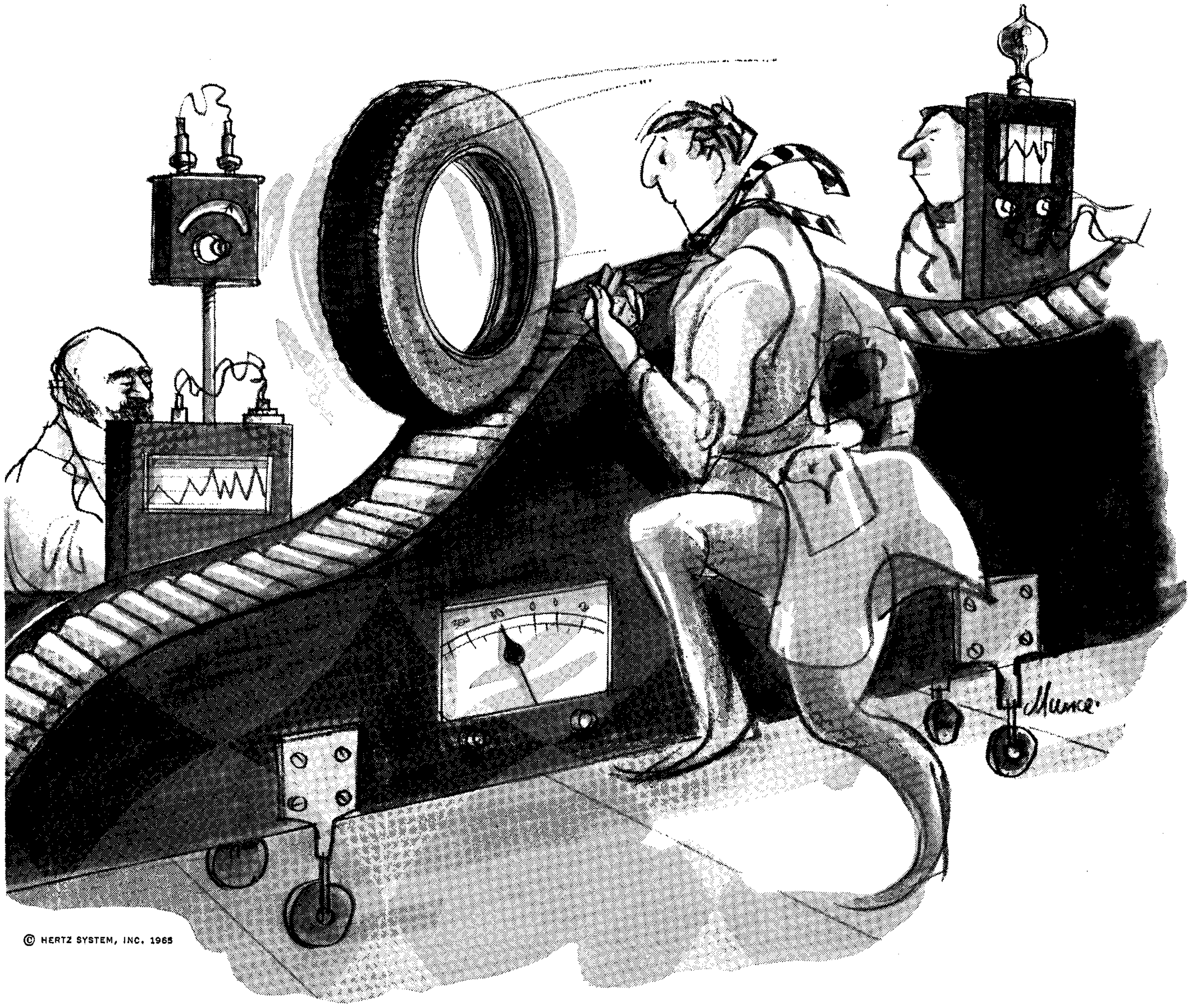

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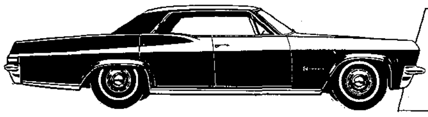

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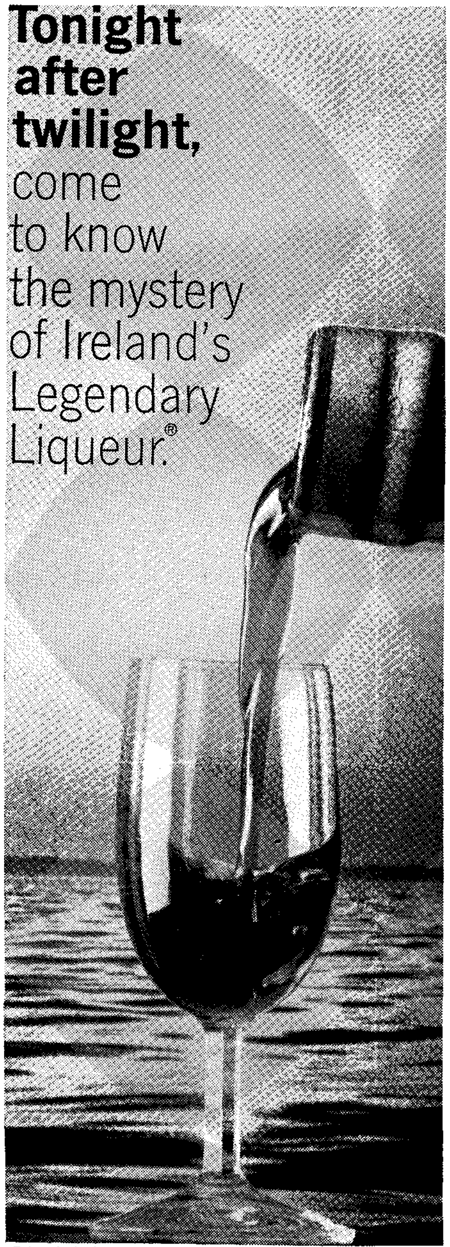

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months of frank discussion, the delegates agreed to adjourn and await the Council's decisions before drawing up a new look for the order. The man they selected for their new General (or Black Pope, as the man at the head of the order is sometimes called) is a fifty-seven-year-old Spanish former medical student, Pedro Arrupe, who was in charge of Jesuit novices outside Hiroshima at the time the first atomic bomb was dropped. After the war, he helped increase the enrollment of the Jesuit university in Tokyo from under a thousand to almost five thousand. In May, at the first press conference ever given by a Jesuit General, Father Arrupe commented on the relevancy of the ideas of Teilhard de Chardin. While admitting that Teilhard's thought had its dubious aspects, Father Arrupe said that the French priest's respect for facts in both the physical and the theological spheres, together with his exemplary resignation under implied censure, revealed him as a man of his times and as a model Christian. Hidebound Romanists gasped at this statement, especially since the Holy Office had issued a *monitum*, or warning, on Teilhard's writings as late as 1962. There is a certain parallel with the case of Thomas Aquinas, whose works were condemned by the thirteenth-century Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Kilwardby, in the course of a visitation he made to Oxford, and were looked at askance by the syndics of the University of Paris before being acknowledged as orthodox.

THE more than three thousand bishops and Council experts who are gathering for the final session of Vatican Council II face a strenuous schedule. Eleven documents still have to be acted upon, and four of them—the texts on religious liberty, on the Church in the modern world, on the missions, and on the priesthood—have to be debated on the floor. However, the fact that not one of the decrees to emerge from the Council thus far has managed to retain the archaic form given it by the Curial drafters is surely an encouraging sign. Most of the texts have been changed virtually beyond recognition. The text on marriage, for example, which began by stressing the impediments or obstacles to marriage, now starts out with the idea of conjugal love, and instead of hailing the blessings of unlimited childbearing it now insists on the freedom of parents to decide on the number of their offspring themselves in accordance

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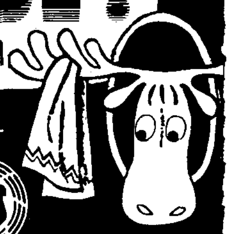

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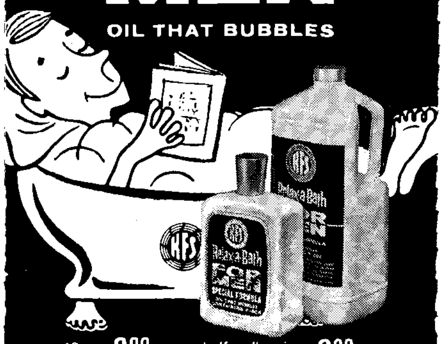

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with various personal, social, and religious considerations. There is no direct discussion of the crucial question of contraception, which is being investigated by a specially appointed papal commission of doctors, demographers, and theologians. World fears that Pope Paul might make a premature pronouncement on this subject have been reflected within the commission, with the result that only a positive statement on the holiness of married love and sexuality is now expected from him. Because of the complexity of the medical and moral problems involved in the use of contraceptive methods, this statement will probably be accompanied merely by a warning against a purely hedonistic or erotic approach to birth control. The commission has revealed itself as divided on the subject and has so reported to the Pope.

With luck, the Council could finish its job by the first week in December. However, this would necessitate much closer collaboration between the Council and its poorly coördinated executive machinery, which is still dominated by the conservatively oriented Coördinating Commission of Cardinal Amleto Cicognani, Secretary of State, and even more essential would be a clear disposition on the part of the Pope to expedite matters. Thus far, he has displayed an extreme reluctance to intervene openly, and on the few occasions when he has found it necessary to assert his authority he has caused near fiascos. In his one personal appearance as a Council Father, he recommended approval of the document on missions, but the bishops pointedly voted it down and sent it back for rewriting. At the third session, the Pope's last-minute additions to the decree on ecumenism and his virtual imposition, without discussion, of a condition for his approval of the decree on the Church caused great dissatisfaction both inside and outside the Council. His assurance to the American bishops that the text on religious liberty will be the first document considered at the fourth session and his numerous statements regarding his intention of establishing "a senate of bishops" in Rome and of reorganizing the Curia must be implemented if the world is to be convinced that he is sincere in his promise to realize the Johannine renewal and revolution.

The return of the Roman Church to a spirit of poverty, the elimination of an alien spirit of triumphalism, and the ideal of a continuing revitalization expressed in the maxim "*Ecclesia semper reformanda*" ("The Church is always

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in need of reform") all require time. The world is now asking whether Pope Paul will have the courage to emulate his mentor, Pius XII, who once said with respect to liturgical renewal, "I will move so far with the reform that a return will be made impossible." If he does, the important thing for him and the Church is to keep the doors open. After all, Christ Himself, as we are told in the third chapter of the Book of Revelations, laid down as an eternal law "Behold, I have caused doors to be opened before thee, which no one can shut."

—Xavier Rynne

•

MOONTAN

The bluish, pale
face of the house
rises above me
like a wall of ice

and the distant
solitary
barking of an owl
floats toward me.

I half close my eyes.

Over the damp
dark of the garden,
flowers swing
back and forth
like small balloons.

The solemn trees,
each buried
in a cloud of leaves,
seem lost in sleep.

It is late.
I lie in the grass,
smoking,
feeling at ease,
pretending the end
will be like this.

Moonlight
falls on my flesh.
A breeze
circles my wrist.

I drift.
I shiver.
I know that soon
the day will come
to wash away the moon's
white stain,

that I shall walk
in the morning sun
invisible
as anyone.

—Mark Strand

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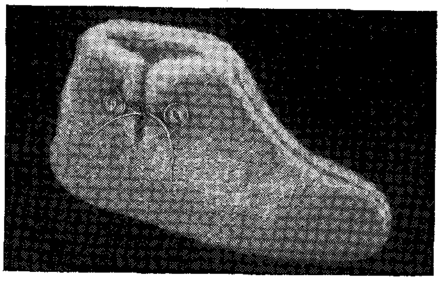

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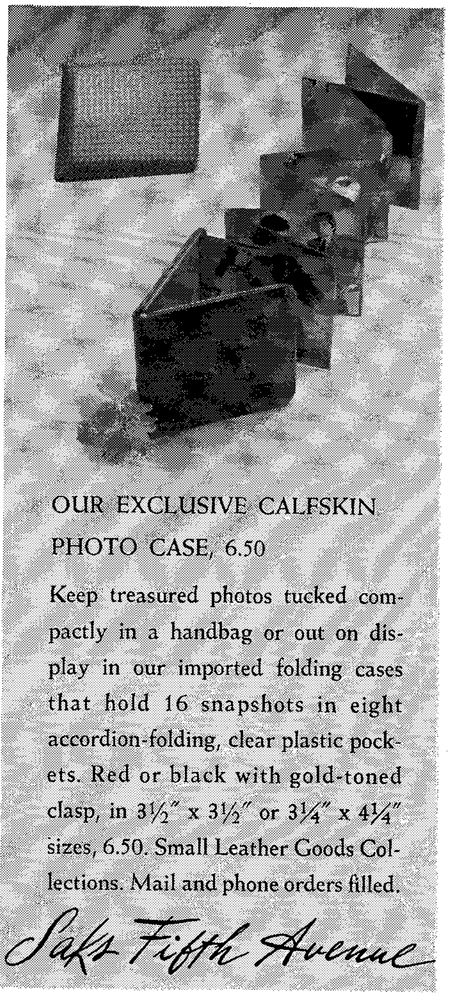

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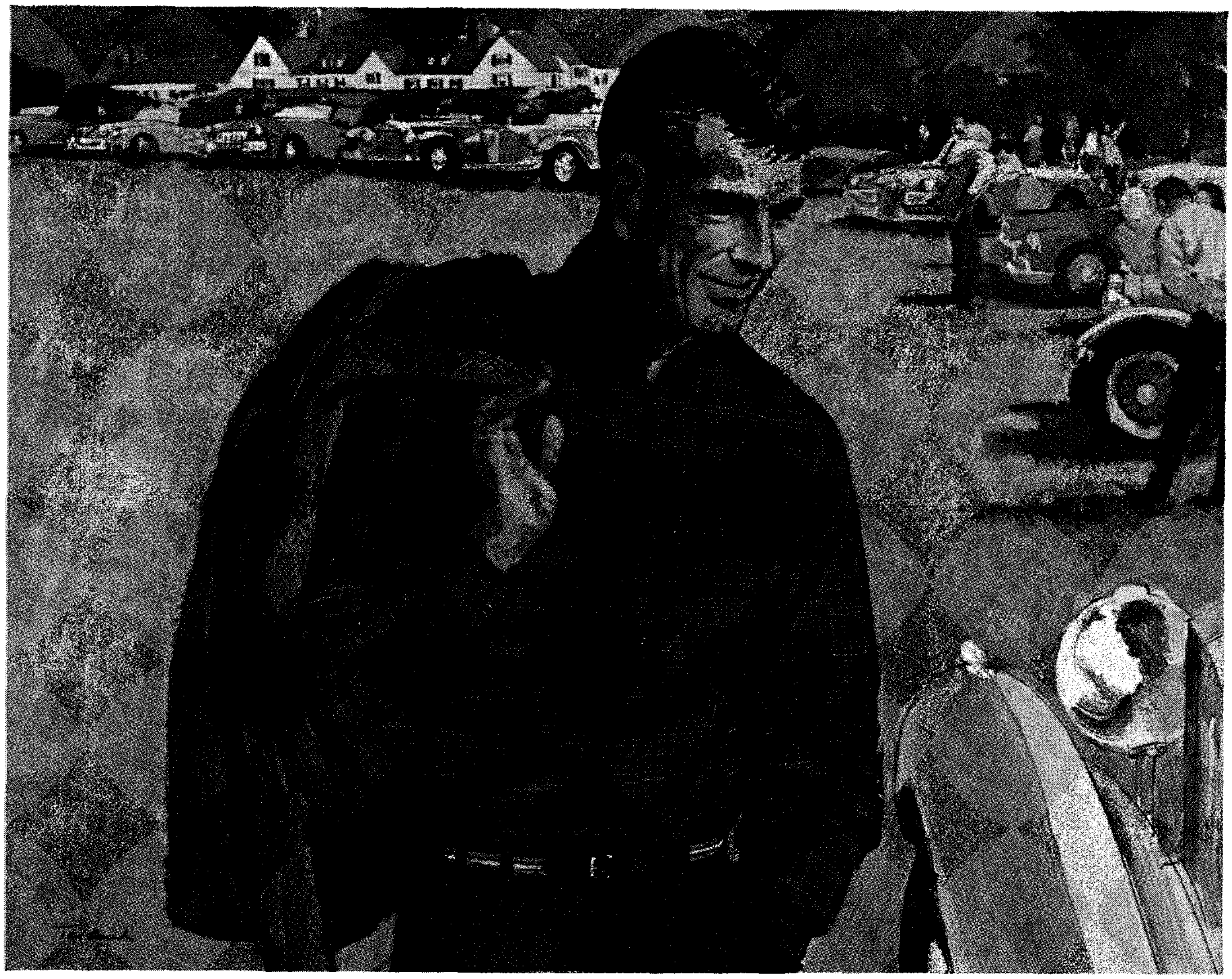

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THIS WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE two main characters in this factual short story I'm about to tell are a man named Ignatz Sobolski and myself. Mr. Sobolski is the hero. But because I then knew—and now know—very little about him, I shall be forced to devote more space to myself than to him. This will not be hard for me to do, for I'm a self-centered man, though perhaps not quite so self-centered as I was in 1925, the year I met him.

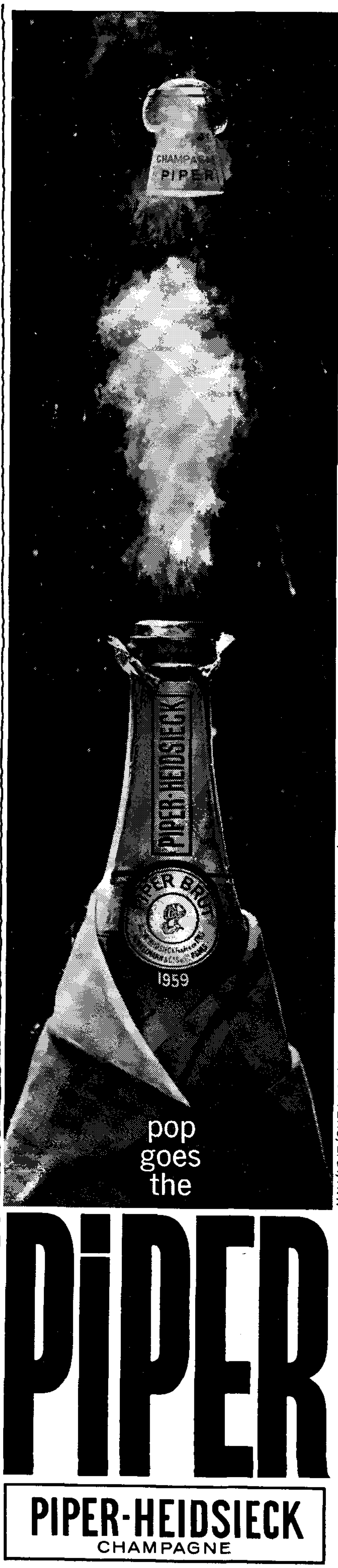
I have never heard anybody say so, but it has just occurred to me that to every one of us—the young, the middle-aged, and the elderly, the males, the females, and everybody else—the past is not simply *back* there but is also *down* there. The past doesn't float. It doesn't ascend. It has never achieved weightlessness. Even when we lie in bed at night before turning out the light, and stare up at the ceiling, thinking of the past, our minds have to rebound from the ceiling and take a downward course in order to find and come to grips with memory—with the past.

And how can one describe, from the point of view of the present, what one's own self was like in the past? Shall I say that in 1925 I was twenty, that I was emotional, gifted, and tall and handsome, with Scottish-American blue eyes and wavy blond hair that I wore lightly treated with Vaseline and slicked down and parted in the middle of my crowded and uneducated head? Would that be fair to you? Would it be fair to me? I must confess I don't know. I'm not trying so much to be fair—to you or to me—as I am trying not to be false to anybody in this true story, including, of course, Mr. Sobolski.

The past is not only not weightless, it is also changeable. It has many moods. For example, I discover that I must now tell how it came about that I was a reporter on the old New York *World* at twenty—the youngest reporter in that vast city room. Having made this discovery, and having decided to face it courageously, my initial grip on the past is lost. So I take another grip. Mr. Sobolski is forgotten. Mr. Frank Sullivan, the humorist, is remembered, and with him is remembered a different city—Atlantic City, New Jersey—and my bob-haired, fun-loving first wife, who was the same age as I. For it was in Atlantic City that my bride and I were spending a two-week honeymoon in the late summer of the year *before* I met Mr. Sobolski. So, to be accurate, we are not exactly forgetting Mr. Sobolski. He doesn't yet exist, because we are here in the year of 1924, not 1925, and my bride and I are nineteen, not twenty. Mr. Sobolski is nowhere, you see, because *I* haven't yet met *him*. But my bride and I are at Atlantic City, having our honeymoon on a chintzy expense account of the 1924 variety while I report, for the Philadelphia *Daily News*—still another city—the progress of the Atlantic City beauty contest of that year. And Frank Sullivan is also there, covering the same event for the New York *World*.

Sullivan was my hero that year. But I don't mean to imply that Sobolski was my hero in 1925. Sobolski became—he becomes—my hero only now, some forty years later, in 1965. That would make him eighty-one years old this year. For I did ascertain his age when I met him, in 1925. I learned from his wife, Mrs. Sobolski, that he was then forty-one. I gathered other facts about him, and about her, and about their only son, Richard, who was then thirteen. I also learned the Sobolski's home address and Mr. Sobolski's occupation. They lived at 187 Rivington Street, in Manhattan, and he worked as a tailor at a tailor shop on Canal Street. He was not the proprietor of the shop. Oh, I was a demon for facts in 1925! And facts, as we all know, can be confusing.

But in 1924—we have stepped down here again now—I am having a wonderful time in Atlantic City with my bride and with Frank Sullivan, and I send comic picture postcards to that effect to friends of mine in Philadelphia and Washington. To my greetings I append the phrase "Wish you were here," but this appendage is a joke. It was one of the many jokes of what I then considered to be *my* generation. It was Sinclair Lewis's joke and Franklin P. Adams' joke and Ring Lardner's joke and H. L. Mencken's joke. All these men were one generation ahead of me, but I didn't care. Their generation was mine. It was their joke and my joke to make fun of clichés—to make fun



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of everything well tried, everything that was accepted, everything that was established, everything that was said and done by the generations of mankind that had preceded us. For this, of course, was the very middle of what have been called the Roaring Twenties, although I and a great many other people who lived through them didn't think of them for a second as being roaring. It was more as if the twenties screeched, or whined. We were not a roaring generation. Take it from me. Neither a lion nor a generation roars when it is scared. They make other noises. We were a scared generation, but like any other scared generation we tried not to show it. We danced on the noisy rooftops of our hotels in all our cities. We drank bootleg liquor. We blustered. We talked. We went to Paris. Except for a few facts, we were just like any other new generation, then or now. We had forsaken a lot of things, and we had been forsaken by a lot of things—among them religious piety, perhaps even religious faith, and things like moral behavior, perhaps even moral principles, maybe even *morals!* We were on a new road, a strange road, a badly lit road. There is a sameness about newness that never becomes dim as long as the newness is new.

IN the early months of that year of 1924, while I was courting the girl who was to become my first wife, I was also courting Frank Sullivan. He was slightly tubby and a Roman Catholic and I was a lapsed Presbyterian, but I didn't care. I loved him, but I'd never met him. Still, I courted him. I courted him by sending him contributions to the occasional column he conducted on the page opposite the editorial page of the *World*, when F.P.A. or Heywood Broun were ill or vacationing. Mine were small contributions of prose—a paragraph or two at a time, and hopefully humorous. Many were thrown away by Sullivan. Some were acknowledged but not printed. And once in a while a few *were* printed, with my large, long, crazy two names at the end for me to stare at as the sun rose over the East River, my eyes bulging with the insanity of a young human head that had been warmed by fame. And finally, in Atlantic City, when my bride and I were commencing our honeymoon, I also got to know the man I'd been courting. You can see what's coming. Two men and a girl.

The girl's true name was Lois Little and mine was what it is, and she decided to keep her own name even after

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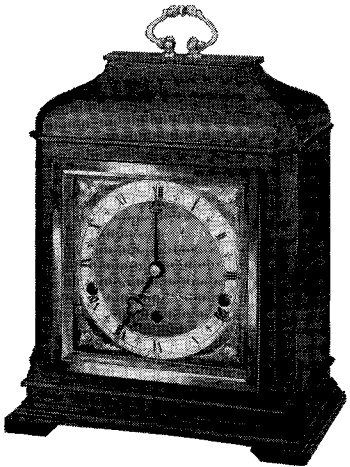

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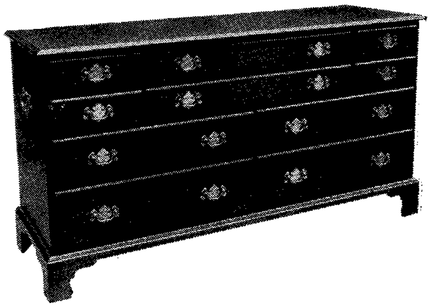

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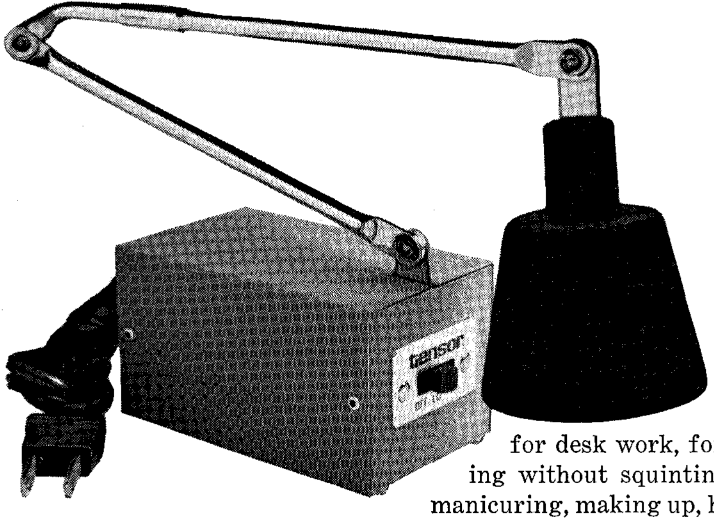

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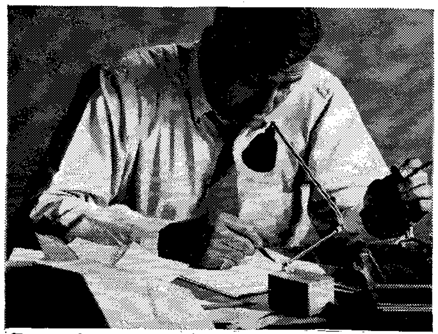

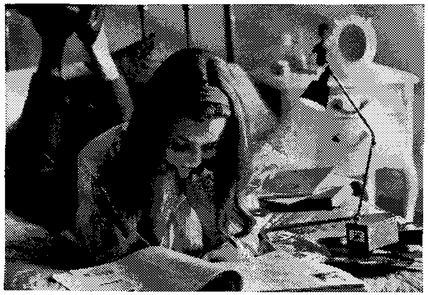

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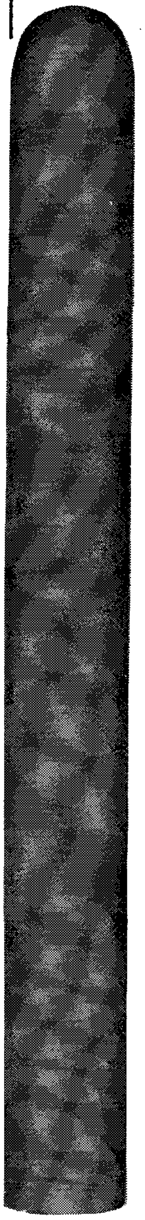
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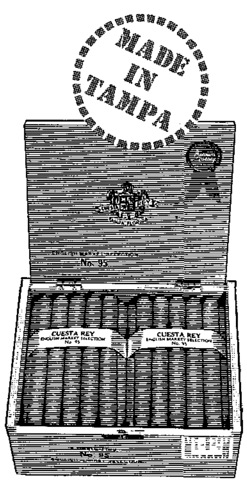

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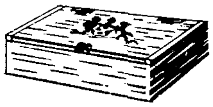

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we were married. But she kept her own name not because she didn't like mine but only because she was a Lucy Stoner. Along with Lucy Stone, Lois felt she might take a great many things from her husband and give her husband a great many things but that she shouldn't, in the interests of independence for women, take his name and lose her own. She didn't care about *votes* for women, but she cared about their independence. Can you blame her? Anyway, I didn't care. In fact, her stipulation delighted me. It gave me enormous gratification to introduce her to people. "This is my wife, Miss Lois Little." It made me feel that other people might get the impression, when I said those words, that Lois and I were living in sin. And what is sin? Oh, I was as full of questions then as I am now.

In any event, Frank Sullivan seemed delighted when I timidly introduced myself to him, and even more delighted when I introduced Lois to him that evening after the day's stories had been filed. Sullivan lives, these days, in the little house he was born in in 1892, on a tree-grown side street of Saratoga Springs, New York, a community he might be said to be the duke or king of. The blood of royalty is clearly in his veins, and anybody can tell at a glance that among his ancestors were kings of Ireland. He's exactly the same fellow in 1965 that he was in 1924. All his life long, he has been a people-loving bachelor with a quietly wild Celtic view of life that shines in his published prose and has made hundreds of thousands of men and women feel that they know him. The same prose shines freshly now mostly in letters he is kind enough to write to his old friends and his new friends.

In 1924, when I introduced him to Lois, I knew that he would know all about Lucy Stoners. Heywood Broun's first wife was a real staunch Lucy Stoner, having kept her own name, too, which was Ruth Hale. Sullivan was thirteen years older than I was, and he chuckled and kept chuckling about Lois and me. When we both began to blush, he laughed out loud and told Lois it was just that she was so young and so pretty to be a Lucy Stoner and I was so youthful to be a husband. And we finally began to laugh simply because Frank was a wonderful older man, and because his chuckling was, then as now, contagious.

I'm sure our youth helped me to get the job on the *World*, which, of all the thousands of newspapers then in circulation in this popeyed, reading-mad

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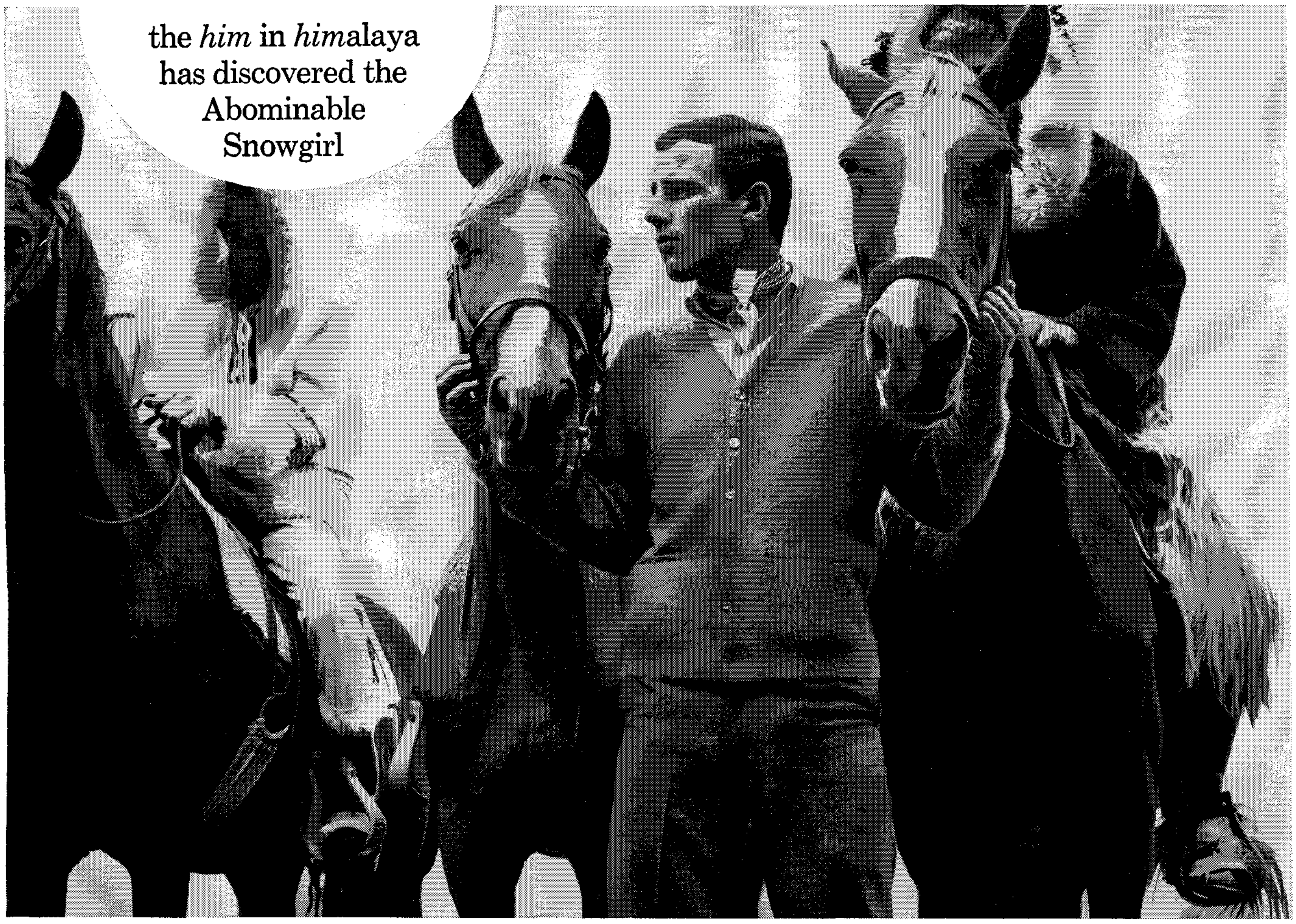
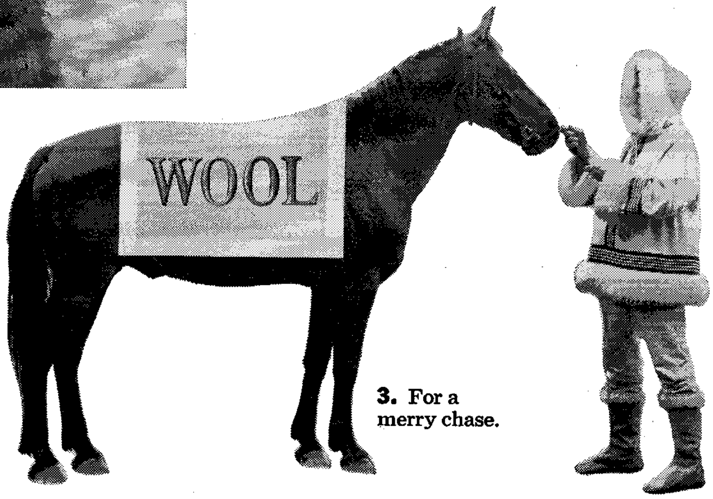
VOL. II WJ-3065 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL AND HIMALAYA

the *him* in *him*alaya has discovered the Abominable Snowgirl



2. *him,* mountain ponies, native guides.

1. Get a Horse's Mane.



3. For a merry chase.

1. Mount and flee to your snowy lair, dear Abominable Snowgirl. The *him* in *him*alaya gallops toward you wearing a *him*alaya Horse's Mane sweater. Beautiful wool, wool that glows. Natural wool, knit in America. This sweater has caused the downfall of many girls more worldly than you.

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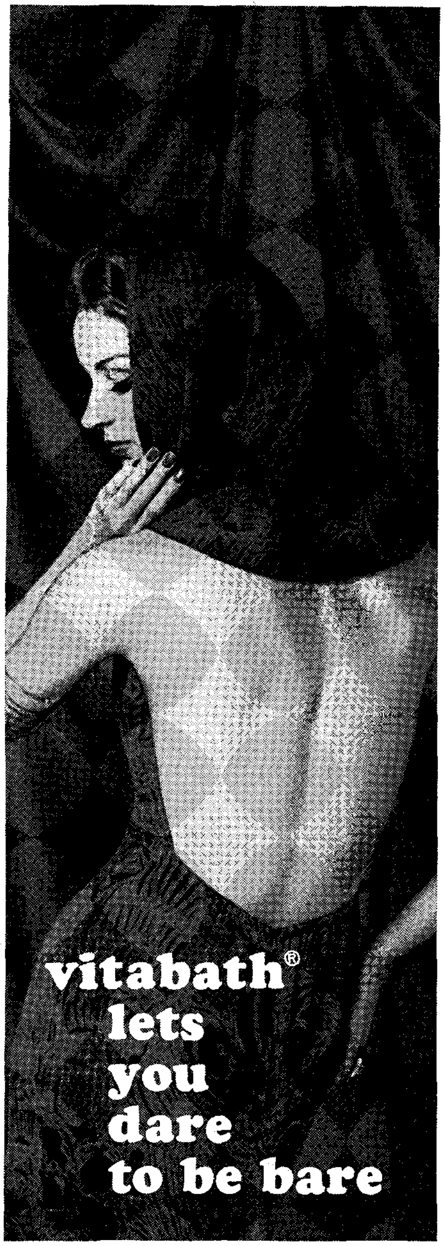
country, was the one I most wanted to be associated with. *The* paper in New York then was the *World*, although there was a *Times* and six or eight others. The two of us men and the one girl—Lois—went around together and ate together and drank together after we'd assured Frank that we drank. He wanted to see our birth certificates, but all we had was the marriage license from Virginia. Lois was the sister of a newspaperman named Herbert Little, in Washington, where I'd met her, and it turned out Frank knew him. What more could a young couple want?

As the beauty contest dragged on and all the reporters filed serious or glamorous stories, and Frank alone filed *humorous* stories on it, Frank asked me why I didn't come to New York and get a job on the *World*. He said he'd speak to Herbert Bayard *Swope!* He was the executive editor of the *World*, and was married to Mrs. Herbert Bayard *Swope!*, who was no Lucy Stoner. I didn't hear anything more from Frank, so not a great many weeks later—by that time it was December—I telephoned him long distance from a drugstore in Philadelphia. In Philadelphia, Lois and I had been living blissfully in an alley of little seventeenth-century houses, along with a few white folks and lots of Negro folks. After the call, I went to New York on the Pennsylvania Railroad in a chair car and saw *Swope!* He had red hair. After some discussion, he said I could have a job at the same salary I was getting in Philadelphia, which was fifty dollars a week, and I thanked him.

IT was an icy winter Wednesday the day that happened—Wednesday being my day off—and what also happened was that, with the job on the *World* in my hands and with my hot head high in the cold air, I walked in delirium out of the gold-domed Pulitzer Building, on Park Row in lower Manhattan, close to City Hall, and my feet went out from under me and I fell and slid, addled with laughter, across the sidewalk on the ice and into the gutter. I picked myself up and returned as fast as I could make it to the loving arms of Lois, in Philadelphia, and two weeks later we were settled down in Greenwich Village under my true name and her true name, where we continued to live in what, on account of Lucy Stone, seemed so deliciously like sin.

It wasn't long after this that I met Ignatz Sobolski. I met him because he possessed, for a moment in the *World's* time and for a lifetime in Sobolski's



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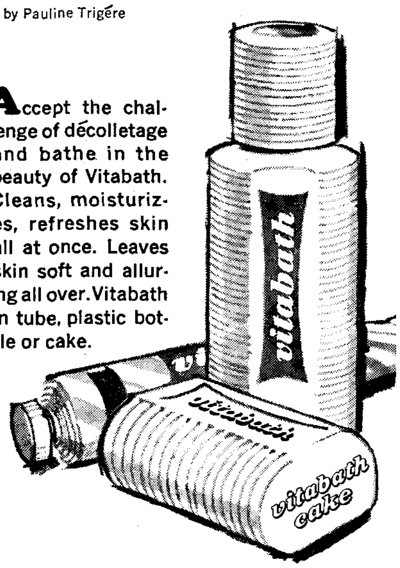

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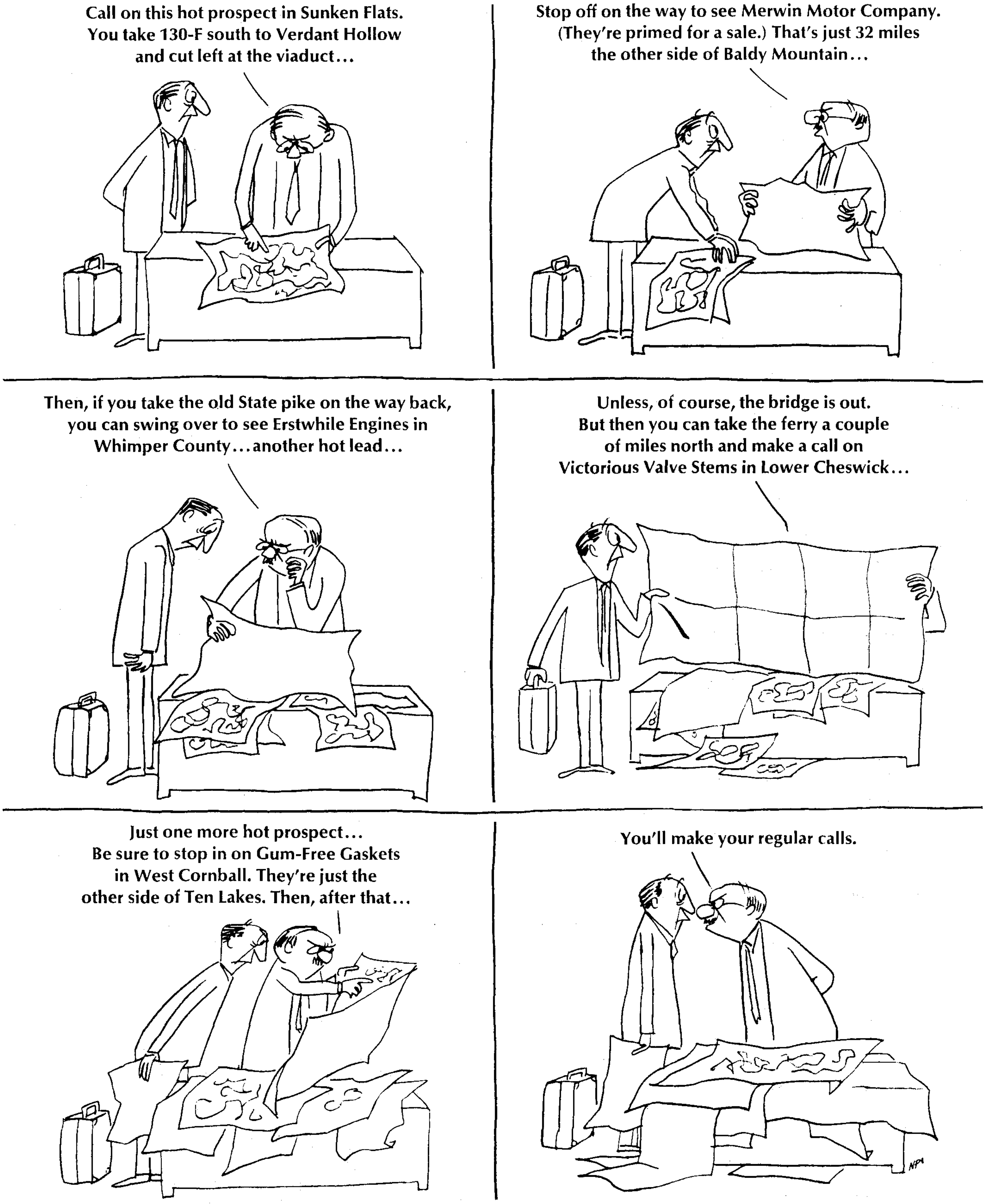
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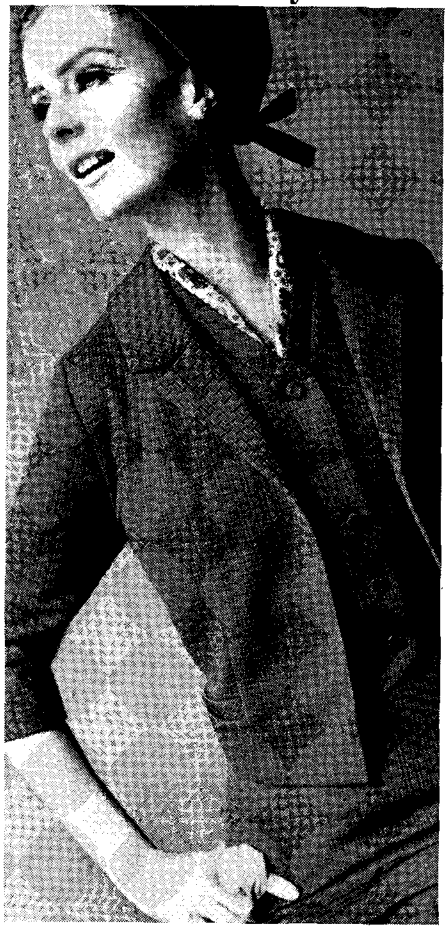

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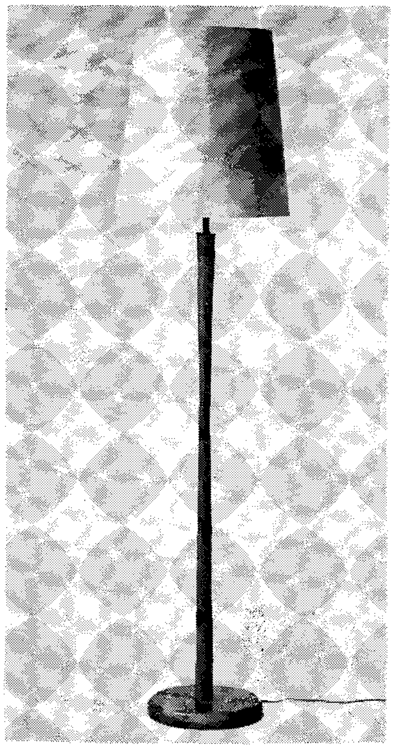
time, what, to the *World* and to me, represented something called human interest. He was mixed up in what we called a human-interest story. It was on another icy day that same winter that the city editor, Mr. James Barrett, called me over to him in the city room and handed me a sheaf of brief items reported that day by the local news agency called City News. "See if you can find anything in here that might make a 'World We Live In,' Mac," he said to me, and I took the items to my desk and pored over them.

On the first page of the second section of the *World*, five or six times a week, you see, there used to appear a short factual story under the standing headline "This World We Live In." Some of these stories were humorous or comical, but most of them were sad. I could be sadder in those days than anybody you ever heard of, although I was sad only about the sadness of other people. I had nothing else to be sad about. The readers of the *World* seemed to like these sad stories about these other people—people who were worse off than themselves. There was never much *news* in the stories—only human interest. They were about small things that happened to small people. It was astonishing how many of these people were described in the *World* as "little" by myself and other anonymous reporters who wrote those "World We Live In" stories. "A little old lady sat last night in the one dingy room she occupies up the dark stairs in a tenement at 876 Houston Street, on the lower East Side, her small hands folded in her lap, her tiny feet in their cheap felt bedroom slippers, while . . ." So such a story would start off in the *World*. Or, "Jakob K. Weinberg is a tiny old man with a wispy mustache that emphasizes his thin lips, and yesterday afternoon there issued from these lips a sharp, small cry of agony as he . . ." And the readers of the *World* (and other newspapers), having been offered an opportunity by these human-interest stories to feel sympathy for somebody worse off than themselves, would unhesitatingly and generously feel sympathetic—and better off. And then, feeling better than they'd been feeling before breakfast, they would propel themselves into the mysteries and terrors and joys and satisfactions of urban life for one more day.

What the City News Association had to say that winter day in 1925 about Ignatz Sobolski in its brief item was that Sobolski's thirteen-year-old son, Richard, had been struck and killed by a truck outside the tenement in which the



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Your second hardship will be adjusting to the heady exhilaration of high altitude Ecuador. Your reward? The most exciting railroad ride in the world. From Guayaquil to Quito. Twelve unforgettable hours. The train passes fields of sugar cane, houses built on stilts, waterways plied by large dug-out canoes. Then rises through steep coffee plantations, into the land of the snow-capped volcanos. The railroad is a masterpiece of tunnelled gorges, soaring bridges, steep 5½ percent grades, and hairpin turns that culminate in the awesome double zigzag up a wall of rock called Devil's Nose.

Another hardship of high-altitude, well worth the acclimatizing, is a trip to Cuzco, Peru—capital of the ancient Inca empire. Cuzco itself isn't difficult, but getting to Cuzco is. It lies in a narrow Andean valley, walled in by towering mountains. To anyone accustomed to jet travel, the flight to Cuzco will seem about as quaint as a visit to a trolley museum. For the only planes that can enter are DC-3's and 4's. When you land, you'll do well to sleep for a few hours, while your body gently adjusts to the altitude.

For the hardship of uncertainty, Venezuela offers you the chance to glimpse a waterfall 16 times higher than Niagara—2½ times higher than the Empire State Building. Hidden in the mountains between the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers, Angel Falls are often enveloped in fog. The best way to reach them is by a one-day excursion flight from Caracas. The plane circles overhead for half an hour, and with any luck you should see enough to make the trip well worthwhile. If not, there are overnight accommodations nearby.

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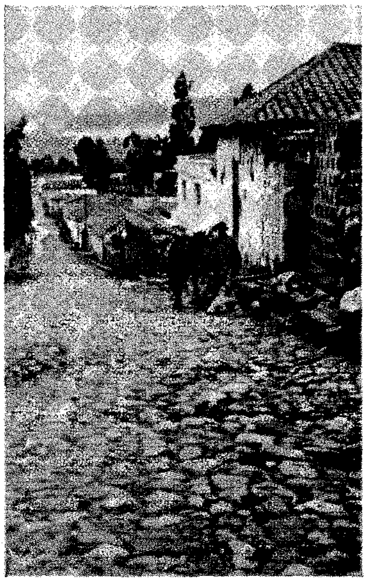
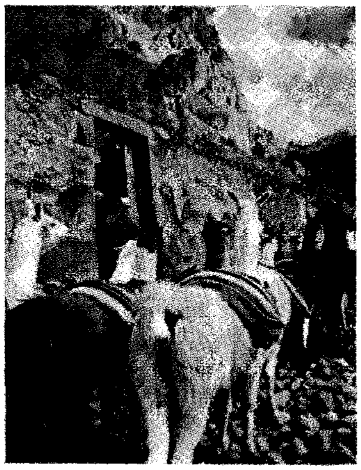
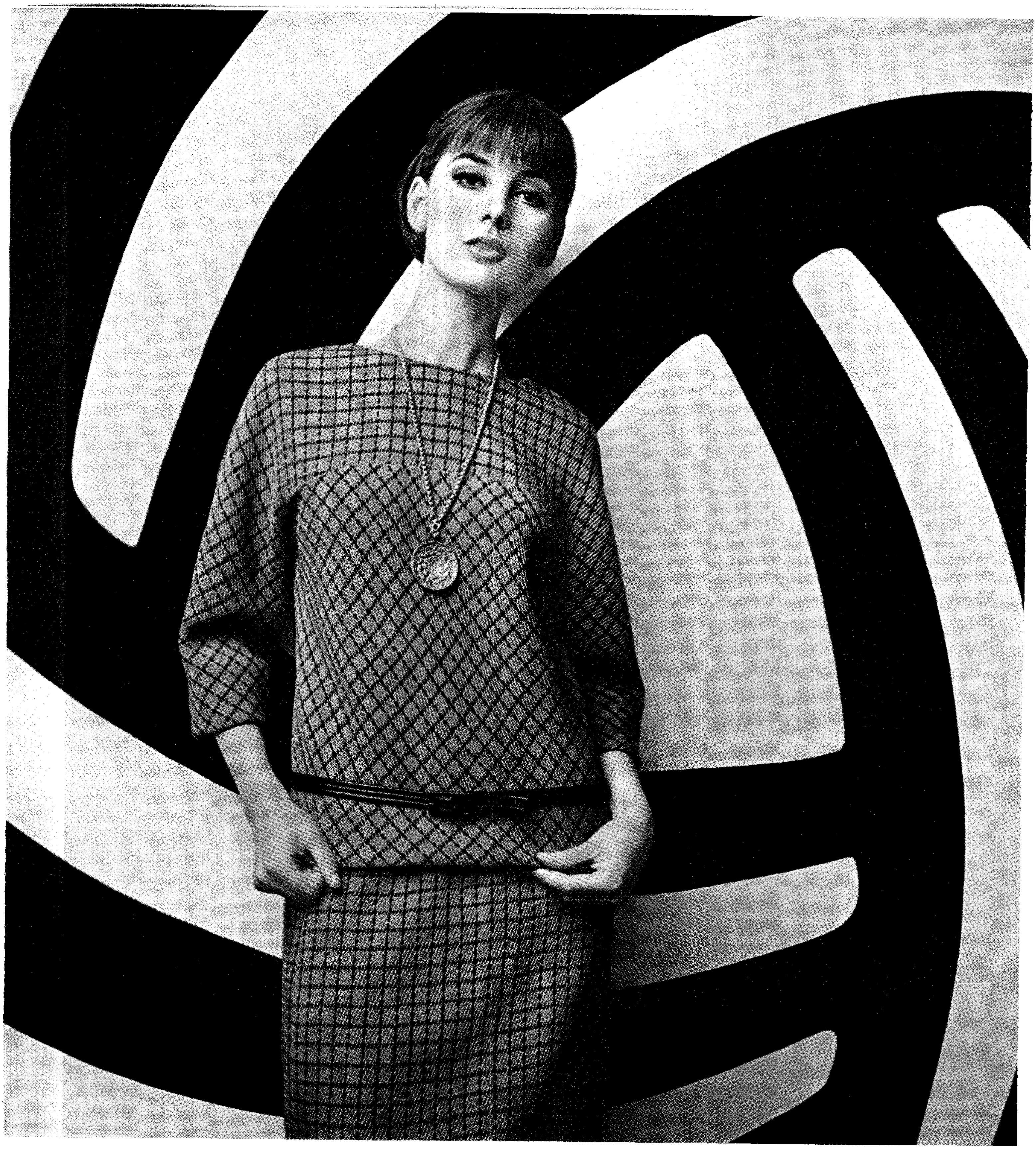


Ecuador



Peru

Venezuela



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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Sobolskis made their residence. It had happened early in the afternoon. The boy had been at home for two days with a cold in his head, and on the third day, when Mrs. Sobolski told him he could go out, he went out running. But it seemed, according to City News, that the father hadn't (at three o'clock that afternoon) been informed of the loss of his only son. Sobolski was reported by the police to be missing from the tailor shop he worked in, City News said. The proprietor said Sobolski had asked for an hour off to go out somewhere. What had he been doing when the truck struck that son of his? City News didn't say.

I told Mr. Barrett I thought there might be a "World We Live In" in this sad occurrence because of the father's mysterious absence from the tailor shop. "O.K., Mac," said Barrett busily, "see what you can do with it."

"Taxi?" I asked, knowing the answer would be "No," and it was. A reporter could occasionally wangle taxi expenses out of the *World* if there was a hell of a big story—a four-alarm fire or a good murder—but on "World We Live In" pieces you walked, took a subway or a trolley car, or, if you were as rich as I thought I was, you simply took a taxi and paid for it yourself out of the fifty dollars a week. I put on my overcoat, with the green-covered *American Mercury* in one of its pockets, put my soft gray felt hat on my head, and picked up my hard Malacca walking stick. Below the gold dome, I waved a taxi to the curb with the stick and gave the driver the Rivington Street address. What the hell? I still had three dollars, and the next day was payday.

JOURNALISM, by its very nature, is intrusive, and as a reporter I had, between the ages of seventeen and nineteen, become as intrusive as the next one. I knew that I could act as if I were a shy, sensitive, and sympathetic young man when I told whoever would answer my knock on the door of the Sobolski flat that I was a reporter from the *World*, and, if necessary, flash my green police press card. It was a small girl who opened the door, and she was a cinch. In another moment, I was asking Mrs. Sobolski all kinds of questions having to do with what I probably called her great loss. The police and the undertaker and so on had already come and gone, and I knew that to Mrs. Sobolski I just seemed to be another kind of policeman who carried a stick instead of a club. She was thirty-eight years old. She was a good,

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big Polish woman, but in my mind she became suitably small. Frail! That was the word! I made a mental note of it.

The little girl was Richard's younger sister, and she was named Anne—with an "e," because, as she told me, she liked "e"s. She was ten. She told me "e" meant "Excellent," and that Richard got this mark on his report cards at school all the time, and so did she. No weeping was going on in that tenement flat. Mrs. Sobolski was in what I would now call a state of shock. It was very easy to interrogate people of whatever age, of whatever class, creed, race, or color, when they were in this state, as I knew only too well. I got all the facts and an anecdote or two about Richard. I could have written a short biography of him if I'd known how at the time, but I was determined to put off writing books until I was at least as old as Joseph Conrad was when *he* started writing books, and that gave me twenty more years. Two whole decades! I wanted eventually to write things that contained both comedy and tragedy, like Shakespeare. Who else?

I got the note of comedy, or what I thought was comedy at the time, from Mrs. Sobolski. It seems that one day she and her husband and Richard (this was when Anne was just a baby) had gone over to Staten Island on the ferryboat from the Battery and, after a long walk, had found a stream for Richard to paddle in. He was four. When they had to start back to Rivington Street, Richard obeyed after some discussion, and then he said to the stream, "Never mind, little stream, I'll be back to paddle in you again sometime." Ah, Richard!

"And where is your husband, Mrs. Sobolski?"

"He was going after lunch to buy the Meccano set for Richard."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sobolski."

At last, Mr. Sobolski arrived, having run up the five flights of dark stairs.

"The police have told me," he said to his wife.

"This gentleman is from the newspaper," she said to him.

And Mr. Sobolski looked up at me and took off his hat. I said goodbye to the three of them and left. I had my story, and I also had—although I didn't know it—a memory that would never leave me.

—St. Clair McKelway

•

12:30 (3) NBC Sports in Action: "The Population Explosion."—*San Francisco Sunday Chronicle.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

FREEZE AND THAW: THE ARTIST IN SOVIET RUSSIA—III

THE cultural freeze that gripped Russia during the winter of 1962-63—a winter I spent in Leningrad as an American exchange student—caught many Russians completely off guard. It came (as freezes had come time and again, in a cyclical pattern, during the past decade) just when prospects for continued freedom in the arts looked most hopeful. There seemed good reason to believe that the de-Stalinization of Soviet cultural life was to continue, and that those supporters of Stalin who still held positions of authority were to be stripped, once and for all, of their power. Then President Kennedy took an uncompromising position on Cuba, and Peking stepped up its efforts to wrest primacy in the Communist world from Moscow. External pressures such as these find immediate reflection inside the Kremlin. Soviet reactionaries, encouraged by what they considered Khrushchev's inability to cope with this ideological war on two fronts, pressed their case for a restoration of the control and discipline of Stalin's days. There is a Russian proverb that says, "To dislodge a wedge, you need a wedge." Although the aims of the Neo-Stalinists were political and totally concerned with power and its retention, the nature of the wedge they employed was in large part cultural. By a fortunate accident of timing, they had taken the first step prior to the Cuban crisis. A petition seeking Party intervention to halt the spread of "formalist" art—that is, the art of the avant-garde—had already been presented during the November meetings of the Central Committee. In it, by a simplistic form of logic that was difficult to refute, the Neo-Stalinists set out to demonstrate that the Party's "soft" cultural line had contributed to the degenerating international situation. Therefore, they maintained, the first step was to bring the liberal intellectuals to heel.

Representatives of the reactionary far right of Communism are to be found in all areas of Soviet life. Though their motives may vary, they are united in their political and philosophical position. Allied with the Stalinists are the *apparatchiki*, or career organization men, with their chauvinistic orientation and their taste for the approved "Socialist realism" in art and life. Of this type of *apparatchik* the writer Konstantin Paustovsky said at a Moscow Writers' Union meeting, "They are the cynics, the black obscurantists . . . who quite openly carry on anti-Semitic talk of a sort worthy of pogrom-makers." To them, poets like Yevgeny Yevtushenko and Andrei Voznesensky, writers like Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Ilya Ehrenburg and Paustovsky himself, and journalists like Alexander Tvardovsky, editor of the literary magazine *Novy Mir*, are Soviet Russia's enemies.

In the spring of 1963, I had a long conversation with a Western diplomat—a man of high intelligence and broad experience, who is the chief of his country's mission to the Soviet Union. We talked in the garden of his embassy, and as he spoke it seemed to me that he was thinking aloud, sorting out some of his own ideas. The afternoon was bright and balmy, and the crocuses were out. "You must try to remember," he said, "that what we are witnessing is not a cultural controversy at all but a wholly political one, in which Communism, like any revealed religion, is going through a new phase of conflict with itself. We all worry about a return to Stalinism. Never mind for a moment what we of the West would prefer, or even what the people of Russia would like. Because Communism is a fundamentalist doctrine, enforcement really *should* occur along Stalinist lines, where any dissent is treason, and where heresy is intolerable. Total ideological commitment ought to be the only way. But because the strain of the past decades on the human fabric has been so great—first Stalin and then the war—a softening, an easing, has been permitted. This easing, however, is not to be interpreted as a license to initiate unorthodox activity or to criticize the government, for any such criticism would, if tolerated, lead in time to criticism of those fundamental principles on which the militant revealed religion is founded.

"And there is another problem. To traffic in ideas of coexistence is to admit that you are no better than the heathen. Communism, you must remember, is an all-excluding religious system. Therefore, even to suggest cultural coexistence is—and should be—heresy. That is why Viktor Nekrasov became

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an arch-villain and a heretic when he depicted the positive aspects of Western life in 'On Both Sides of the Ocean.' To permit him to get away with it unpunished would be to welcome a Trojan horse within the walls. So after the wide-open period that reached its peak in the summer and fall of 1962 the ideological screws were tightened right down the line. Maybe Cuba did trigger it, for there exists a continuing need to maintain a sense of Cold War pressure in order to assure internal cohesion and to remind both the government and the governed that survival is possible only through monolithic unity. From that axiom derives the leaders' mandate to lead. Therefore the leaders, having allowed a loosening, now wish to tighten up again. But the nation's tolerance for discipline and coercion must be carefully estimated. Subtle changes were brought about, you see, by that Party-given liberalization. Each loosening leaves precedents behind. So the Party is faced with a seesaw dilemma. Its authority is abraded between the millstones of what the fundamentalist religion demands and what the human traffic will bear.

"You realize, of course, that the rightness or wrongness of the Communist way of life is a matter for debate only from the viewpoint of those of us living in the West. For over ninety-nine per cent of the people here, it is not even a subject for consideration. Everyone and everything is encompassed by the system. Of course, that goes for the artist, too. In the end, the freebooting of the intellectuals must be brought under control. Yet as new pressure is applied against the intelligentsia, new problems are created for the Party. Remember that this conspiracy, like most revealed religions, is internationalist. Consequently, you have special frictions across national borders. In Italy, for instance, where the present controversy is being closely observed, the Communist Party is not the Establishment. As the opposition, the Party in Italy has problems of its own. It must continue to woo the intellectual left. It must not decry abstract art. Why? Because the left-wing Italian intellectuals happen to cherish abstract art. So the Party is forced to differ with Moscow over artistic matters. You can depend on it—there will be concessions of one sort or another here aimed at reassuring the Italian intellectual left. *And* the French. And so it goes.

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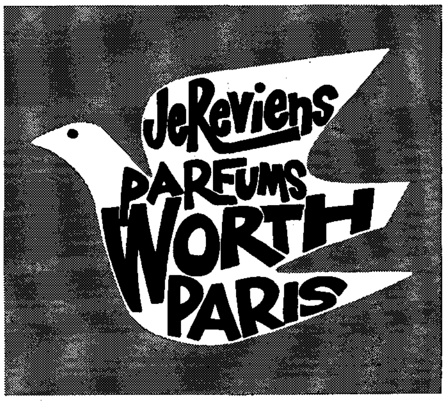

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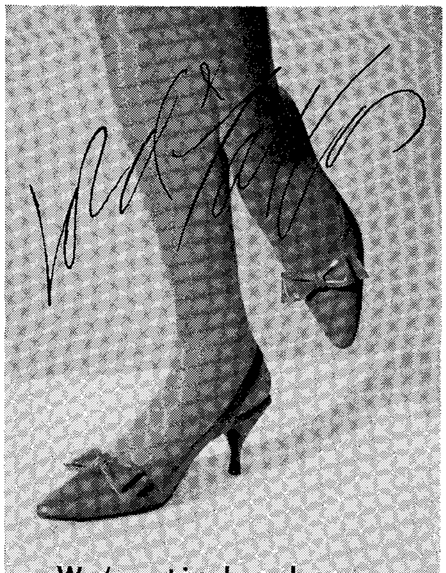
curtailing contact with the West. Yet such isolation is obviously very difficult to enforce. Consequently, for a variety of reasons, a *détente* has come along every few years, followed, in turn, by a reversal. And each time this pendulum motion occurs, the Party, restricted by its own promise not to return to the methods of the Stalinist past, must give a bit of ground. Khrushchev had to open the door to let in light and air. That is both his virtue and his dilemma. The victories won by the intellectual left are not too reliable an indication of how dead Stalin really is. As long as 'civic obedience' and submission to Party control are required of the artist, the punishments administered in times of reaction will be the truest indication. By all means, watch the prize lists. But watch the pillories, too."

KHRUSHCHEV'S maneuvers among the members of the Party hierarchy, upon whom he relied for his continued authority, often involved extremely subtle and intricate shifts in personal relationships. There was considerable playing off of one faction against another, and an observer got the feeling that the Premier was wily enough to test the strength of the opposing factions by letting them fight their way to a decision on an issue before he came out for one group or the other. Around March 19th, Khrushchev left Moscow for a holiday in Gagra, on the Black Sea—an interlude that lasted almost five weeks. Trying to piece together what was taking place behind the scenes during these weeks offers an exercise in detective work that is at once compelling and frustrating. For it seems to me that if one period can be set forth as *the* critical moment for the liberal intellectuals during the ideological-aesthetic controversy, as it came to be called, it is the Gagra interlude.

Even before Khrushchev left Moscow, it had become obvious that a new drive was being mounted against the liberal camp. On March 15th, Stepan Shchipachov, a liberal leader of the older generation, was removed as chairman of the Moscow Writers' Union; the reason given was his error in supporting Yevtushenko. Then the manuscript of the fifth, and final, installment of Yevtushenko's autobiography, which had been appearing in the Paris newspaper *L'Express*, with no prior publication in the Soviet Union, was mailed back to the poet in Moscow and was evidently intercepted by agents of the security police. Finally, on March 25th, the day before an important



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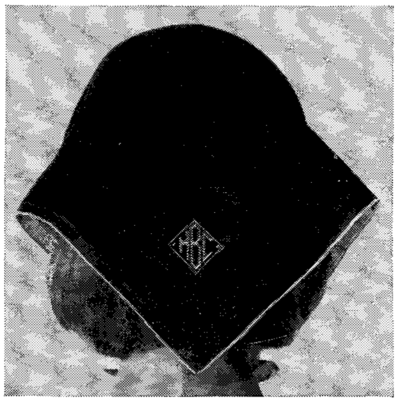

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meeting of the Writers' Union of the U.S.S.R., the most ominous event of all took place. According to a report by K.-S. Karol in *L'Express*, the Moscow-based correspondents of all foreign Communist newspapers were called together and shown a dossier of liberal artists' and writers' transgressions. The language of the dossier was uncomfortably reminiscent of the accusatory style of the purge years. It identified "an opportunist faction" that included Yevtushenko and others, and that was described as following in the footsteps of "that dubious political personality, Boris Pasternak." In the sort of language that in recent years had been applied only to "Doctor Zhivago," the dossier condemned Yevtushenko's autobiography as "a blasphemy on the October Revolution." The attack was too strong to be resisted, and on March 28th Yevtushenko made a recantation before the Writers' Union. "I have committed an irreparable mistake," he said. "I feel the burden of guilt on my shoulders. . . . I want to assure the writers' collective that I fully comprehend and recognize my error, and that I will try to correct it by all my future work."

It now began to appear that the reactionaries had gone too far. For one thing, the response of the Communist journalists who had been summoned to hear the contents of the "dossier of the accused" was not at all what the reactionaries might have hoped. As Karol reported, a Cuban journalist rose to defend Yevtushenko as a hero of the Cuban people. Augusto Pancaldi, the Moscow correspondent for the Italian Communist paper *Unità*, filed a critical dispatch. And while the French said nothing at the time, they interpreted the condemnation of Yevtushenko's autobiography as an insult to the dialectical competence of such leaders of the French Communist Party as Louis Aragon and Maurice Thorez, who had given Yevtushenko their personal support and approval.

During the weeks that Khrushchev was in Gagra, resentment grew in Communist circles throughout Western Europe and even among the Soviet satellites. The recantations extracted from Yevtushenko and others brought unequivocal protests from Italy and France, where the "Stalinist methods" that had been used against the Soviet intellectuals were looked upon as totally inexcusable. The Czechs were angered when, seeking permission to publish Yevtushenko's autobiography, they were refused the right to do so. ("Those Czechs have their nerve,"

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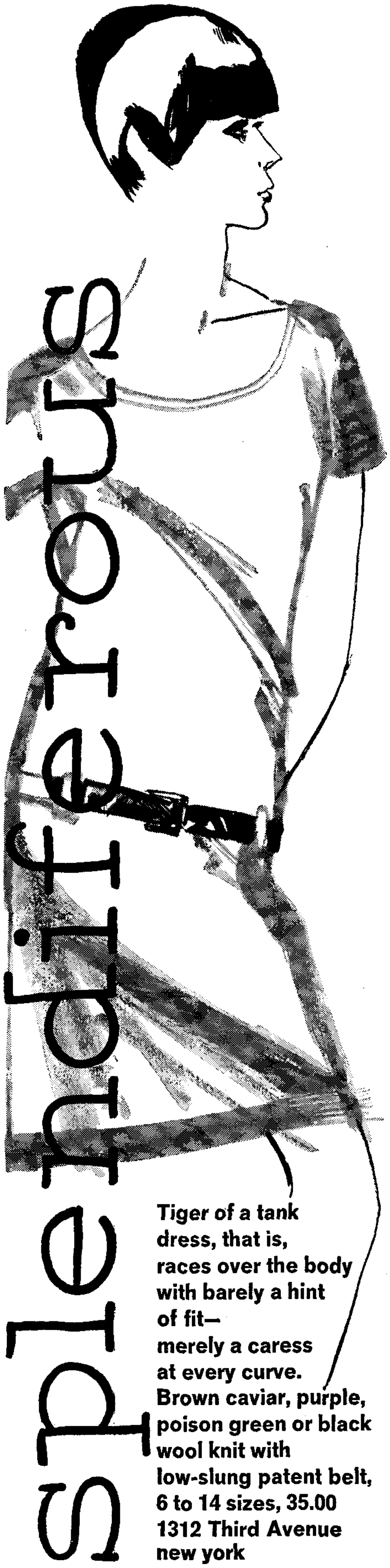

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commented a young architect friend of mine named Niktonov. "That autobiography hasn't even been published in the Soviet Union yet. They'll just have to wait their turn.") And nothing could have been more embarrassing to Moscow than the necessity of excising from *Pravda* part of a statement by the Italian Communist Party leader Palmiro Togliatti, who, in a news conference on the eve of the Italian elections, had declared, "We diverge from the position taken by the Soviet Union with regard to art," adding that nobody had the right "to tell an artist how to write a poem, how to create music, or how to paint."

By the beginning of the second week in April, spring was well under way in Russia. The long bind of winter had at last begun to loosen. Politically, there was a lull. No more confessions or apologies were forthcoming from recalcitrant intellectuals. "For the time being, there will be no more fireworks," said Niktonov.

"For the time being?" I asked.

"Oh, it's far from over," he said. "The real climax will come with the Central Committee's Plenum on Ideology, in May. Meanwhile, the flag of truce is out."

Scheduled to open on May 28th, the plenum was intended by the reactionaries to be the occasion for dealing the coup de grâce to the left, for settling old scores, and for bringing about closer Party control of the arts. And if these "heirs of Stalin," as Yevtushenko called them, did not count on a complete reversal of Khrushchev's earlier policy of moderation, they had every reason to believe that the intellectual left could be forced into line by two decisive actions—tightening the control over publishing, and amalgamating the various artists' unions into one, all-inclusive union. In Leningrad, there was much discussion of both propositions among students and intellectuals. Niktonov said that, in his opinion, the adoption of these measures would be disastrous to the liberal cause in Russia. "Consolidation has always been a means of tightening control," he said. "You know that our trade unions are nothing like yours; in our factories we have not yet invented collective bargaining. It is different in the arts. At present, artists, composers, writers, and film workers have separate unions. Take a young painter who is not yet selling his work easily. For him, membership in the Artists' Union is essential if he is to make a decent living. Oh, he can always earn his bread by working at odd jobs or in a factory. But there

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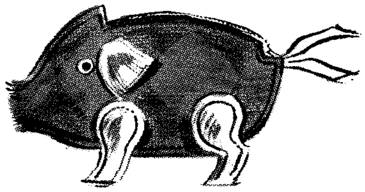

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"What about a writer?" I asked.

"The same thing is true," Niktonov said. "He may be able to get a job translating. But only union members get the good jobs."

"And what about publishing?"

"Ah, the reactionary dream is one huge *glavpechat*—a central house that would regulate publishing throughout the Soviet Union. Once that was achieved, there would be no more unauthorized publications to embarrass the government. In this country, you know, publishing has always been big business. At the time of the First World War—despite what you may believe about our barbaric and illiterate nation—the publishing figures for Russia were greater than those for England and France combined. Writers like Sholokhov and Simonov are rich men. Why, just the other day there was an announcement that the works of Yuri Kazakov would be printed this fall in an edition of a hundred thousand. Obviously, amalgamation means control. The adoption of either measure would be a terrible blow to our generation, I can tell you."

"And will these measures be adopted?" I asked.

Niktonov shook his head. "I don't know. It depends on what happens between now and the plenum. It depends on so many things. I just don't know."

WHEN Khrushchev returned to Moscow, on April 20th, he was sunburned, smiling, and at the top of his form. If the reactionaries had voiced any complaints about the stalemate in which they found themselves, he might have told them that although he had given them free reign, they had failed to bring the liberal intelligentsia to its knees; moreover, he could have pointed out that they had botched things at home and stirred up bad publicity abroad. By April 24th, it was business as usual for Khrushchev the strategist and showman. On that day, he delivered a speech at a Conference of Industrial and Building Workers of the Russian Federation. While it was not, to be sure, a cultural event, it was nonetheless an occasion to learn something of the Premier's mood. After pointing out that Russia had already outstripped America in the production of cement, he turned to the mistaken

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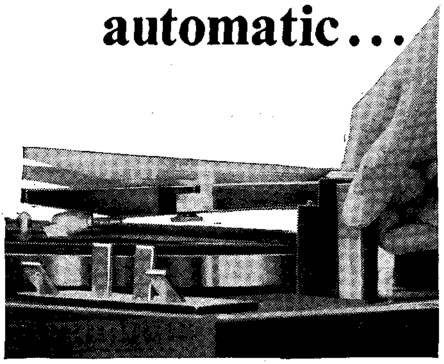

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notions brought home by certain travelling writers as to just "how good the capitalist world is," and declared:

> Some people, gray-haired writers among them, went abroad and began to cackle like old hens on returning home: "How well we were received! What freedom of artistic endeavor there is! You can paint and write as you please.... What wonders we saw there!" ... They saw there panties for their wives of a color they had never seen in our country, so they started sighing: "This is America. They make better panties than we do." (*Laughter*)

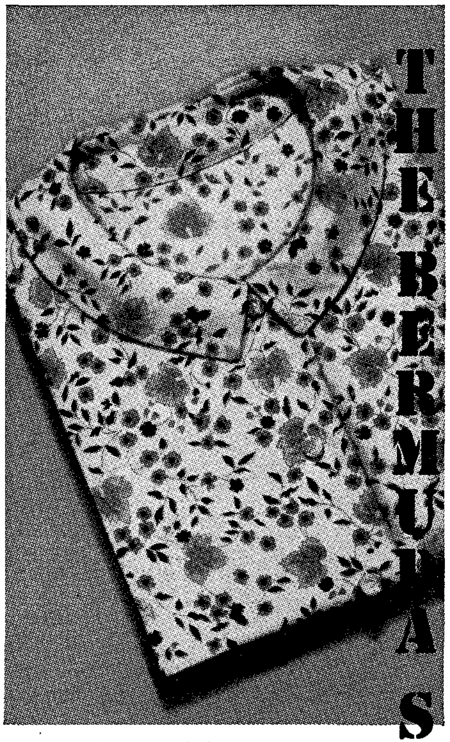
This speech, with laughter in the right places, was the first step taken by Khrushchev to reëstablish a moderate approach to ideological-aesthetic matters. At the same time, he pointed out that the Party's attitude toward two basic matters—peaceful coexistence, and Party guidance in the arts—remained unaltered. He said:

> Some writers and artists drew the wrong conclusions from the measures that the Party took to overcome the harmful consequences of the Stalin personality cult. They failed to understand that the drive against the personality cult did not at all imply a weakening of guidance of the organized management of state and public life in this country. These people did not realize that this drive could not be construed as a negation of authority, or as cause to belittle the role of the leadership in the life of society.

Khrushchev did not neglect to encourage those who were providing "healthy criticism" of Soviet shortcomings, and, in a clear reference to the diehard Stalinist faction, he pointed out that such criticism was essential, in order that "even those whose skin has become as tough as elephant hide will feel the need to look at life in a new way." All in all, the April 24th speech conveyed the impression that the Premier was intent on asserting the control of the Party's moderate center over both the left and the right.

In discussing this speech with Niktonov, I asked if he didn't think it was an encouraging sign for the liberals. Niktonov shrugged and said, "There will be plenty of talk between now and the end of May, but what counts is still the plenum on ideology. That's when we will learn who has the upper hand."

Although Niktonov remained rather pessimistic, other friends of mine began to feel that the worst was over, and that the liberals had a good chance of holding their own when the showdown came in May. There were several good omens. One was a literary evening at Moscow's Polytechnic Museum at which an interesting question-and-an-



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swer session provided the first real assurance that Yevtushenko was not to be further persecuted for publishing his autobiography abroad. The session was presided over by an officer of the Moscow Writers' Union named Dmitri Eremin. The following is from notes made by a friend of mine who attended:

QUESTION: Where is Yevtushenko now?

EREMIN: He has recently returned to Moscow from a Writers' Union house of rest.

QUESTION: What was he doing there?

EREMIN: Having a good think.

QUESTION: What will happen to him now?

EREMIN: Happen? Why, he will go on with his work.

QUESTION: Did he make a statement when he was attacked at the March meetings of writers and artists?

EREMIN: Yes, to be sure. He stated and reaffirmed his patriotism. And he acknowledged the justness of much of the criticism.

QUESTION: What about the conditions under which the autobiography was published in France?

EREMIN: There has been much incorrect information on this matter. Originally, through the channels of our International Book Publishing House, arrangements were made for a book of Yevtushenko's verse to be published in the United States. It was asked that he provide something by way of an autobiographical preface for that book. All this was agreed upon before Yevtushenko went to Germany and France. He worked on the preface in Paris and dispatched it from there. The poet was, it appears, much taken with the beauties of Paris and longed to extend his stay. To gain the necessary funds to do this, he contracted to expand his autobiographical notes for the French paper *L'Express*. I do not believe he intended to cause difficulties.

QUESTION: What kind of paper is *L'Express*?

EREMIN: If I understand the direction of the question, I should say it is an average, even typical, bourgeois paper. No, it is not reactionary.

QUESTION: Did Yevtushenko consult with anyone in Moscow about the advisability of such publication? Could he have done so?

EREMIN: No, he did not consult with anyone. And, yes, he could have. We have a perfectly marvellous embassy in Paris. I believe that the poet recognizes now that he might have thought out his actions a little more fully ahead of time.

This exchange was pleasant enough, but then, on May 7th, with the plenum on ideology only three weeks away, an alarming change took place in the political atmosphere. Greville Wynne, a British subject, was tried for espionage by the Military Collegium of the Soviet Supreme Court in Moscow. His co-defendant was Oleg Penkovsky, a colonel in the reserve of G.R.U. (Sovi-

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et Military Intelligence) who until his arrest had been a deputy head of the foreign department of the State Committee for Coördination of Scientific Research. Both men were found guilty; Wynne was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, and Penkovsky's execution by firing squad was announced five days later. The xenophobic mood generated by the trial was quickly followed by an official campaign for "heightened vigilance" in all relations between Soviet nationals and foreigners in Russia. Articles in the press began to flower with the military imagery of the mid-nineteen-fifties; Soviet writers, for instance, were referred to as "soldiers of the Party." The reactionaries could not have asked for a better break.

In the five months since Khrushchev had "declared war" on the intellectual avant-garde at a Moscow exhibition of abstract art, there was one important figure on the cultural scene who had steadfastly maintained silence—Alexander Tvardovsky, the editor of the literary journal *Novy Mir*. To the reactionaries, Tvardovsky was anathema for having printed Ilya Ehrenburg's memoirs (the issue of *Novy Mir* containing the fifth installment of them was held up almost twelve weeks by the censor), Viktor Nekrasov's "On Both Sides of the Ocean," and Alexander Solzhenitsyn's powerful story about life in a Soviet prison camp, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich." During those five months of silence, rumors circulated that Tvardovsky had been dismissed from his post, but they all proved untrue. Now, with the reverberations of the Wynne trial still in the Moscow air, Tvardovsky chose to break his silence. On the same day that the papers carried the news of Penkovsky's conviction, a statement by Tvardovsky was published in *Pravda*. Even now, I am not certain whether his choice of a moment to speak out attested to a masterly sense of timing or whether it was merely another example of the haphazard way things are done inside a totalitarian state, with its stagnant and compartmentalized bureaucracy.

Everything about "the Tvardovsky Defense," as Niktonov called it, was remarkable. It was presented in the form of an interview, and what was most extraordinary was the choice of an interviewer. To the amazement of everyone, he was a Western journalist—Henry Shapiro, the Moscow correspondent for United Press International. (Mr. Shapiro later told me that he had been trying for months to get a statement from Tvardovsky, and

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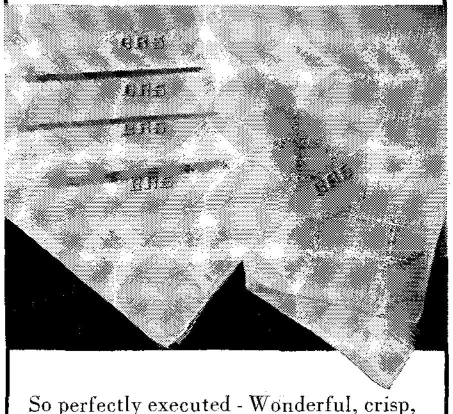

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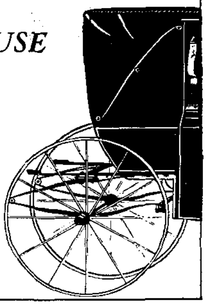

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could hardly believe it when permission came through.) The interview took the form of a set of questions submitted in writing by Shapiro and answered, also in writing, by Tvardovsky. The *Pravda* account occupied the lower columns of the paper's two center pages—a position of strategic importance—and carried Shapiro's byline.

At first reading, Tvardovsky's statement, headed "The Literature of Socialist Realism Has Always Gone Hand in Hand with the Revolution," does not strike one as very bold. From the conventional, almost Party-orthodox quality of the language, anyone unfamiliar with Tvardovsky's position and character might well assume that here was yet another exercise in polemical nonsense served up by yet another Party hack. I confess that after my own first reading of the Tvardovsky Defense I saw little in it to support Niktonov's delighted conclusion that Tvardovsky had taken a giant step in "routing the obscurantist enemy." Niktonov asked me what I had found disappointing.

"The first five paragraphs accomplish nothing," I said.

"Ah, good! You miss the subtlety of the *giuoco-piano* opening," said Niktonov. "Go on, read it again."

"Do you know how to play chess?" I asked.

"No, but I read novels. So I know about *giuoco piano*, and, whatever it is, Tvardovsky is a master of it. Read it again. And out loud, if you don't mind. Start with the part about our inheritance."

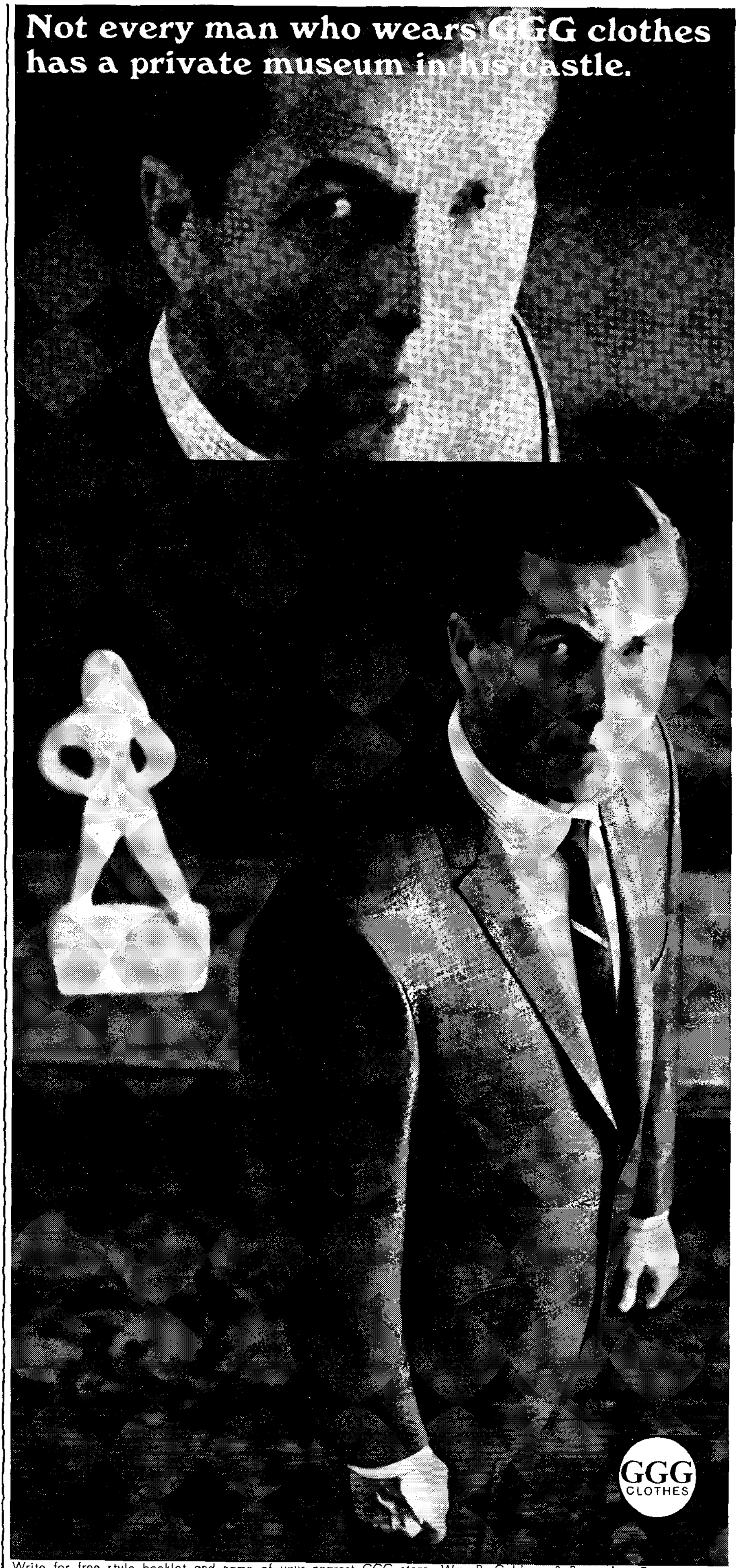
I picked up *Pravda* and began to read aloud from the Tvardovsky Defense. As I read, Niktonov paced the room and puffed on a cigarette.

> "To guard our inheritance, as we say following Lenin, does not mean to restrict that inheritance. Soviet literature is indebted to the great literature of the past—both our own and the world's—and it cannot do otherwise than to join to that legacy the worthy acquisitions it gave birth to in the great revolution...."

"Look how the shrewd old conjurer moves his men into position," Niktonov broke in. "That reference to the Grand Master himself, Lenin—"

"Everybody mentions Lenin in every speech," I said. "The only movement so far is that of clichés."

"Wrong, wrong, wrong! Look at the step-by-step building of an orthodox defense against those who would like to have his head for heresy. When we consider how to 'guard our inheritance'—why, there is Lenin's own instruction! Unimpeachable authori-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“Well?” said Niktonov. “Do you see the brilliance of—”

“Of the ideas?”

“No, I was thinking of the technique again,” he said. “That ‘methods and means.’ Why, it’s an outright quote from Scripture to justify experimentation throughout the arts!”

I shook my head. Niktonov’s interpretation was almost like something out of George Orwell. “Who else is going to read Tvardovsky this way?” I asked.

“His enemies, that’s who. Look at the way Tvardovsky identifies several of his writers,” Niktonov said. He pointed to the middle of the third column, where Tvardovsky was speaking of various young writers who had contributed to what he called the “important and promising tendencies” in Soviet literature since the Twentieth Party Congress. Niktonov continued, “Observe how he reminds us that Vladimir Tendryakov, for example, was ‘not long since a Komsomol worker.’ And here—Gavriil Troyepolsky is spoken of as ‘the former agronomist.’ You see? By characterizing some of them with reference to their particular form of political activism or specialty, Tvardovsky underlines the social stability of them all. He establishes a framework of orthodoxy and legality in which to represent *all* the contributors to *Novy Mir*.”

“How will the Ideological Commission react to all this?” I asked Niktonov.

“Snarling but submissive,” said Niktonov. “Tvardovsky obviously has Khrushchev’s personal backing—after all, *Pravda* is the official organ of the Party.”

Obviously delighted with himself and Tvardovsky, Niktonov pointed to a passage where the editor of *Novy Mir* continued, with reference to Solzhenitsyn’s “One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich”:

> And I will never forget the warmth with which N. S. Khrushchev spoke of that story of Solzhenitsyn’s—of its hero’s preservation of a laboring man’s dignity and beauty under inhuman conditions, of the truthfulness of the account, and of

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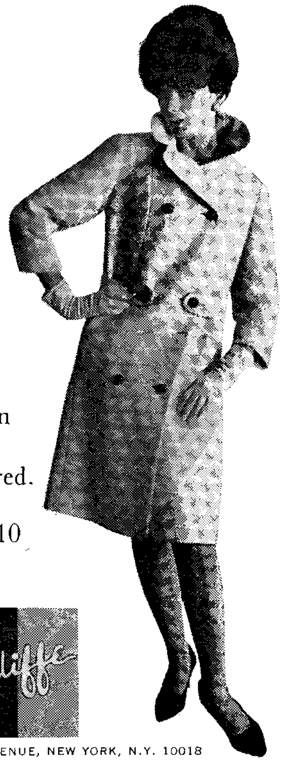

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the author's Party approach to so bitter and severe a reality.

"Can you see it?" Niktonov said. "The tip of the bayonet among the flowers? That phrase '*partiinom pod-khode avtora*'—'the author's Party approach'—is the fiat of orthodoxy. There is no more potent dogmatic position than that of the 'Party approach' to any aspect of life. That is what the ideological-aesthetic war is all about. I tell you, old Tvardovsky has outflanked them all!"

Perhaps the Tvardovsky Defense was the final straw; perhaps it was only one of many straws. But several days after it appeared we heard that the plenum on ideology had been postponed from May 28th to June 18th.

WHEN the plenum finally came around, it was an anticlimax—totally haphazard and inconclusive. During a discussion of the various proposals for establishing firmer organizational control over the arts, Khrushchev went out of his way to avoid giving offense to the liberal intellectuals, which clearly infuriated the Stalinists. Alexei Adzhubei, the editor of *Izvestia*, criticized Leonid Ilichev, the head of the Ideological Commission. Ilichev, in turn, criticized Yekaterina Furtseva, the Minister of Culture, for failing to show "more energetic leadership." There was no one immediately accessible for her to attack, so, after apologizing to Ilichev, she excoriated "the unprincipled position of certain people who criticize non-Party art." Those whom Niktonov called "the nasty men" were silent. True, the measures of most importance to the reactionaries were discussed, but Khrushchev, though he spoke favorably of the creation of a *glavpechat*, declared that he saw no reason to set up a single artists' union. All this suggested something improvised and uncertain about the plenum—a far cry from the old days of control and coördination under Stalin.

I was puzzled by the outcome—unable to explain to my own satisfaction why no real measures had been taken to bring the liberal intellectuals into line. Again, it was Niktonov who suggested to me some of the less obvious reasons for the Party's display of restraint.

"You have been in Russia for a year and a half, and you still oversimplify," he said. "Of course the Party has not abandoned its general aims and goals. Do not take the inaction of the plenum as evidence of that. But look at the publicity the intellectuals have

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got from these past months—not only internationally but at home as well. To have cracked down hard would have meant more publicity, and of the very worst kind."

I told Niktonov what my diplomat friend had said—that since the Communist Parties of Western Europe were becoming fed up with Moscow's oversimplification in artistic matters, Moscow would eventually have to admit that art can portray life in all its complexity.

"I don't know that Moscow *has* to do anything," Niktonov said. "As far as Party politics are concerned, remember that you are dealing with politicians. The Soviet politician is no more scrupulous about niceties of principle than the politician anywhere else. There is a joke going around. Question: What is the difference between the capitalist and the Communist ways of life? Answer: In the former, man exploits man; in the latter, it is just the opposite."

"It's a fine joke," I said. "But what has it to do with the plenum?"

"Self-interest," said Niktonov. "The point is self-interest. As a principle, it is fully operative among our politicians and intellectuals. In Soviet politics, as in American, the prime objective of individuals and groups is the same—the acquisition and retention of power. Look, if those guys in Moscow have any brains at all, they have figured out that there has been a pattern since Stalin's death. Each period of cultural relaxation ends with the restoration of some control. The objective of the reactionaries during a liberal period corresponds roughly to the objective of the American party out of office—to reverse the situation. What our reactionaries have apparently done is to manipulate Khrushchev by pretending to believe in a correspondence between cultural laxity at home and trouble abroad."

"But I still don't see how this business of self-interest applies to the plenum," I said. "Wouldn't the reactionary faction have welcomed consolidation of publishing and the unions?"

"Ah, that is where old-fashioned raw opportunism rears its head," Niktonov said. "At the plenum, the subject of the *glavpechat* finally came up, and even Khrushchev wasn't opposed to it. Khrushchev said, 'A writer writes a bad book. The manuscript is rejected in Moscow and Leningrad. So he goes off to the provinces and finds a publishing house that will print his book because it is flattered by the idea of publishing the work of a writer from the

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big city.' And you have to admit he had a reasonable point. Still, no decree was adopted. Why? Honest, bourgeois self-interest. You see, one of the most powerful vested-interest groups in the Soviet Union is the conservative intelligentsia itself. Among its leaders are men whose books are published in editions of a hundred thousand or more. Now, centralization of publishing would have made possible a much tighter rein over the wayward publishing of revisionists. That's true. But chances are that it just might have had an adverse effect on the royalty position of those who sponsored the control measure. There you have a clear example of a social and economic fact of life operating to weaken the Party's ability to exert the absolute control that it theoretically desires."

"And the consolidation of the artistic unions?"

"Just think how many middle-rank bureaucrats would have been out of good jobs," Niktonov said. "The reactionaries' desire to shackle their liberal enemies is balanced by their fear of damaging their own position. So it's a standoff."

AT the end of April, 1963, I went to Moscow on a *komandirovka*, as a business trip is called in the Soviet Union. The ebb and flow of the ideological-aesthetic controversy had begun to weary me. Sometimes in Leningrad I could smell the salt air of the Finnish Gulf, and I found myself thinking more and more of the Helsinki girls in their high heels and pretty dresses, of the good cafés, of just wandering through Stockmann's luxurious department store again. So I headed inland to settle my nerves by burying myself deeper in Russia.

There is an Armenian restaurant in Moscow that I like very much, and I went there my first night in town. All the tables were occupied, but on the far side of the room, at a table for two, sat a man reading a newspaper. When there are no free tables, etiquette permits sitting with strangers, and as I made my way across the room, I saw that the man was reading *Literaturka*, as the *Literary Gazette* is familiarly called. I asked if I might join him. He looked up almost angrily, I thought, but said that of course I could join him. Then he returned to his reading. The fact that he was reading *Literaturka* made me think he was probably a member of the Moscow intelligentsia and might therefore know the latest news. Just the day before, I had read a new article on Yevtushenko, ending with the cliché indict-

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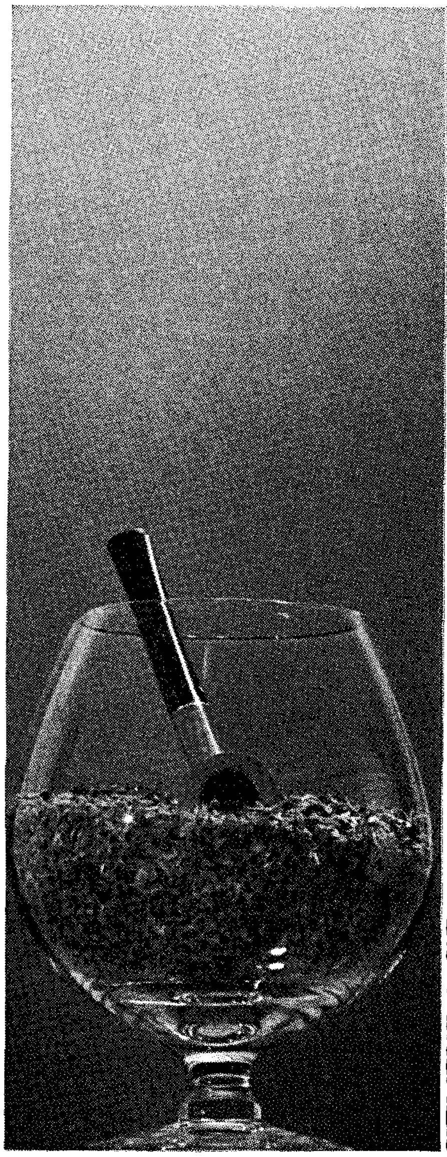

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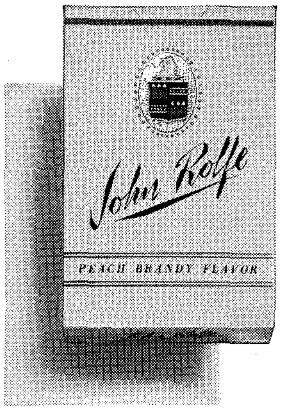

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ment "Comrade Yevtushenko, you have dirtied your hands abroad!" For all I knew, another campaign was about to be directed against the young writers and poets. When, at last, my companion folded his paper and laid it on the table with a sigh, I asked him if they were still beating on Yevtushenko. He looked at me and wagged a finger.

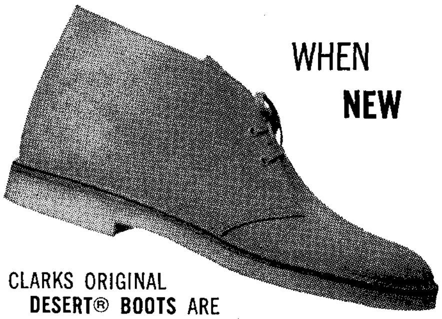
"Do you know what we are doing? We are hammering that clown into a symbol," he said ferociously. "What the idiots refuse to understand is that all this outcry will only make such people far more important. Take the average, intelligent Russian worker, who until recently never dreamed that such a person as Yevtushenko existed. After working his shift, steaming himself at the baths, and drinking his beer, he hasn't much time for reading poetry. But with all the publicity Yevtushenko is getting, you can bet that worker is going to borrow a copy of his poems and read every one. And then he'll say, 'This stuff isn't bad. Why don't they let the damn fellow live in peace?' And the worker will be right."

"What about the autobiography?" I asked.

"Have you read any of it? I have. I agree with whoever it was who said, 'How can Yevtushenko write his autobiography when he hasn't *done* anything yet?' Perfect. Criticism enough. But no. They go right ahead making a giant out of the boy, when all they need to do is quote Yevtushenko on Yevtushenko."

As he spoke, he picked up a small carafe of vodka, refilled his glass, and, without consulting me, filled mine. It was one of those automatic, human gestures that are part of the inextinguishable grace of the Russian people. Before I could thank him, he was talking again.

"Here is a typical example of the way Yevtushenko writes. He is in Munich. He is riding—picture it—in a limousine with Maria Schell, a beautiful actress." He paused to let this sink in. "Now, for almost any healthy young Soviet fellow such a miracle would be enough in itself. But not for Yevtushenko. Oh, no. Our Zhenya is troubled. Why is he troubled? Because he has seen a tank! And, according to him, he is so troubled by the sight of that tank that Fräulein Schell takes his hand and tries to soothe him! I don't doubt that she took his hand. I don't blame him for wanting to boast about it. What disgusts me is his inventing that bloody tank! They accuse him of immaturity, of lacking tact. It's *taste* he



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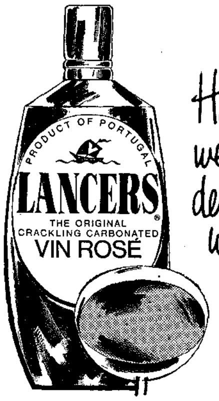

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hasn't got. At times he not only writes like a man, he even acts like one, but the next moment he's just another country bumpkin gawking at the sights. And they"—he tapped *Literaturka* with his thumb—"they disgust me, too. Because they always lay it on too thick—even when Yevtushenko is wrong and they're right."

He downed his vodka, and I sat blinking, trying to recover from the extraordinary outburst. Only a few snips from Yevtushenko's autobiography had appeared in the press, but this man had evidently had access to the complete version or to the translation published in *L'Express*. I couldn't tell whether he was a moderate or just an intelligent member of the reactionary camp with a keen sense of tactics.

"Being a hack is a craft," he went on. "Like being a writer or a poet. The choice example is Vladimir Yermilov. Do you realize that he has devoted a lifetime to destroying the first-rate? Why, thirty-three years ago he was already picking at Mayakovsky. Sometimes, when Mayakovsky was not only drunk but bored, he would want to go looking for Yermilov. One of his favorite alcoholic ambitions was to find Yermilov and, while reciting his own verses at the top of his lungs, beat him up. I knew Mayakovsky, yes. I was at the opening of his play 'The Bathhouse.' Some of his satirical verses were pasted up on the walls of the theatre, and there was one dedicated to Yermilov. If my memory is right, it went:

'You just can't evaporate
the bureaucratic swarm.
Not a hope.
There aren't enough
bathhouses
nor enough soap.
Besides,
bureaucrats get help
from the pens of
Critics
like Yermilov . . . '

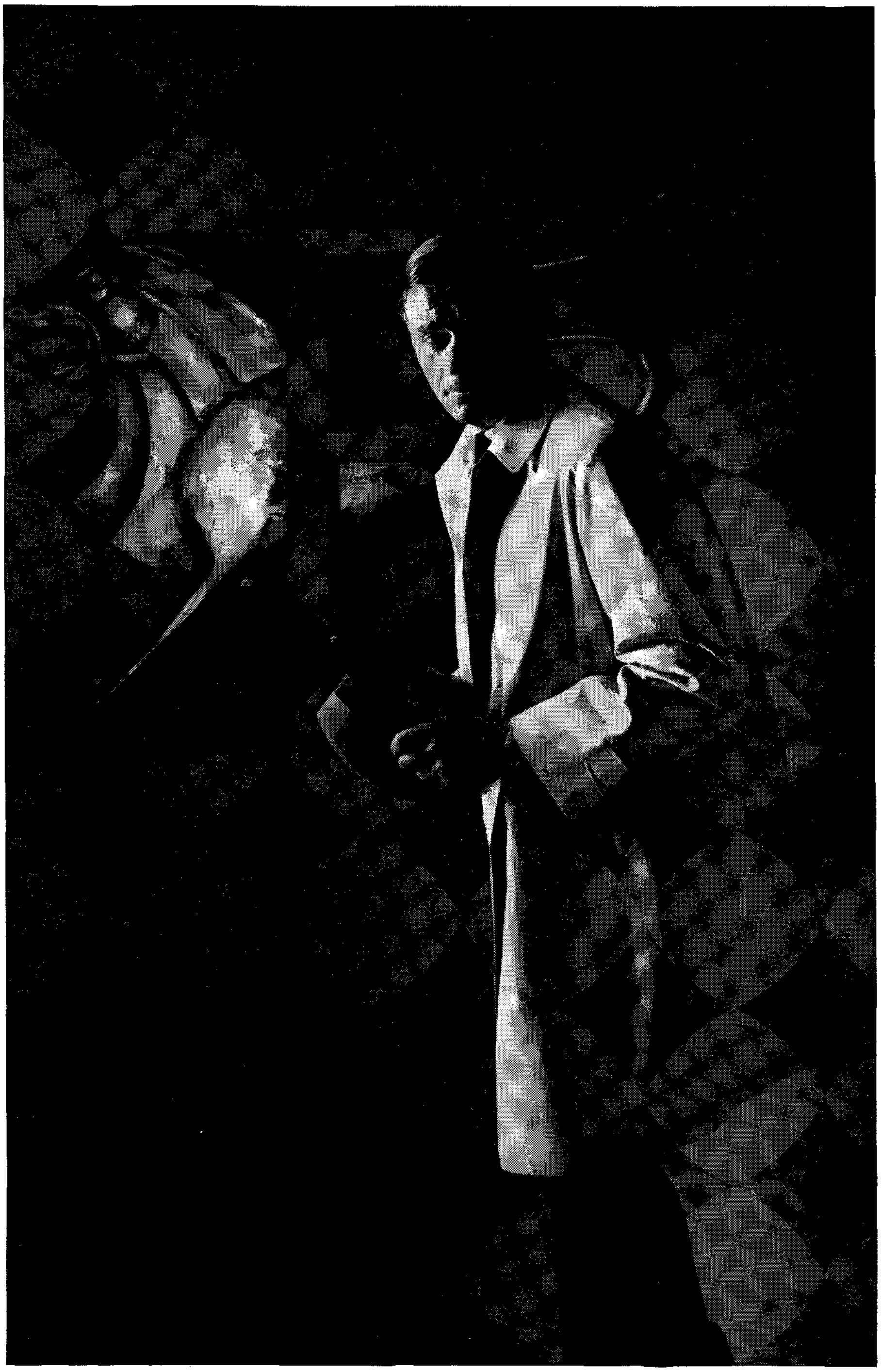
That's Yermilov for you," he said. "Thirty-three years in the bathhouse and he's still a bad smell." He turned and signalled for the waiter.

It was curious. So far, he had spoken ill of a star liberal poet and of a major reactionary critic. I couldn't yet tell what he considered himself. I asked, "Do you think there's any chance Yermilov might take over from Tvardovsky as editor of *Novy Mir*?"

At that moment, the waiter came hurrying up, and my companion said, "Six hundred grams." Then he turned to me and asked, "Is that too much?"

"That's fine," I said. Six hundred grams of vodka is nearly a pint.

The waiter nodded and went for



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the vodka. My companion said in a matter-of-fact voice, "If Yermilov took over, the magazine would stop publishing."

"You mean because no one would submit material?" I asked.

"There would always be hack writers to fill the pages. The other day, I saw an article somewhere attacking a decent young poet named Kushner. Now, there is no reason to attack poor Kushner—no *poetic* reason—so I looked to see who had signed the article. Some fellow I had never heard of. Why had I never heard of him? His title explained why: Ivan Ivan'ich So-and-So, Department Manager of the Frunze Department Store. There you are! The mania to see their names in print brings stocking salesmen out from behind their counters. What are they now? Critics!"

"But how does it happen?"

"Vanity, vanity," he said, filling our glasses and raising his. We drank. As he refilled the glasses, he said, "Obviously, someone came to this fellow and said, 'Ivan Ivan'ich, don't you agree that we must stop these hooligans from mocking the Soviet worker? . . . Good. Then sign your name to this article, and in the morning the whole world will attribute these noble sentiments to you.' Naturally, the booby signs. What other chance in his pitiful life will Ivan Ivan'ich have to break into print? Remember the man in Chekhov's story—the one who comes out of the beer hall and falls under the wheels of a carriage? The next day, he finds his name in the papers. It's under the heading 'Superficial Injuries,' but all the same he clips out the notice of his accident and, swollen with conceit, runs after people to show them what he's accomplished. No, if *Novy Mir* ever shut down it wouldn't be for lack of material. It's just that everyone would cancel his subscription. That's all. Sure, Tvardovsky is in trouble. Maybe that's what comes of running his journal with clean hands."

Our new vodka came, and I proposed a toast to Tvardovsky's clean hands. We drank. A crew of Armenian musicians had started work. My companion leaned forward, raised his voice to be heard over the jumble of music and talk, and said, "Let me tell you about a writer. I want to tell you about him because you are not Russian. Oh, you don't speak badly—a little more grammar would help. Who knows, since you have a good ear for our language, perhaps you are a Bulgarian."

I tried to interrupt to tell him I

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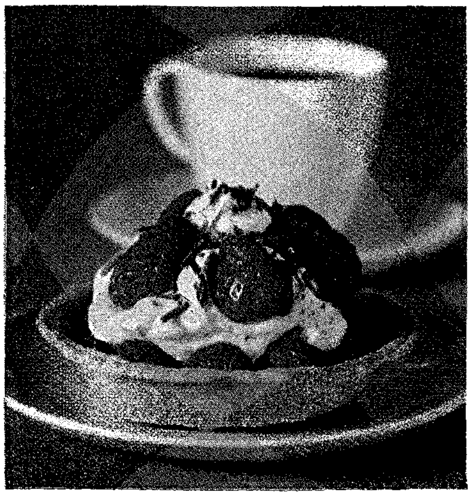

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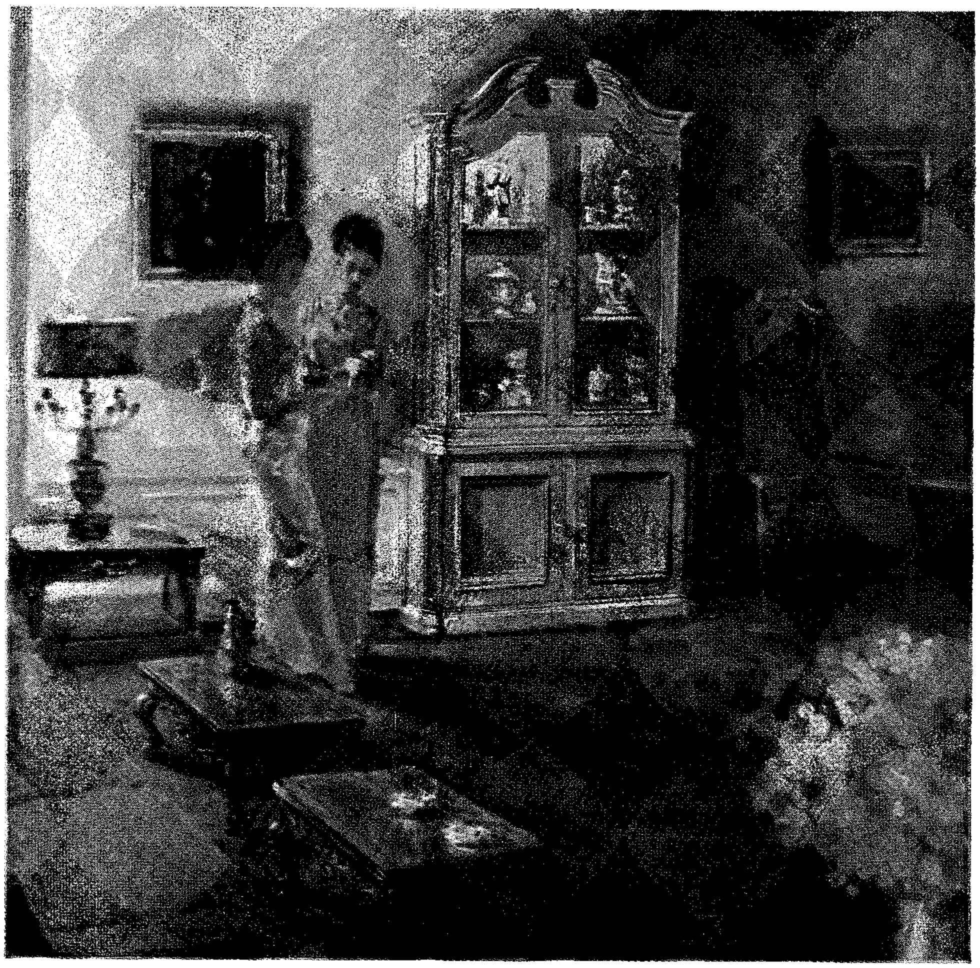

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"I don't give a damn where you're from," he said. "Let's say you are a Bulgarian. You look like a Bulgarian I once knew, so that will do nicely."

"I'm a Bulgarian," I said.

"Good. Now, I realize you have problems of your own in that Bulgaria of yours. Someday—who knows?—you may even have a literature. Say that a young man in your Bulgaria wants to write. Chances are that he will succeed neither in becoming as big a clown as Yevtushenko nor in achieving the tough-minded honesty of Tvardovsky. Most of us land somewhere in between. That's why I want to tell you about this man who himself is an in-betweener. Have you perhaps heard of D——?"

D——, the man he mentioned, is a well-known Russian writer and essayist. He is a Party member, but he has the respect of the liberals, because when the time came that he couldn't write with critical honesty, he shut up. In fact, he had written almost nothing for a year or more. Then, a week or so before I came to Moscow, I had read a strong orthodox-Party article by him in which he attacked everyone from Ehrenburg to Yevtushenko. Niktonov and other people I knew felt that the Party had interpreted D——'s silence as support for the avant-garde, and that he might have been forced back into line, with the reactionary article demanded as a sign that he had accepted Party discipline.

In any event, I now merely said that I knew who D—— was, and my companion went on. "Then you noticed that D—— recently wrote a silly article."

"You mean a dishonest article?"

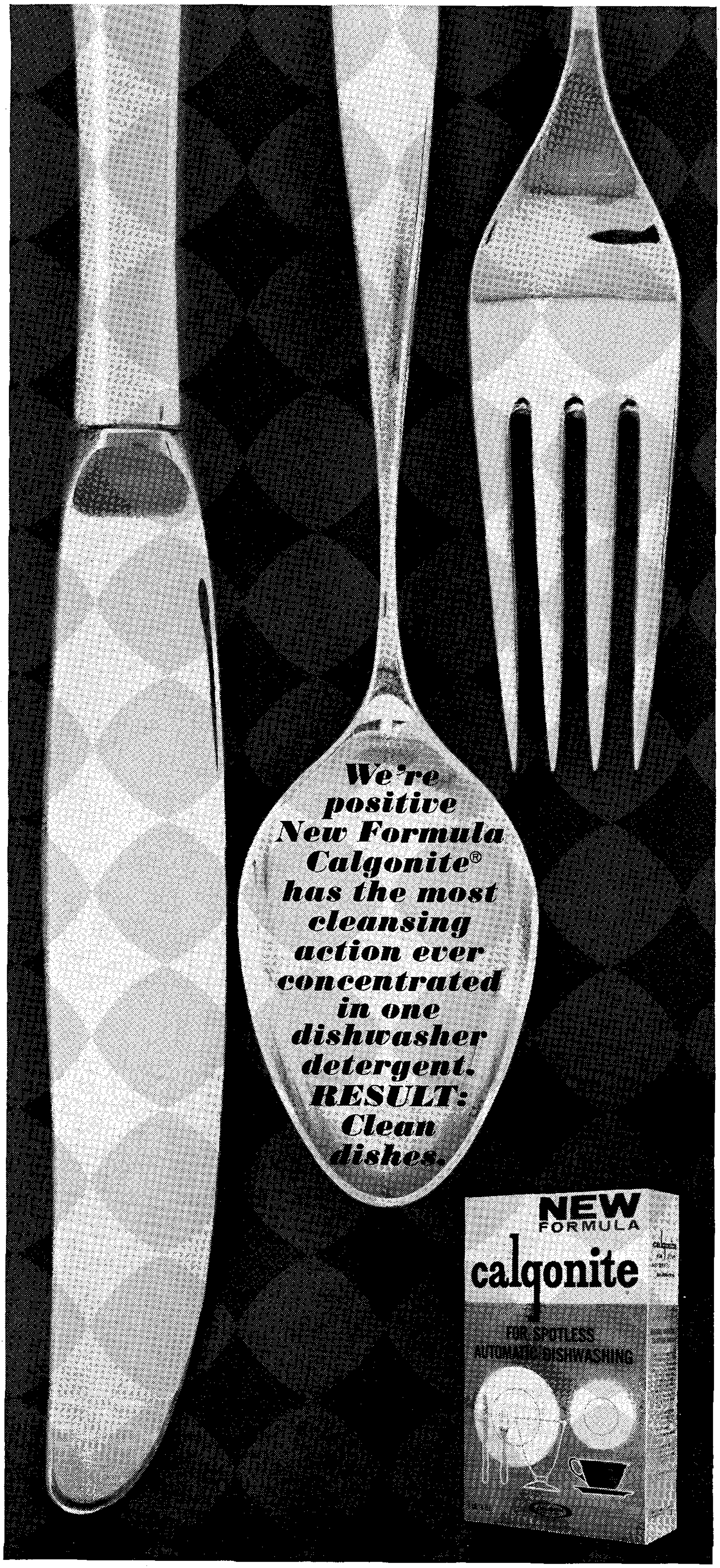
"Call it anything you like. I happen to know that to write that article made D—— sick to his stomach. He broke silence, and—many people think—he dishonored himself. But he had his reasons."

"Are you going to say that D—— felt obliged to write that article because if he hadn't, someone worse would have?" I asked.

"Yes, I was going to say something like that."

"But that's what Ehrenburg says about himself in the past, when he was asked to do nasty jobs. And D—— *attacked* Ehrenburg for that."

"Did you ever stop to think that he might have attacked Ehrenburg on that score precisely because it was torturing D——, too? And maybe, for the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first time in his life, he began to understand what it means to develop integrity. Maybe attacking Ehrenburg was D——'s way of telling Ehrenburg that he at last understood how truly hard it was to maintain silence—and how hard to break silence in the name of conscience. Ehrenburg's right! Silence is a hard art to learn. But look what different silences there can be."

"Tvardovsky kept silent," I said.

"That's right. And Paustovsky holds his tongue. And Ehrenburg himself does not make counter-accusations. Let us have a toast to honorable silences."

We continued drinking. When his vodka was finished, I ordered more—two hundred grams, I think—but nothing to eat. Since he didn't eat, I wouldn't eat; I felt that it was a point of honor. Finally, I asked him, "How did this ideological-aesthetic controversy get started, anyway?" Without thinking about it, I assumed quite automatically (perhaps it was the vodka) that anything this man told me would be the truth—or as near it as he could come. Perhaps his reason for being honest with me was the same as with other friends of mine: I was a foreigner. Whatever he said to me would be exported with me.

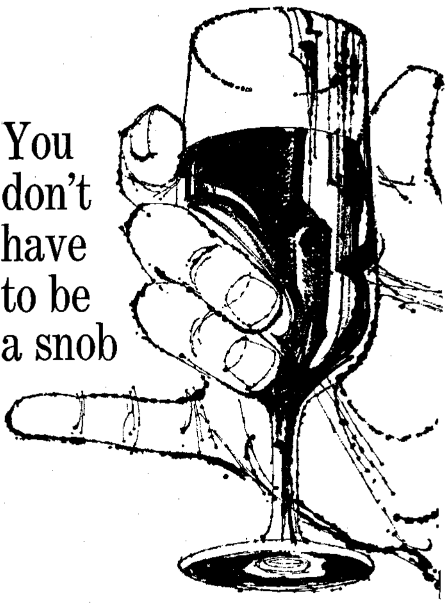
"Imagine a time when a play by one of our contemporary Soviet authors is put on in New York and proscribed in Moscow!" he said. "I'm talking about Shvarts' 'The Dragon.' True, it was produced in Leningrad. But never in Moscow. It is a time of backsliding, my dear fellow. Our ideological controversy makes us seem more interesting abroad than we are to ourselves. This is, after all, not the first little debate we've had since Stalin died. In the end, very little will happen."

"But *what* started it?" I repeated. "Do you know? I mean the *real* cause."

"Solzhenitsyn and Yevtushenko."

"Just those two?" I asked, surprised.

"Two robins are enough to start the spring," he said. "Along came Solzhenitsyn and scared the hell out of certain people—the ones who like to say, 'We're going straight ahead to our rendezvous with the future.' Well, Solzhenitsyn answered them, all right. 'Sure, you're going straight ahead—straight to hell, that's where!' After all, what was there in his book that was unknown? An open secret, the whole thing. You know how it is in the *pulcinella* show when Punch leans over and whispers a big secret so the audience can hear? That's what his book was like. It told the secret openly. And



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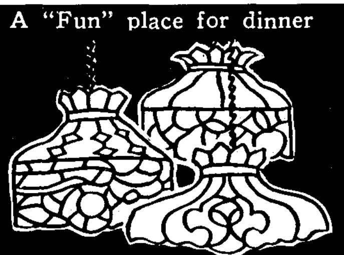

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everyone said, 'Thank God!' Everyone except—"

"The heirs of Stalin."

"Yes, and that is why I added Yevtushenko. He recognizes that the bacillus of evil is still alive. Remember, when Stalin was removed from the mausoleum he was reburied in that little grassy mound behind it, not a hundred feet away. Go sometime and stand on the earth above him. It is a strange, troubled bit of ground. And I think Yevtushenko caught that in 'The Heirs of Stalin.' On the surface, the poem attacks the fear that a multitude of Russians felt. But beneath the surface the tendrils of that fear twine down among our ancient demonological memories. The way Yevtushenko describes the coffin! Suddenly it becomes a peasant's rude casket, with cracks between the boards, and with smoke, barely visible, escaping from it, and with breath seeping through the cracks! The creature is still alive! The *vurdalak*. You have it in Bulgaria, too—the vampire, stirring in its coffin, ready to wake." Then, almost like a man in a trance, he began to quote:

"Yet the coffin smoked, oh, so faintly,
And breath leaked through the cracks
  when they carried him out the
Mausoleum doors.
Slowly the coffin floated,
  grazing the fixed bayonets.
He also kept his silence—
  he, too!
                But ominously,
Sullenly clenching
                his embalmed fists,
pressing up close to the cracks,
  was a man playing dead.
He wanted to remember
  each of them who carried him out—
  the young rookies from Ryazan and
  Kursk—
so that, somehow, later on,
  gathering strength to attack,
he would rise up from the earth
  and get at them in their innocence."

The waiter suddenly appeared at my side and stood listening to the end of the poem, our bill held out in front of him. I started fumbling in my pocket, but my companion wouldn't let me pay my share. "No, no, that would be all wrong, my Bulgarian friend," he said. He took my arm as we started out of the restaurant and added, "After all, you are a student—right? I have a good salary—three hundred a month, plus extra for my outside work. Rather than worry about the bill, you can solve a problem that has been bothering me."

I started to protest, but he ignored me and went on, "I was looking in my dictionary and found the Russian word '*buldog*.' Now, if a bulldog is a Russian

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dog, why are there no such dogs in Russia? For, to be completely honest with you, I have never seen one in all my life!"

In the street, he lit a cigarette. We walked a short distance together. Then before we separated he said, "I remember a line by the young poet Bella Akhmadulina—'I subdue myself, but only for a time.' Quite a line, isn't it? Perhaps there must be more silence. At least from decent men. At least for the time being. But only for a time."

At the corner, we shook hands and said goodbye. As he crossed the street, his copy of *Literaturka* under his arm, I realized that I had spent the evening with D——.

"THE history of our literature," wrote Alexander Herzen in 1853, "is compiled from martyrdoms and prisoner lists." A century later, the lists still filled volumes, but today it is possible to discern a precarious stability in Soviet cultural life—a stability that, if maintained and extended, may eventually provide guarantees for the individual. This year, Yevtushenko has once again been permitted to travel in the West, and in May the final installment of Ehrenburg's memoirs was published in *Novy Mir*. Ehrenburg, however, saw fit to remind us that he still meets people who have been unable to free themselves from "the fear that is the heritage of former years." Such a fear is not groundless; the pendulum still plunges toward dark extremism on its negative swing. In the opinion of the old guard, striving to achieve pure art is no proper way for a man to spend his time; art must not distract from the pursuit of the ideals of the revolution. It is still not possible in Russia for someone to say "I am a poet" and leave it at that. A young Leningrad poet named Josif Brodsky can certainly so testify. Brodsky is now serving a sentence of five years' forced labor in exile.

Brodsky was a friend of mine. He has not yet been officially published, but typewritten copies of his work have been circulated widely. A number have even found their way abroad; seven of his poems appeared in translation in the *New Leader* of May 10, 1965. In the opinion of those who know his work best, he is destined to become one of Russia's true poets; indeed, protests against his imprisonment have been voiced by artists and intellectuals the world over. In all the time I knew him, Brodsky never once spoke bitterly about life, or in a way that could have

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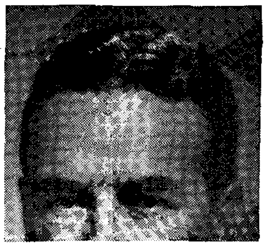

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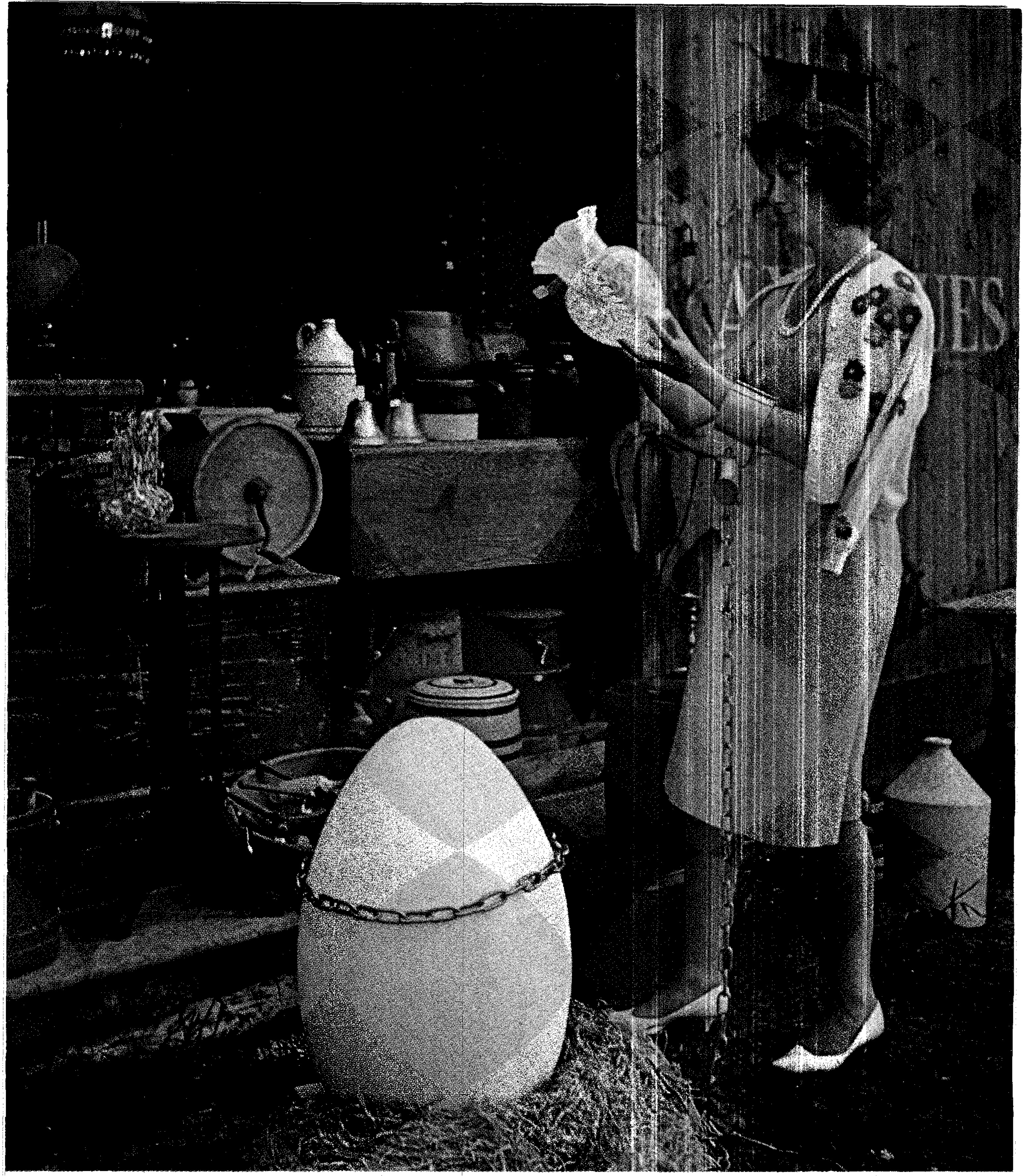

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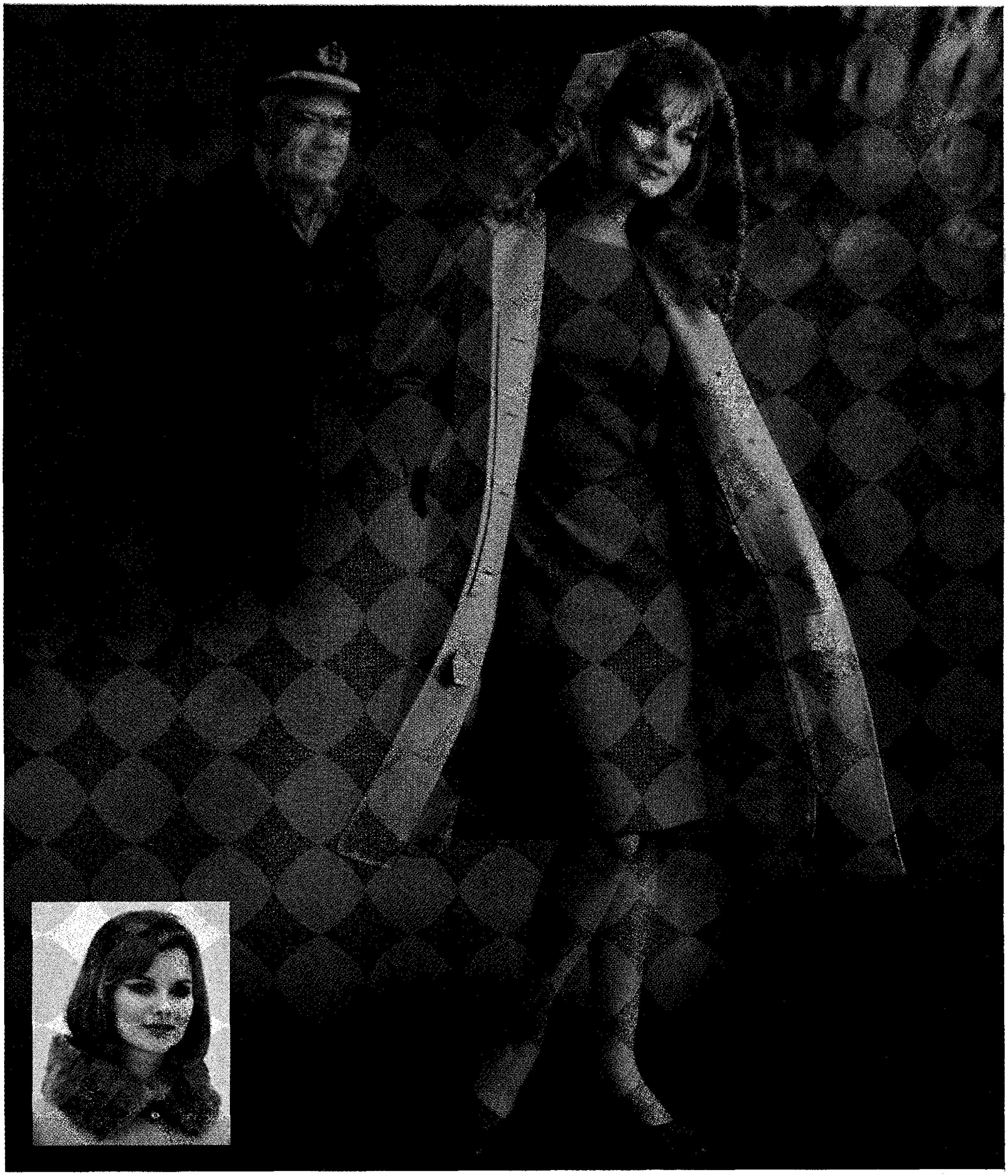

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been construed as anti-Soviet or disaffected. He is—or was—unemployed, in that he held no regular job. He lived at home with his parents. Sometimes he earned money as a translator, but mostly he wrote poetry.

Brodsky and I first met in the winter of 1961, at a youth café at the end of the Nevsky Prospekt where three young poets—Brodsky not among them—were giving readings from their works. When we were introduced, he asked me if I could find him a collection of John Berryman's verse and the latest volume by Robert Lowell. "They are America's best poets," he said. Thereafter, whenever we met, winter or summer, we would walk along the canals and river embankments of Leningrad and talk about poetry. Brodsky would recite works by Pasternak and Anna Akhmatova and by poets I did not know, and his own verse as well.

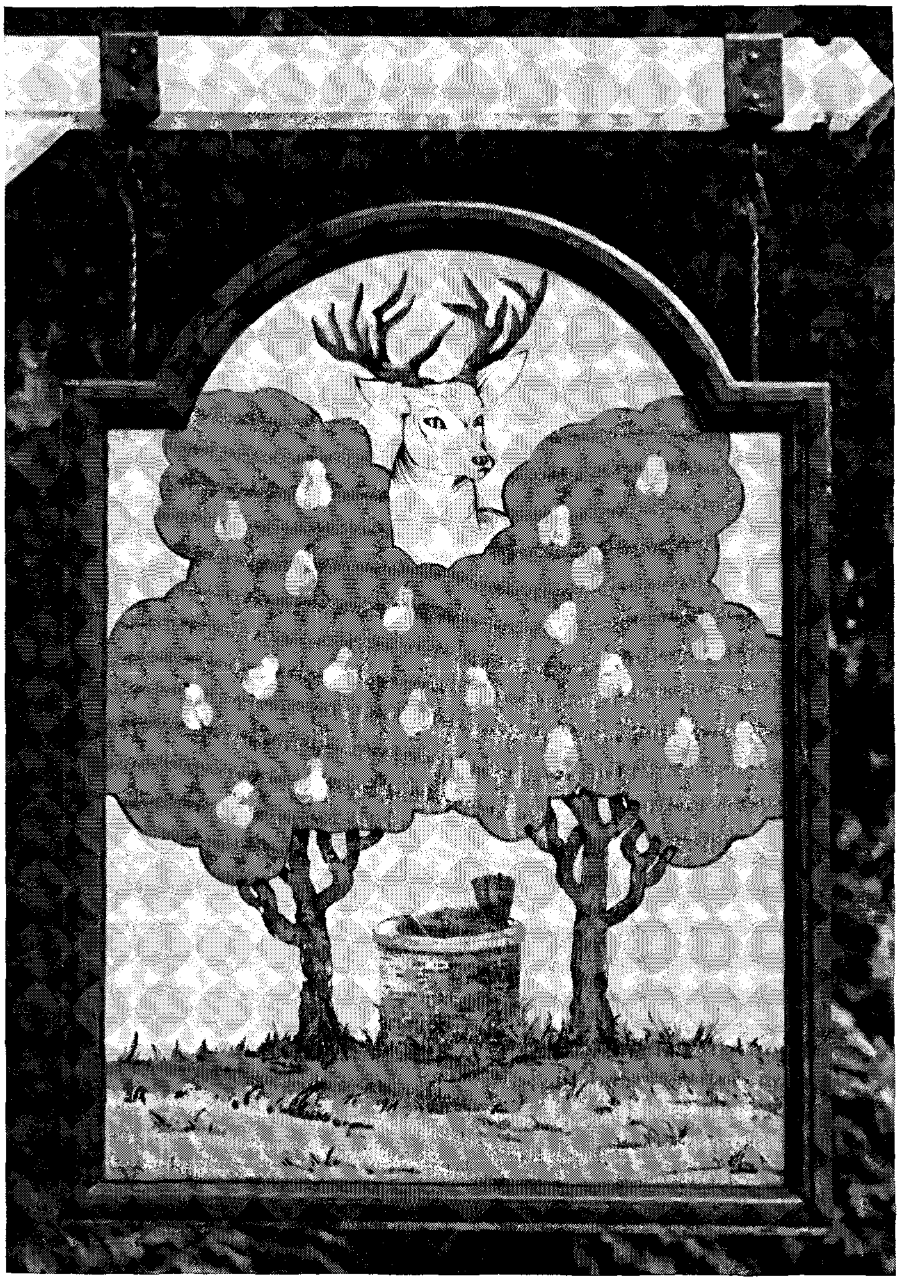
In the late spring of 1963, when I returned from my sojourn in Moscow for my last weeks in Leningrad before going home, I had not seen Brodsky for some time, and I tried to find him. I had heard that he was no longer living at home and was in some sort of trouble with the authorities. This was substantiated by my repeated inability to reach him at his house. I did not leave messages. If "they" were indeed looking for him, I did not want to make matters worse. I also tried to find Niktonov, and learned that he was ill in the hospital. Then, the week before I was scheduled to leave Russia, a friend from Leningrad University told me to be at the youth café on the Nevsky Prospekt that Saturday night. "You will find the poetry interesting," he said, and added, "Brodsky will be there."

Niktonov was out of the hospital. I went to call on him, and found him looking pale and thin. On seeing my concern, he patted me on the shoulder and said, "It seems I am among the faint of heart."

"You had an attack?"

"Let's call it a warning. Though I'll admit I don't like it. Besides, for a big *muzhik* like me to learn that he has the ticker of a butterfly is really incongruous. Now I shall be prudent and live to be a hundred."

Niktonov had never met Brodsky, and he willingly agreed to accompany me to the café. The place had two big rooms, which had been redone since my last visit in a style locally known as "Riga modern." New metal lamps hung from the ceiling in clusters of two or three. There were bright modern



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curtains, and triangular tables covered with red-and-blue plastic. When the two rooms had filled, there were at least two hundred students inside, and many more were standing out on the street. Niktonov and I found seats with friends from the university. And Brodsky was there. He waved to me from across the room and held up a manuscript. He was indeed going to read.

A microphone was placed under the arch that divided the two rooms, and the first poet to read was a dark young man named Plissetsky. Westerners who have attended Soviet poetry readings have often commented on the "liturgical quality" of the occasions, and it is true. The classic style of the oral tradition, aided by the syllabic richness of the language, does impart a feeling of litany to the verse—a feeling that certainly colored Plissetsky's style. Next, a young Leningrad poet named Bobyshev recited, and his verse was the finest I had yet heard from a young poet. With serenity and force, he recited lyrics reminiscent of Donne's love poetry, and the applause after each poem was vehement. While Bobyshev was speaking, I watched Brodsky, who stood leaning against the wall just behind him. He was completely wrapped up in Bobyshev's verse; in fact, he was silently mouthing the lines as Bobyshev recited, and when Bobyshev faltered at one point, he supplied the line.

When Brodsky took his place at the microphone, he read only one poem. It was called "Hills," and it was a hundred and ninety-two lines long. The drama and intensity of the poem were of a high order. Brodsky seemed never to take a breath as verse after verse unwound, each tightly knotted with rhyme and knit by assonance. When the last electronically magnified echo had subsided, there was a moment of silence in the café. Then the silence was broken by movement and applause. In the clamor, Niktonov shouted in my ear, "For once, you're right! Russia has a new poet!"

I was able to talk with Brodsky for a moment. His face was hot and flushed as he took my arm and walked with me to the far side of the room, saying, "Well, there you are. And you liked it?"

I said I did indeed, and asked about the report that he was living away from home.

"It's true, but you mustn't worry," he said. "In a while, they will forget about me. They must have bigger worries. Everything will be all right. You'll see. I'll go on writing poems. You *did* like 'Hills'? Good! Good!"

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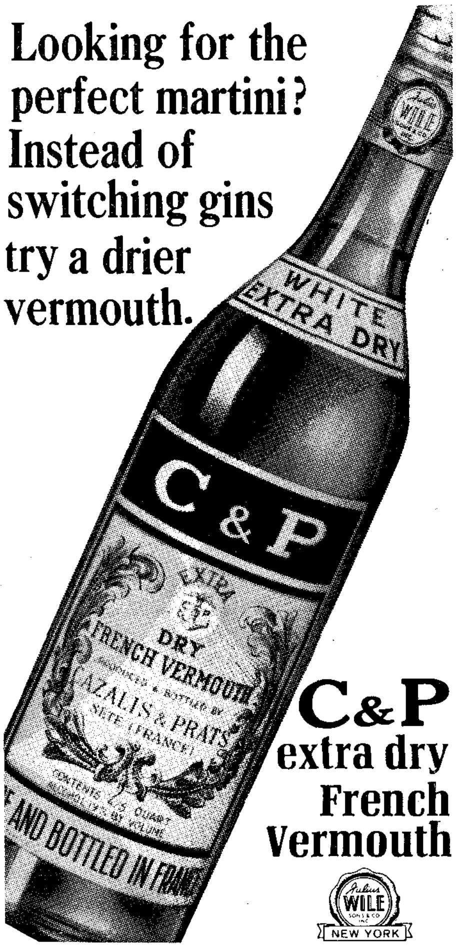

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We shook hands and said goodbye. As Niktonov and I passed the window of the café, I could see Brodsky surrounded by a crowd of students.

As Niktonov and I walked back to his apartment through the warm Leningrad night, he said, "Brodsky is a good poet in a bad position. By that I mean he has no official support. It would be safer if he were to join the Writers' Union. But then, from what you tell me of his character, I suppose he would say it was a waste of time."

"After I leave for America," I said, "will you try and keep me informed—I mean, about how things are with Brodsky? If it's all right with you, I will give your address to one of next year's American exchange students."

"So I am to be Brodsky's keeper?" Niktonov said.

"He *is* in danger, isn't he? I mean, if anyone is?"

"Poets are always in danger," said Niktonov. Then he added, "Everywhere."

"But things here are better now, aren't they?"

He looked at me oddly. "Our poets are not all of sane mind, it seems. You remember what Khrushchev said in March. Apparently, our asylums—the 'yellow houses'—are to serve the poet as our prison camps did in Stalin's time."

"But who will be sent to these yellow houses?"

"Artists with sick minds. Poets who try to smuggle manuscripts out of the country. Before you know it, we'll have a new-style artists' colony. There will be a waiting list to get in. I'll let you know if Brodsky qualifies."

It was in a speech on March 8, 1963, that Khrushchev had formulated the lunacy stratagem. He was discussing a film of which he strongly disapproved, and after remarking upon the distortion and "sick invention" of certain artists in Soviet society, he went on to question the emotional stability of those responsible for the film. "How could the Comrades have thought up such a picture?" he asked. Then he issued a warning about the consequences of "sick invention":

> Can there be, under Communism, breaches of public order and deviations from the will of the collective? There can be, but they will obviously be individual cases. One cannot guarantee that instances of psychic disorder will never occur, or that the laws of the community will be safe from violation by mentally deranged people. I cannot say precisely what, but there will certainly be some means of curbing the outbursts of lunatics, depriving them of the possibility of

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raving and harming themselves and others.

By the time I left the Soviet Union, I was convinced that some such charge would be levelled against Brodsky. There were precedents, the most significant being that of a poet-mathematician named Alexander Yesenin-Volpin, who had been dealt with categorically by Leonid Ilichev, the Chairman of the Ideological Commission of the Central Committee, in a speech on December 17, 1962. Ilichev had said:

> A book by a certain Alexander Yesenin-Volpin entitled "Spring Leaf" was published and widely advertised in New York a short time ago. The book contains a pretentious and semi-literate "philosophical treatise" as well as anti-Soviet and misanthropic verses that greatly resemble the ravings of a lunatic. . . . This brew is permeated with fierce hatred for Soviet society, for the Soviet people. The book is being passed off abroad as the "manifesto" of the new Soviet generation "in revolt." Nonsense! This rogue certainly represents no one. He is nothing but a toadstool, and he is rotten to the core.

Though Ilichev did not mention it, Yesenin-Volpin had already been disposed of. He had been placed in a "yellow house," in the company of others who had to be deprived of "the possibility of raving and harming themselves and society." Yesenin-Volpin was already a prominent man when he became a subject of ideological-aesthetic controversy. One of several sons of the poet Sergei Yesenin, he is a prominent mathematician on the faculty of Moscow University. I say "is" because he was restored to society by special dispensation. After being taken into custody at the end of 1962, he was sent to the Kashchenko Hospital, an asylum outside Moscow, and assigned to the ward for the war insane—a violent ward—where he lived through several apparently terrifying days. In contrast to the unemployed Brodsky, however, Yesenin-Volpin not only had a job but was a first-rate experimental scientist. In his case, as in Brodsky's, there were petitions and pleas urging his release, but while the efforts on Brodsky's behalf came merely from the cultural élite (including Western intellectuals), the petitions to free Yesenin-Volpin were sponsored by the scientific élite of Moscow, and he was released.

I SAW Brodsky for the last time on a bright, chilly morning early in April, 1963. Without warning, he appeared at the door of my hotel room, and I still remember the shock I felt when I opened the door and saw him

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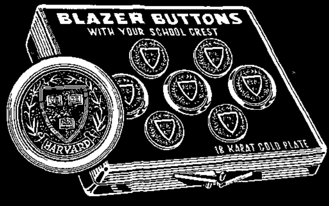

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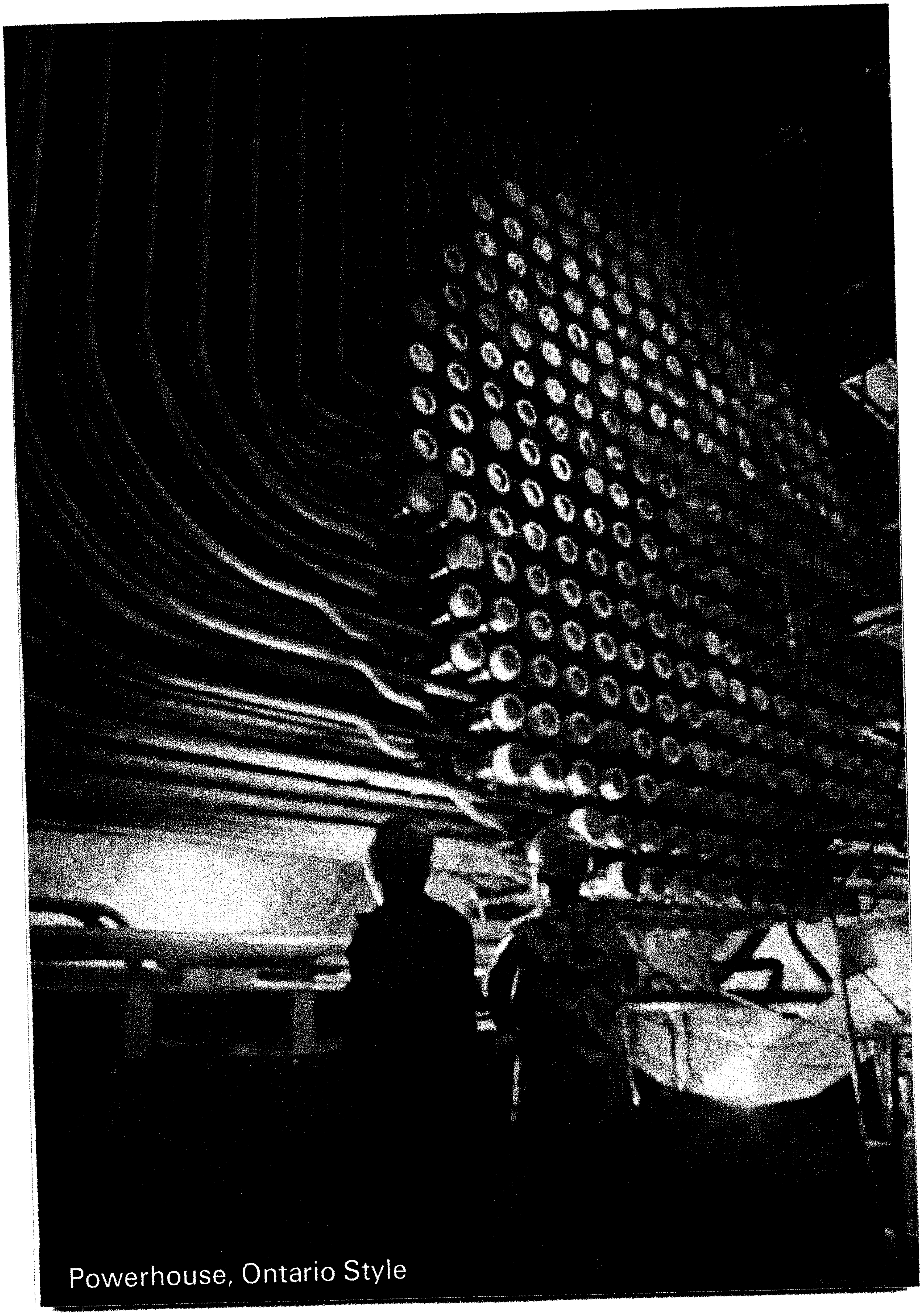

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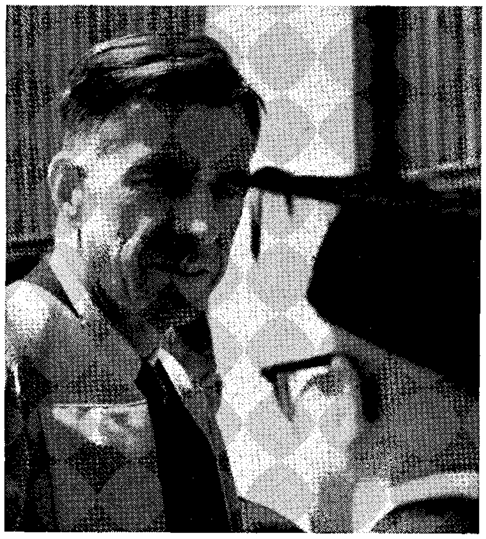

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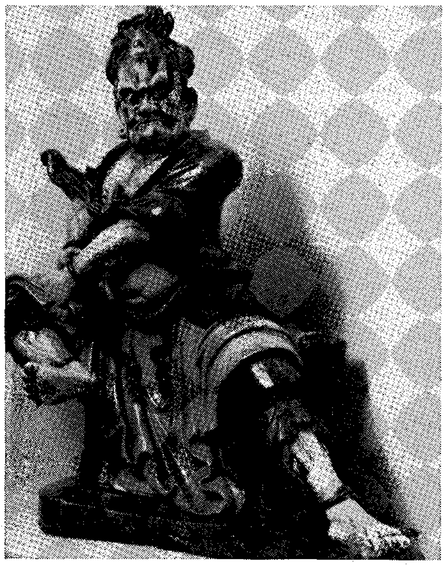

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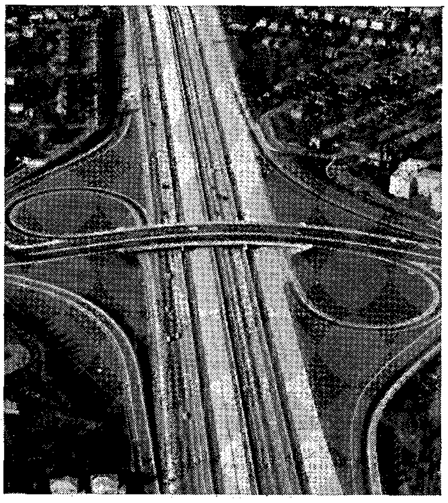

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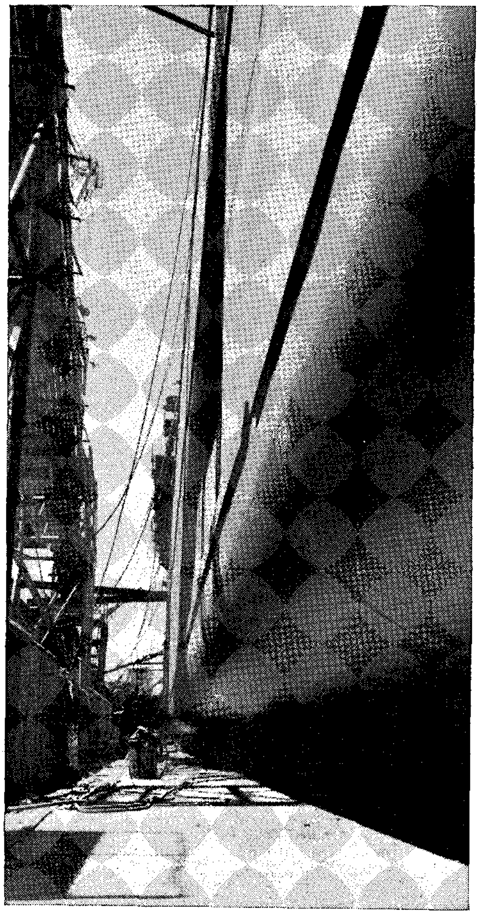

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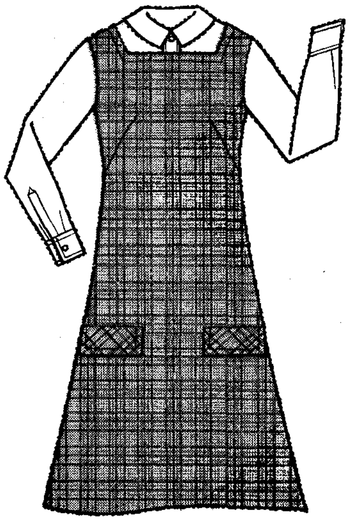

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standing in the corridor. He had never come to my room before. I would not permit it, simply because I felt sure that my room was wired.

As he entered, he said, "Well, what's new? How is Robert Lowell feeling?"

At first, I wouldn't even answer. I pointed to the walls and hurried to put on my jacket and tie. Brodsky shrugged and rubbed a hand over his eyes. He is fair-skinned, with reddish hair, freckles, and green eyes. He sat down and grinned at me.

"Wasn't Lowell in a sanitarium recently?" he asked.

"He's feeling much better now," I said sharply. I could almost see the words we spoke being sucked into the walls. My tie had become impossibly knotted.

"And take Ezra Pound," said Brodsky casually. He stretched out his legs. He was wearing shoes of yellowish leather that reminded me of the high shoes I had worn as a child. "If they hadn't put him in St. Elizabeth's—"

"Listen," I said urgently, "let's go out and buy some milk."

"What for?" he asked.

"To *drink!*" I said, and gestured violently at the walls.

"Perhaps it is too early for today's milk to be on sale," he said, getting to his feet.

"Then we'll drink yesterday's milk," I said, and pushed him out.

Brodsky followed me down the stairs and out onto the Nevsky Prospekt, where, for the first time, I began to relax.

"You're a damn fool," I said as we walked toward the Fontanka Canal. Ahead of us, the bronze horses at the four corners of the bridge reared in the sunlight, straining against the leads of their bronze handlers. "Coming to my room like that! You know there's probably a microphone."

"So? Now somebody knows I am interested in the state of Robert Lowell's mind," he said. "Is that a crime?"

"They also know that you came to my room—"

"That someone came to your room," he corrected.

We reached the bridge and, crossing the Nevsky, strolled along the canal. As we walked, I asked him about rumors I had heard concerning the health of Solzhenitsyn. According to recent gossip, Solzhenitsyn was dying.

"Dying! He couldn't be healthier," Brodsky said. "If he's dying, I'm dying. And all this talk about the greatness of his writing! That's an old habit of ours—to overvalue everything. Nat-

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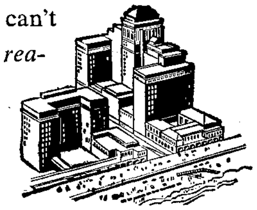

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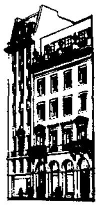

urally, his book was of vital importance. But the language! His language is that of the nineteen-thirties. True, he is erecting a memorial to our unjustly dead and martyred, attacking abuses that continue as harmful as ever. But he is also building on the grave of a dead literary language. Come, let's walk over there and sit."

We crossed the street and passed through a wrought-iron gate into the courtyard of a fine old palace. I was surprised by Brodsky's condescending acceptance of Solzhenitsyn, whom most of the world—Soviet and non-Soviet—recognized not only as a symbol but as a writer of major stature. Brodsky's stringent literary views reminded me of some young writers I know in the West—men for whom the slightest personal weakness discredits an artist.

The palace was a lovely eighteenth-century building called the Fontanny Dom, at one time the St. Petersburg home of the Sheremetev family, Brodsky said. Inside the wrought-iron fence, on the last of the softened, sooty snow, children bundled up like egg rolls played at the feet of their mothers, who sat gossiping on iron benches. One of the benches was free, and Brodsky and I sat down. He took from his pocket a thin paper volume with a black cover and white lettering for the title—"Before the Snow."

"There is only one poet in Russia today," he said. "I mean only one real poet who is being published. The man who wrote this. He lives in Moscow, and his name is Arsenny Tarkovsky. About fifty-five. After Pasternak, he is the best we have. Six months ago, this book of his verse appeared—his first. Only six thousand copies. It was bought up in a day. A strange, splendid collection."

"Why haven't I heard of him?" I asked. It was a stupid question, but Brodsky understood.

"Hardly anyone here has heard of him," he said. "Why should you have?"

"You've heard of John Berryman," I said.

"I am a poet. It is my business to have heard." We lit cigarettes. "Like so many poets, Tarkovsky earns his living as a translator," Brodsky went on. "Mostly from the Persian. He is just finishing a new translation of Sa'di. If he could translate less and write more, that would be good for us. Do you know a fish we call *yaz*? In English, it is the ide."

I said I had never heard of such a fish.

"Well, will you believe me when I

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tell you that my dictionary says such a fish exists?"

I said that I believed him.

"Good. Then I will recite you the first few lines of a poem:

> I love life and I fear to die.
> You should see how I writhe
> against the current
> And arch like an ide in the fisherman's hands,
> As I transform myself into words.
>
> But I am neither fisherman nor fish.
> I'm one of those inhabitants of
> corners.
> I resemble Raskolnikov in looks.
> I clasp my grievance like a violin . . .

"Can you hear it?" Brodsky asked. "The voice of the real poet. You must get to know this man's verse. It would be a good thing for the world to understand that there are more poets in Russia than your watery Yevtushenkos." He thought for a moment. Then he said, "Perhaps it only matters for other poets to know that we have such a poet as this. He will not make news—except for poets."

"What do you mean, he will not make news?" I asked.

"Why should he interest your journalists—or ours, either? He is not a political operator. He is not even angry. He is just a poet."

"And Voznesensky?" I asked. I knew that Brodsky considered Yevtushenko an opportunist-poet, not a real poet.

"No—also no. He, like Yevtushenko, is a crab-fish," Brodsky said. "You know the Russian proverb—'When you have no fish, then crab is fish'? Oh, Yevtushenko is an amusing young man, and no doubt a very pleasant drinking companion. He should do more things like publishing his life story in *L'Express*. Better that than to continue to write poetry. As an afterthought, he added, "Oh, yes, there is one other published poet—David Samoilov. A fair poet, also older—about forty. And a translator. But published. The rest of the real poets remain unpublished."

Some Russians I know are critical of Brodsky for his outspokenness. They say that he is hard on other poets because he is himself an unpublished poet and jealous, and that his skepticism is really envy. But I have read enough of his verse to believe that they are wrong.

I mentioned the recent attacks on Yevtushenko, Voznesensky, and the others, and Brodsky laughed.

"You think *these* are attacks?" he said. "All this is nothing more than an Armenian-Georgian knife fight. Don't

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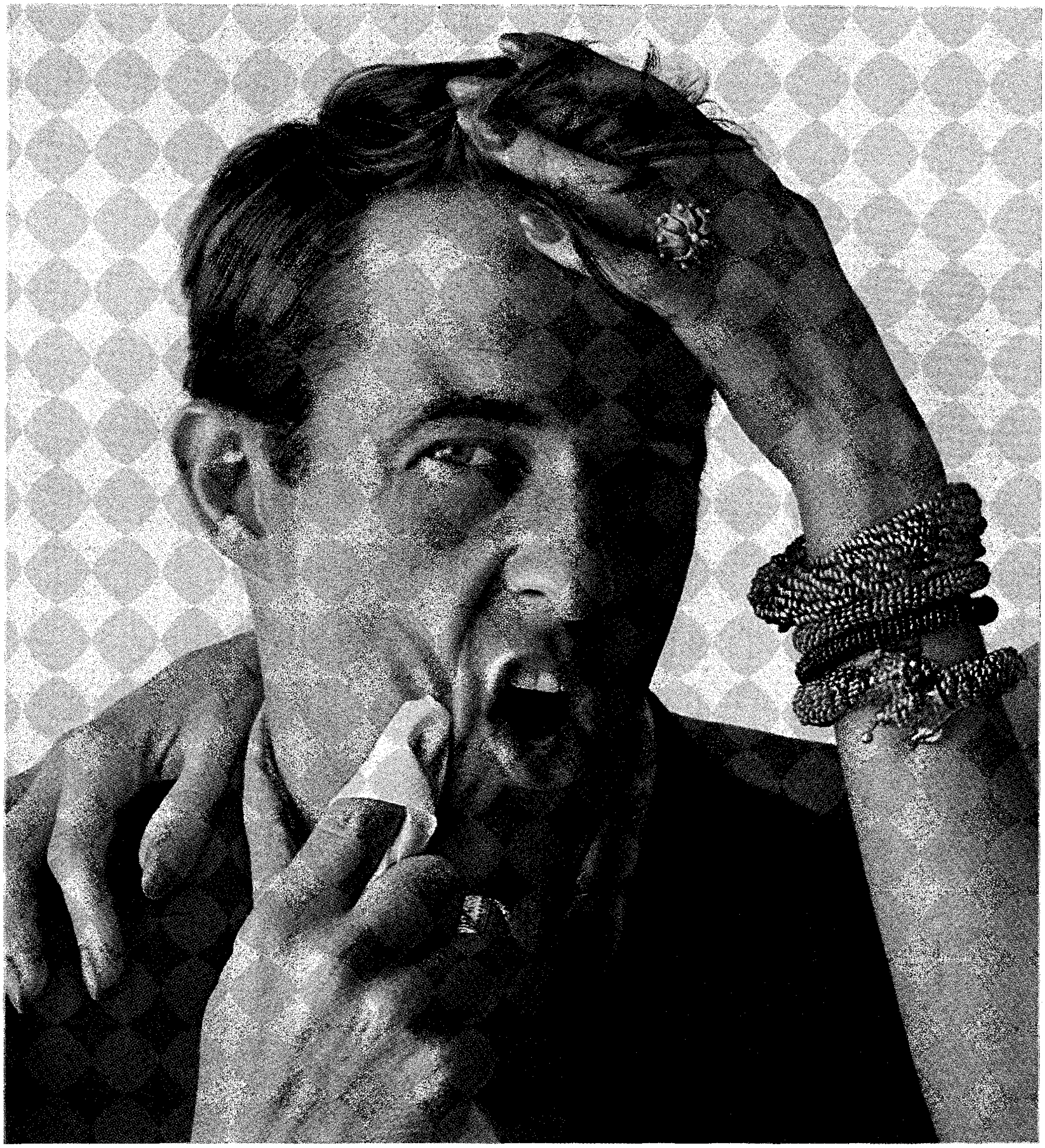

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be taken in—we are tougher than you think. Attacks are nothing new to us. Who knows? Without opposition, perhaps we would mistrust the value of what we write. People would become the slaves of their own vulgarity. On the other hand, the attacks offer a perfect excuse for the mediocrities. 'I would have written more, but . . .' Do you know what the greatest hardship for me is—the greatest hardship of all Soviet life? The lack of privacy. There's nothing else to complain about. But to work when you haven't even got your own room—you can't imagine *what* that is like. To publish would be good, but to write is what counts. They confiscated my typewriter last year—a routine search, I suppose—but that isn't what matters. The point is, I still have pencil and paper. And if I am ever without paper, I will work my poetry in my head. It will be just as real in my head as it would be on paper."

When we separated that day in April, we intended to meet again. "It may be a while," he said. "I am not living at home, as you know. So I will have to find you."

"How long have you been away from home?" I asked.

"Oh, about a month," he said. Then he laughed. "They will forget about me. They must have more important things to do. Here, take this." He handed me the Tarkovsky poems. "It is like gold, so be careful with it. I'll collect it from you next time."

BRODSKY was wrong. "They" did not forget. We never met again. Niktonov, true to his word, kept track of Brodsky for me. He even managed to attend the court proceedings and take notes; these he subsequently delivered to an American friend of mine, who mailed them to me from Helsinki. The charge against Brodsky was that he was a *tuneyadets*, or parasite—literally, one who does not work to eat. He was brought before the court under the terms of an edict issued by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet on May 4, 1961, and entitled "On the Intensification of the Struggle Against Persons Who Refuse to Work for the Common Good and Who Lead an Anti-Social or Parasitic Life." In part, the edict reads:

> It is ordered that adult citizens who are able to work but do not fulfill the most important duty laid down by the Constitution—namely, to work honestly and according to their abilities—who avoid doing work for the common good . . . or who commit other anti-social acts that enable them to lead parasitic lives . . . shall be liable to resettlement [*vyselenie*] in

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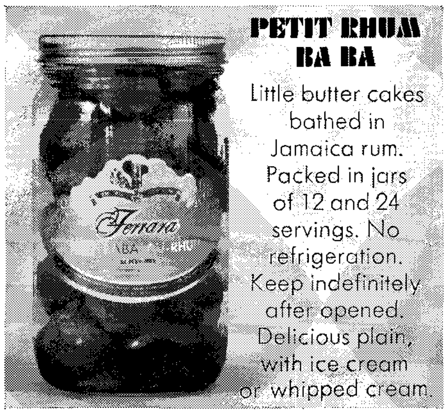
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locations specifically chosen for this purpose, for periods of from two to five years, and shall do forced labor at the place of penal settlement.

The main legal difficulty with the anti-parasite edict is that the state is seeking to punish a status and not an act, and a certain official recognition of this difficulty is evident in the fact that parasitism is dealt with in Soviet courts not under penal procedures but under "administrative" procedures. Although Brodsky's case was heard by a judge in a court, it was not a trial but a *rassmotrenie dela*, or consideration, of his case—what we would call a hearing. Primarily, the parasite law was intended to eliminate those who engage in speculation or who live off the earnings of others, and, secondarily, to rid Russian cities of drifters and bums. The principle behind it should not be difficult for us to understand, since many of our states have vagrancy statutes that read very much like the Soviet edict. The difference between our statutes and the Soviet edict lies in the opportunities that the latter offers for the exercise of personal vengeance. The original anti-parasite edict did not require that the accused be furnished with counsel, or that the hearing be public, or that the accused be allowed to appeal. Indeed, the edict was considered such an atrocious law by many Soviet jurists and legal theoreticians that the Supreme Court spoke out twice—on September 12, 1961, and March 10, 1963—in order to rectify these abuses. One other important matter was touched on in the Supreme Court's 1961 pronouncement. The Court noted that in too many cases where the complaint was originated by an individual—a "social accuser," in its phrase—the complainant did not participate in the proceedings himself. This was a reference to Article 3 of the original anti-parasite edict, which states:

> The exposure of persons leading an anti-social, parasitic way of life . . . shall be carried out by agencies of the police . . . at the initiative of state and social organizations, or on the basis of declarations by individual citizens.

In this clause the Supreme Court saw an opportunity for abuse of the law by self-interested or vindictive persons. There have been many cases in which the accused has had personal enemies who wanted to get even with him. I know of a case in Moscow in which a woman who quit her job in order to stay home and care for her ailing mother was charged with parasitism by a social accuser. The court

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found her guilty and passed sentence, but the decision was reversed when it was discovered that the social accuser had wanted to get her apartment away from her.

With the passage of time, the background of the Brodsky case has begun to emerge, and while it is impossible to know the entire story, the general outline is clear enough. When Brodsky was in his teens, he was associated with members of an "anarcho-individualist circle" in Leningrad. In 1961, because of this association, his room was searched by agents of the internal-security police, and his diary, confiscated along with some of his poetry, was found to contain several "anti-Soviet expressions," written when Brodsky was sixteen or seventeen. Two leaders of the circle—Shakhmatov and Umansky—were accused of exerting a "harmful influence" on young people and of preaching "yoga philosophy and anarcho-individualism." Both were tried and sentenced, and are still in jail. Brodsky, however, had broken with them of his own accord a year before they were arrested, and therefore was not charged, since it was decided that he had overcome his "unhealthy youthful attitudes." But neither was he forgotten by "them." On November 29, 1963, the newspaper *Evening Leningrad* published an article that denounced Brodsky as a "dissolute and cynical parasite." Along with other evidence of his degeneracy, the article contained excerpts from a number of poems ascribed to him. Some of the verses he had not written at all, and while others were his work, they had been distorted for the purposes of the article. One of the article's three signers—a man named Lerner—was apparently the moving force behind the campaign to get Brodsky. According to the first of two letters that Niktonov wrote me, Lerner had kept an eye on Brodsky ever since the Shakhmatov-Umansky affair. Niktonov described Lerner, who had been a captain in the M.V.D. until his retirement in 1953 or 1954, as "a specialist in ferreting out the enemies of the people." Since his retirement, he had belonged to the Narodnaya Druzhina, or People's Patrol—an auxiliary peace-keeping force staffed by volunteers from factories, schools, institutes, and so on. There is no mistaking the power vested in the *druzhinniki.* The 1960 All-Union Statute on Voluntary People's Patrols grants them wide authority, including the right to make suggestions to "state and social organizations" that action be taken against those who disrupt the public order, the

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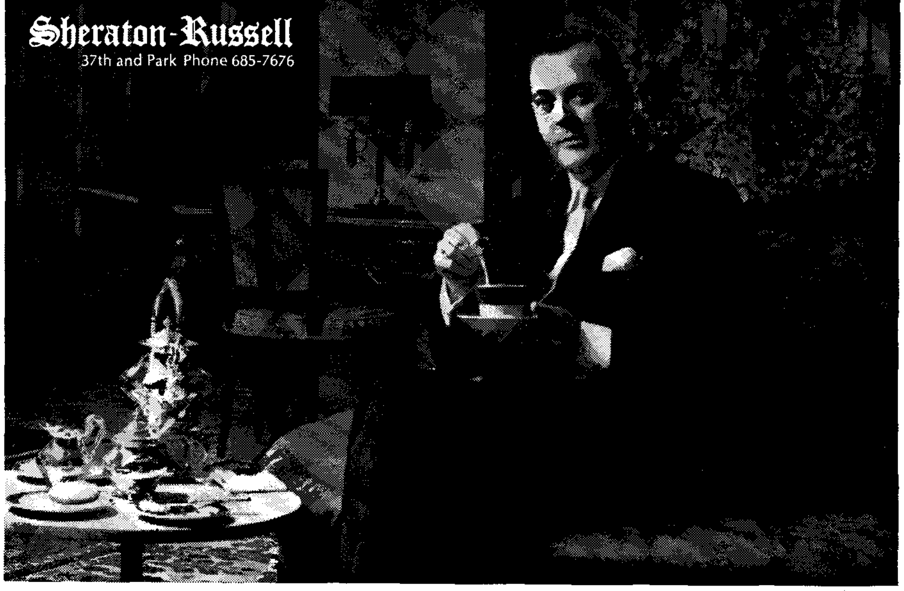

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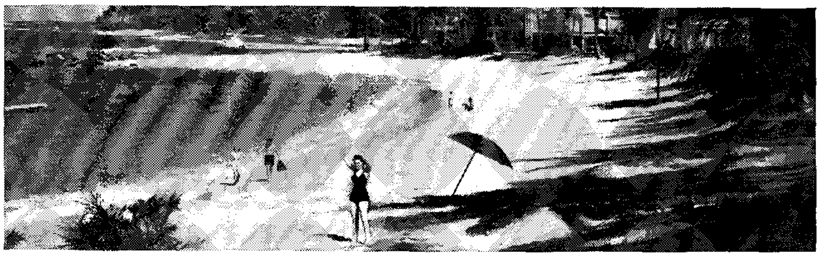

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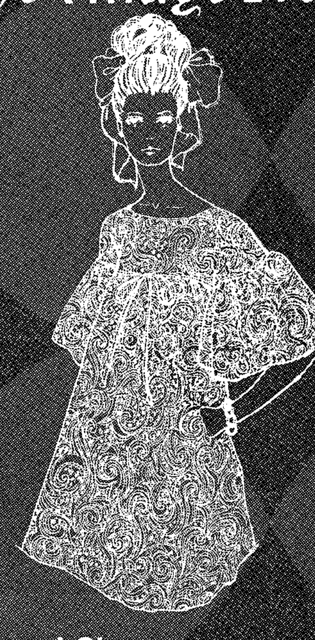
right to provide documentary evidence to "Comrades' Courts or administrative agencies," and even the right to see to it that offenders are dealt with in the press. "As an ex-captain in the internal-security police who retired only after the death of Stalin, Lerner would be widely connected in Leningrad law-enforcement circles," Niktonov wrote me. "Thanks to Brodsky's connection with Shakhmatov and Umansky, he was kept under constant surveillance—the confiscation of his journals and the discovery of 'anti-Soviet' remarks in them guaranteed that. In the eyes of a Stalinist policeman, there could be no doubt that Brodsky was the worst kind of parasite. It is even conceivable that such a man would honestly believe that Brodsky was a dangerous social element. And Lerner was, after all, acting in accordance with the established duties of the People's Patrols when he prepared his article for *Evening Leningrad*."

Soon after the newspaper article appeared, Lerner, on his own initiative but aided by a member of the Writers' Union named Voevodin, addressed a closed meeting of the union leaders. He was able to convince them that Brodsky was dangerous, and to get them to agree that he should be tried as a parasite. This was an important move tactically, for although Brodsky was not a member of the union, he could have relied upon a certain measure of support from its leaders if Lerner had not got to them first. In the course of the court hearing, Voevodin produced a document alleging that Brodsky performed no literary "work," and alleging, further, that he wrote "anti-Soviet and pornographic" verses. This document was presented to the court as the unanimous opinion of the members of the union leadership when in reality it was entirely the work of Voevodin and Lerner. Though this fact was brought out in court by Brodsky's counsel, the Writers' Union did nothing to counteract the damaging effect of the document. One can deduce the presence behind the scenes of a stock character left over from Stalin's time—the *donoshchik*, or professional denouncer.

As a result of Lerner's efforts, Brodsky was picked up and examined before a closed court on December 13, 1963. No disciplinary action was taken at that time, but he was admitted soon afterward to Moscow's Kashchenko Hospital (where Yesenin-Volpin had been confined) for "psychiatric observation," and he remained there roughly a week—from the end of December to



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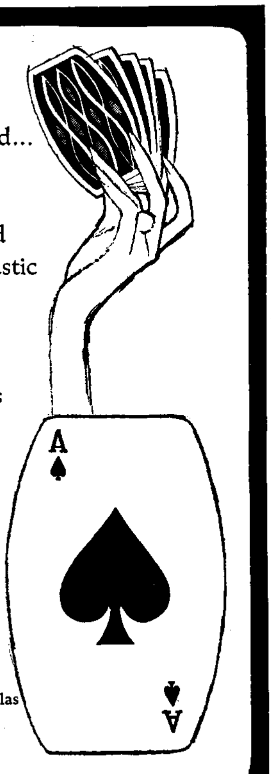

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January 5, 1964. Six weeks later, back in Leningrad, Brodsky was arrested as "a parasite who had evaded a court summons"—although it was established at his hearing that no summons had been served. The hearing was in two parts, beginning on February 18th and ending on March 13th, when sentence was pronounced. It was presided over by a Judge Saveleva and two "assessors"—citizens living in the environs of the court who sit as co-judges and have an equal voice with the judge.

"In my opinion," Niktonov wrote me, "the findings of the court notwithstanding, the two assessors were not prejudiced against Brodsky at the start. That is as much as I will say. To give you an idea of the atmosphere of the hearing room, on the second day there was a sign posted on the courtroom door reading 'Legal Proceedings Against the Parasite Brodsky.' "

According to the anti-parasite edict, the accused "must be warned in advance . . . and must thereafter refuse to do socially useful work." Yet when Brodsky testified, "I wanted to write poetry and do translations, but if that contradicts the acceptable norms, I shall take a regular job and write poetry, too," his statement was disregarded by the court. The crux of Brodsky's defense lay in demonstrating that he earned his living as a poet and translator. To this end, teachers, translators, and members of the Writers' Union were called as defense witnesses. The clearest statement concerning Brodsky's position and the legality of his work and livelihood was made by a Professor Admoni, of the Herzen Pedagogical Institute, in Leningrad, who qualified as an expert witness by virtue of his work as a linguist and translator. At the end of a long, dispassionate, and logical review of the defendant's work as a translator, he said:

> What Mayakovsky said concerning the work of the poet is equally applicable to the work of the translator of poetry: "For the sake of a single word, you must laboriously sift a thousand tons of verbal rock." This edict under which Brodsky has been called to account is aimed against those who work too little, not those who do not earn enough. . . . To accuse Brodsky of belonging to the work-shy element is absurd.

In the eyes of the prosecution's witnesses, the article in the *Evening Leningrad* was evidence enough. "It was printed in the paper that he was a parasite and a pernicious influence on the youth of Leningrad," Niktonov wrote. "Why should the newspapers print lies?" In answer to the defense counsel's question as to whether she had

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ever seen Brodsky, Prosecution Witness Romashova, a teacher of Marxism-Leninism at the Mukhina School, replied, "Never. But his activities give me the right to judge him." Witness Nikolaev, a pensioner who spoke "as a father," testified to the evil that Brodsky's poems had done to his own son ("who," Niktonov observed, "according to the father's testimony, should *certainly* have been investigated as a parasite"), and concluded his testimony with the applauded opinion that Brodsky was not merely a parasite but "a militant parasite," adding, "People like him must be ruthlessly dealt with."

Most of Brodsky's testimony reads like an attempt to establish a principle—that he was a poet, and that writing poetry was work—but it was clear throughout the proceedings that the court set little store by his claim. Again and again, Judge Saveleva emphasized the matter of work and its non-performance by Brodsky:

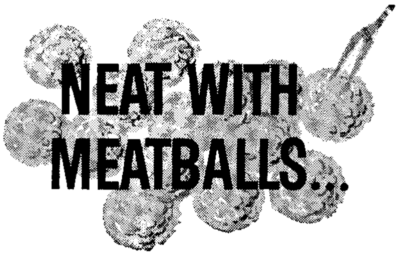
JUDGE: Explain to the court why you were unemployed during long intervals and why you followed a parasitic life.

BRODSKY: I *did* work. I worked as I work now. I wrote poems.

JUDGE: That is, you wrote your so-called poems. But you could have held a proper job at the same time.

"From a legal point of view," Niktonov commented, "an efficient attorney would have emphasized the translation aspect of Brodsky's work. Not only in view of the general anti-intellectual bias of the court but because what Brodsky did earn *was* the result of his translations." Although expert witnesses testified to Brodsky's competence as a translator, to the fact that publishers had given him contracts to translate, and, finally, to the fact that his translations had been published, none of Brodsky's translations were submitted in evidence during the hearing, as far as I can determine. Rather, it seemed that the defense counsel left Brodsky to his own devices during much of the hearing.

"My, oh, my, what a matriarchal atmosphere dominated that court!" Niktonov wrote. "Not only was the judge a woman but so were Brodsky's counsel, Mme. Z. N. Toporova, and one of the assessors, Mme. Lebedeva. Mme. Toporova's defense of Brodsky was quite clearly a matter of deep concern to her—one to which she was fully committed. Her final argument was complete and orderly, and I had the impression that she was laying the groundwork for a reversal by a higher court. However, a number of things cast doubt upon her ability as a trial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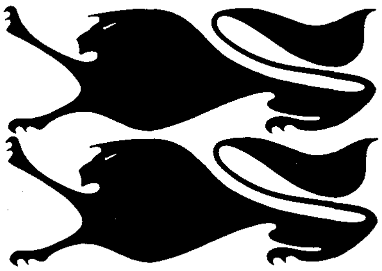

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lawyer. Witnesses who should have been challenged were not; testimony that was clearly immaterial was not objected to." According to Niktonov, Judge Saveleva's position, though biassed, was understandable. "In all probability, either before the hearing began or during the adjournment Judge Saveleva made it her business to look into the case to determine just who was behind it," he wrote. "If Brodsky had been described to her as a 'hardened case' whose punishment was a matter of particular interest to a local Party organization, that would have all but required of her a finding of guilty."

The second letter in which Niktonov dealt with the proceedings against Brodsky did not reach me until late September of last year. After apologizing for his long silence ("That butterfly heart again"), he went on to put the hearings and their aftermath into perspective.

"Once Lerner had set the scene, Brodsky didn't have a chance," Niktonov wrote. "After all, Lerner never exceeded the limits of his authority as a *druzhinnik*—it just happens that he is a rat. So what is the point? It is that one *donoshchik* armed with a questionable piece of legality can still give an unemployed poet a tough time. The opinion of Niktonov, High Court Justice Ex Officio, is the following: First, that the harassment and persecution of the romantic-individualist Brodsky was not the result of high-level politics but was, rather, local low comedy. Second, that the general anti-intellectual atmosphere in court—reflected both in the attitude of the judge and in the feelings of the audience—provides very disquieting evidence to anyone who feels like generalizing about the attitude of 'the people' of Soviet Russia toward intellectuals. It is my belief that *any* poet and *any* witnesses appearing on Brodsky's behalf would have been treated to the same reception. Intellectuals, then, are still suspect, still regarded as bums and loafers by certain elements of our population. The giveaway, the most telling comment of all, came from a miserable pipe fitter, Witness Denisov, whose sophisticated question was 'If he has talent, why hasn't he made a reputation for himself in our literature?'

"Now for a look at the cheery side. What was truly impressive—especially for anyone who has lived through our recent dark ages of fear and silence—was the free and willing appearance of witnesses for the defense. When Public Prosecutor Sorokin stood up in court and declared for the record that

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there ought to be ‘an investigation of the moral character’ of everyone who spoke in Brodsky's defense, even Judge Saveleva looked uneasy. As you must have gathered, the furor caused by this whole dishonorable affair is far from over. The entire liberal intelligentsia is up in arms—young and old. True, sentence was carried out. Brodsky was dispatched to a state farm for criminals in the province of Arkhangelsk and set to work shovelling dung—a punishment devised by some literary-minded cynic, no doubt. But he *was* permitted a visit home last summer. Imagine how Lerner liked that! And while letters of protest have not yet had much effect, clemency has been shown—or at least consideration for Brodsky's health—for he is reported to have been relieved of his labor obligations altogether. So something is certainly up.

“The broadest issue remains to be resolved: A man has been dealt with unjustly under an edict of questionable legality to the disservice of our Socialist law itself. Believe me, plenty of *shishki* [“pine cones,” the equivalent of our “big wheels”] are making Brodsky's plight their business. Clearly, his is a case of one individual's being hounded and run to ground by another for unjust reasons. The decision against Brodsky *must* be reviewed by a higher court. Remember, trial courts make errors against justice in all countries. On petition from Brodsky's lawyer, the Procurator General's office of the U.S.S.R. is bound to protest the findings of the Leningrad court, and the Supreme Court is equally bound to reverse the decision. Until that is done, Brodsky's condemnation remains the only real crime—the crime of the past rising up to soil the present.” (On July 6th of this year, Alexei Surkov, of the Soviet Writers' Union, told delegates to the P.E.N. Congress at Bled, Yugoslavia, that Brodsky's case was under review by the Soviet Supreme Court. Surkov, it is worth noting, is the man who led the official assault against Boris Pasternak, whom he characterized as “a vicious philistine.”)

The end of 1964 brought sad news of my Russian friends. In November, a false rumor circulated that Brodsky was free. In December, I learned that he was not, and that Niktonov had died. A mutual friend cabled me from Helsinki: “THE POET IS NOT FREE. THE ARCHITECT DIED LAST WEEK. PNEUMONIA PLUS WEAK HEART.” Looking at that cablegram now, all I can think of is Niktonov's gentle dismissal of his own condition: “Brodsky and I—we have matters of the heart in com-

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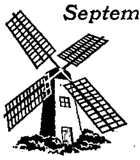
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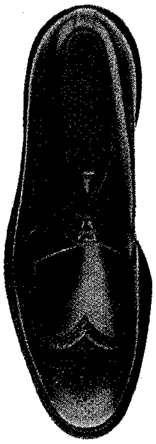

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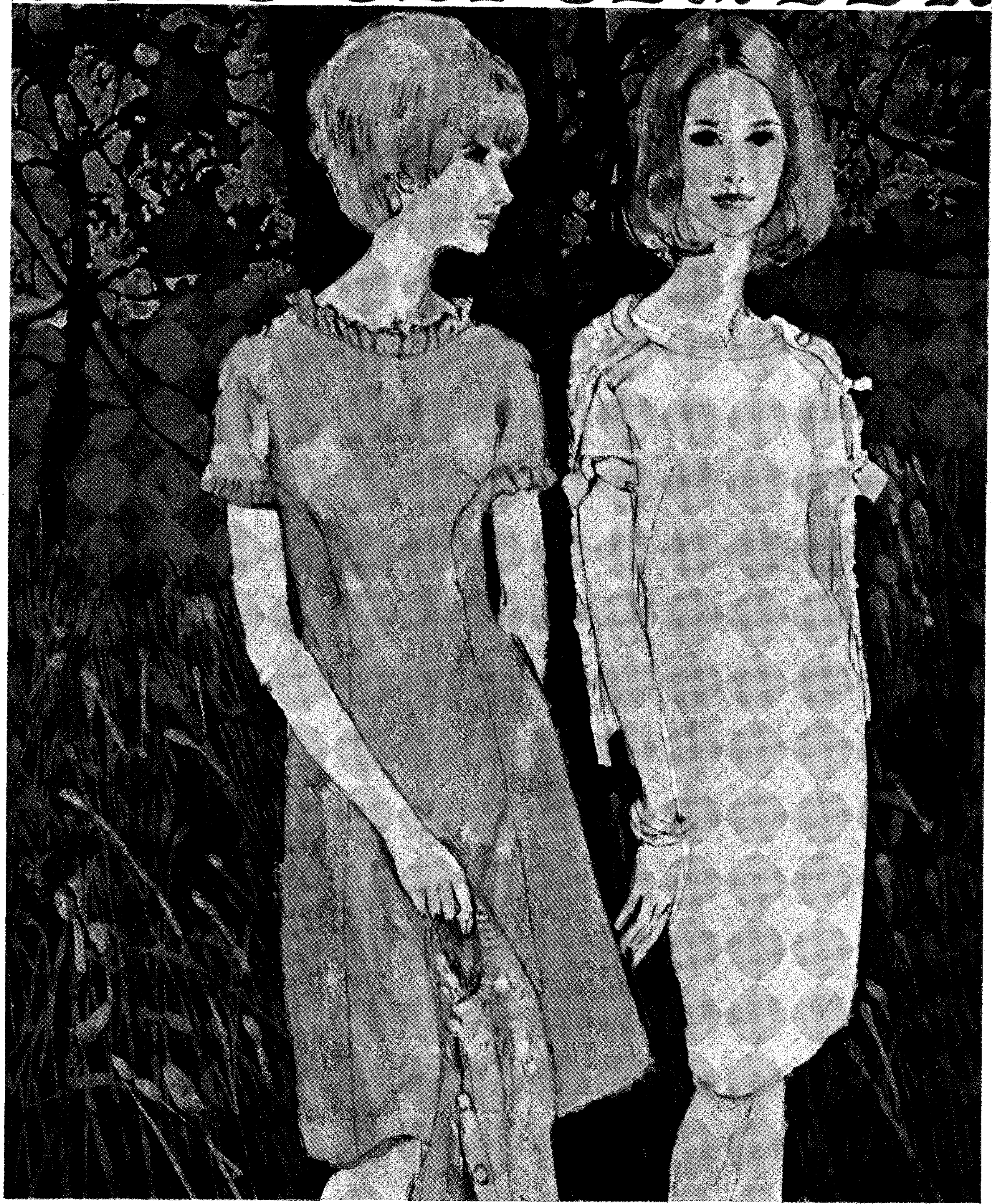
SOFT SEPTEMBER



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IN THE TANNER MANNER

mon." They had much more. I miss them both.

A GREAT deal has been accomplished in Soviet Russia over the past decade in the name of truth, and still the poet's truth and the Party's truth fail to coincide. The Party's myth of its own past does not make sense to poets of the new generation whose fathers were sacrificed to that myth. The Party's myth of the present doesn't jibe with what the poets see around them. Finally, the Party's myth of a bright future must seem to Russian poets like the biggest Potemkin Village of them all. Challenged, the Party must come to the aid of its myths, for in them lies its claim to power. Every so often, some observer of the Soviet scene remarks that "the Party needs poets," but never quite explains why. It was Niktonov who suggested a reason. "People must listen to the Party, but they *want* to listen to their poets," he once said. "I don't mean the careerist poets from whom the Party can exact service. I am thinking of the true poets—of those who go their own way not out of disrespect or little love for their country but because they sing a true song. The true poet has always outlived the controversies that have raged around him. When the anger of governments is remembered only as the insolence of clerks, the true poet's song will still be sung." —RALPH BLUM

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

6. *Get in a little exercise while you're doing something else.* Rock back and forth, heel to toe, until you feel the pull, while standing in line at the supermarket. Clench and unclench your fingers while watching TV.—*Woman's Day.*

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Bay Harbor Island Council last night approved a long range plan to build a pretentious civic center, new town hall, recreational facilities and to reopen its idle bathing pool and cabana within 90 days.—*Miami Beach Daily Sun.*

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[*From the American Weekly*]

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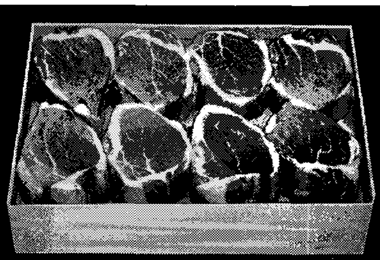
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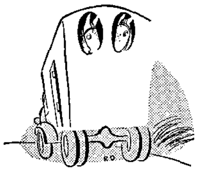
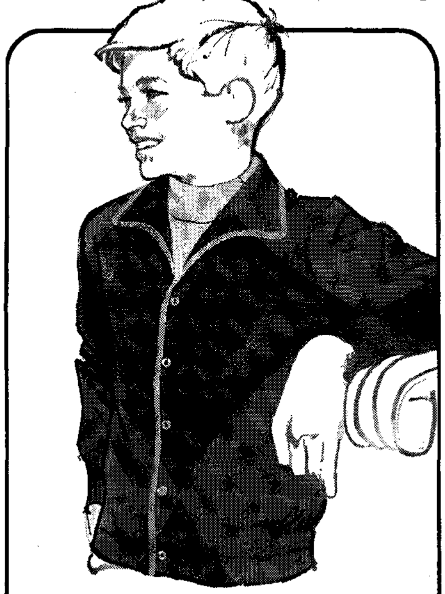


THE calm that usually follows the scramble from Saratoga was with us again at Aqueduct last week. Most of the better horses were either keeping out-of-town engagements or waiting for the jackpots here later this month, so the offerings at the Big A were modest, and some were downright disappointing to favorite-players. This was true of the Fall Highweight Handicap, the traditional opening event of the autumn season on Long Island, in which Flag Raiser finished third to Pack Trip—a 10–1 chance—and Determined Man. Flag Raiser, as everyone remembers, was a bright particular star among the three-year-olds this spring, when he won the Bay Shore, the Gotham, the Wood Memorial, and the Withers. In view of those performances, Tommy Trotter, the official handicapper to the New York Racing Association, assigned him 140 pounds in the Fall Highweight Handicap. This really wasn't cruelty to animals, as a few racegoers said it was. Run-of-the-mill jumpers carry more than that, and nobody wails that they are being broken down; besides, all the other starters in the Fall Highweight were under proportionately high imposts—which accounts for the name of the race. In spite of the heavy burden on his back and the fact that he hadn't been under colors since May (he'd been resting after his hard campaign), the crowd made Flag Raiser the favorite, no doubt because he was supposed to like the distance (six furlongs), because he was on his home grounds, where he'd run so well, and because he was being ridden by Ussery, who is at his best on a quick, free-running colt. But Flag Raiser didn't have the dash he showed this spring; indeed, he was never better than third. Macedonia led to the stretch, where Pack Trip moved up fast to win by more than a length. The time was 1:13⅘—the slowest in the annals of the event. It seems that the track was renovated in August and is a couple of seconds slower than it was in July. This has perturbed the horseplayer handicappers who base their prognostications on the time that races are run in, and they are screaming louder than the planes that fly over Aqueduct. Wise-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acres blame the condition of the track, quite as much as Flag Raiser's impost, for his defeat. As for that, in the fifty-two runnings of the Fall Highweight Handicap, only six horses carrying as much as 140 pounds have won it, and none of them were three-year-olds.

Hirsch Jacobs, after saddling only one winner in twenty-one tries at Saratoga, was looking for Flag Raiser to start him off at Aqueduct in the right direction. To his mild surprise, Ram's Horn did it earlier in the afternoon, beating half a dozen runners in a mile-and-a-sixteenth gallop over the turf course and paying a $24.60 mutuel.

AS you've probably heard, Aqueduct won't close until December 11th, and during the long session a number of the season's important events will be run off. This weekend, you can see the Matron Stakes, for fillies; on September 25th there's the Futurity, which in my book is still the blue ribbon for two-year-olds; and on October 16th there's the Champagne, the oldest prize for young racers. And there are the three weight-for-age races with purses in six figures—the Woodward, on October 2nd; the Man o' War, on October 23rd; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, on October 30th. For fillies and mares, there's the Beldame Stakes, on September 27th, and the Ladies Handicap (which was first run in 1868), on November 6th. There are more than a score of other fixtures, too, and I only hope that there will be enough good horses to do them justice.

I'M pleased to report that work on the new Belmont Park is in full swing. Stopping off on the way to Aqueduct the other morning, I saw bulldozers digging out a hollow for the foundation of the grandstand. It runs the entire length of the homestretch.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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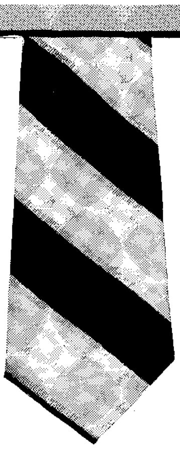

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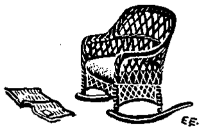
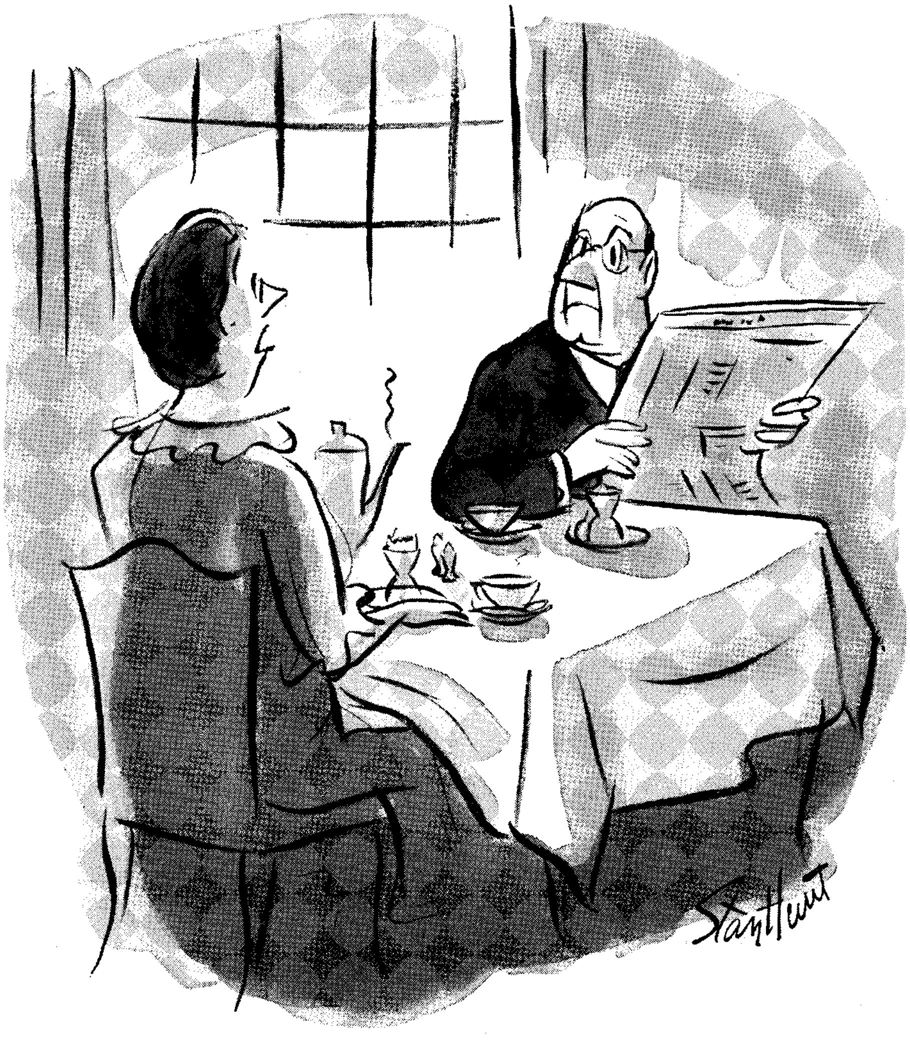


LIKE Sir Walter Raleigh, who composed his "History of the World" in the Tower, the late Flannery O'Connor (1925-64) wrote—two novels and two collections of short stories—under sentence of death. As Robert Fitzgerald explains in his sympathetic, intelligent introduction to her second short-story collection, "Everything That Rises Must Converge" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Miss O'Connor, at the age of twenty-five, was stricken by a rare and lingering disease that made her suffer terribly but did not prevent her from working as long as she lived. Mr. Fitzgerald also confirms some facts about Miss O'Connor that a reader might guess from these nine stories: that she was a Southerner (a Georgian) and a Christian (a Roman Catholic). All the settings but one are the rural, small-town, or small-city Deep South. (The exception is a story about Southern people in the North.) The author's religious concern is equally evident. She is true to demography, and most of her characters are Protestants—more precisely, they are atheists, fools, whited sepulchres, or bigots from Protestant backgrounds. They disobey and are condemned by divine laws. Most frequently her characters sin against charity: they take without giving. They are, in Milton's phrase, "blind mouths."

Being a Southern Catholic is not Miss O'Connor's most striking literary asset. Her language is: her prose is powerful, economical, and elegant. Her stories begin easily, and the elements she will mix in a tale—the characters, landscape, and conflicts—appear immediately, but the reader is not at first aware how briskly Miss O'Connor's language moves her narrative, because her style is an unmannered and exact translation of things into words. Her prose seems to accelerate as she propels her sinners toward destruction, and the reader has time only to respond as she wishes. Her stories abound with horrible or grotesque figures. She does not intend them to be as repellent as her more ordinary characters' denseness, meanness, pettiness, and selfishness, which are in many cases combined with self-satisfaction and self-deception. These last two qualities—particularly self-deception—are fine sources of comedy, and comedy is suffused throughout the collection. Some funny passages recall the mocking tone in which Southerners often tell anecdotes. They are good, but Miss O'Connor's virtuosity allows her to do better. At her most impressive—as in the first two pages of the story "Greenleaf"—she fuses humor and horror and glimpses of natural beauty.

Mr. Fitzgerald's introduction, a critical appreciation as well as a biographical and personal memoir, mentions objections a few people have raised to Miss O'Connor's work. Somebody told him that Miss O'Connor lacked a sense of beauty, and several readers have claimed that her sticking to Southern people and places is a serious limitation. As for the beauty, it is hard to imagine what more the beauty lover wanted, unless it was descriptions of Tahitian sunsets. Miss O'Connor gives us beauty as it occurs: fleeting, as it proverbially is, or distractedly perceived, or, like the divine commands, rejected. In "A View of the Woods" she describes a greedy old man trying not to notice the beauty of a view because he has decided to sell the land from which he sees it. The second objection is nonsense. Miss O'Connor uses her native region as a concrete setting, but she is not a provincial writer. Or, if she is, her province is Christendom rather than the South.

The limitation I do find in these stories is that they seem more often than not the products of a very young imagination. Miss O'Connor's illness, which made her an invalid so early in life, undoubtedly prevented her from extending her observations and multiplying her experiences. In any case, the conflict between parent and child, the main theme of six of the nine stories, absorbs most of her attention. The struggle between generations is apt to engage people who still think of themselves as somebody's child. It is a topic most writers outgrow. Miss O'Con-



"You mean you pooh-pooh the Great Society, Bergstrom?"

nor's gallery of dependent children (some as old as thirty-five), each with his obtuse parent, lacks variety. Other kinds of people—lovers, say, or friends—are missing.

The severity of Miss O'Connor's judgments and the terrible punishments she awards her characters also seem to me marks of youthfulness, for the young are usually stern and disinclined to forgive such mediocre sins as hypocrisy and smugness. I find Miss O'Connor's exacting, uncompromising standards more youthful than doctrinal. The dooms she visits on her characters are frequently out of proportion to their offenses; unlike her prose, her catastrophes are forced. In two stories in this collection, "The Enduring Chill" and "Revelation," the main characters are not destroyed but taught. They are the two funniest stories and the most clearly religious—"Revelation" is an illustration of "The last shall be first." These two are not only the most successful in this book, they are just about as good as short stories can be. I do not know what Miss O'Connor believed, but her collection shows God's mercies as more edifying than His punishments.

James Merrill's short, bright, funny novel, "The (Diblos) Notebook" (Atheneum), contains—and controls—an abundance of themes. One theme is the difficulty of creating fiction out of fact. In the notebook of the title, a young man named Sandy is attempting to draft a novel about an episode in the life of Orson, his older half brother—an affair that began some seven years earlier, on the Greek island of Diblos. Sandy, who is travelling light (he is visiting Diblos), also uses the notebook to keep a diary of his own doings on the island, including encounters with people who figure in the story of Orson. Sandy shifts from his novel and his diary to speculating about what "really" happened between his brother and Dora, a handsome and much older Greek widow. And, at times, when Sandy has discovered the facts, he tries out variations on the truth to see if his inventions make better, or "truer," fiction. And, while Sandy is writing in the notebook, his feelings about his brother change, altering the character of Orson in the novel.

Another theme—in Merrill's novel, that is—is the actual substance of Orson's story. He was brought by his Greek parents to the United States when he was a child, and he spent his boyhood

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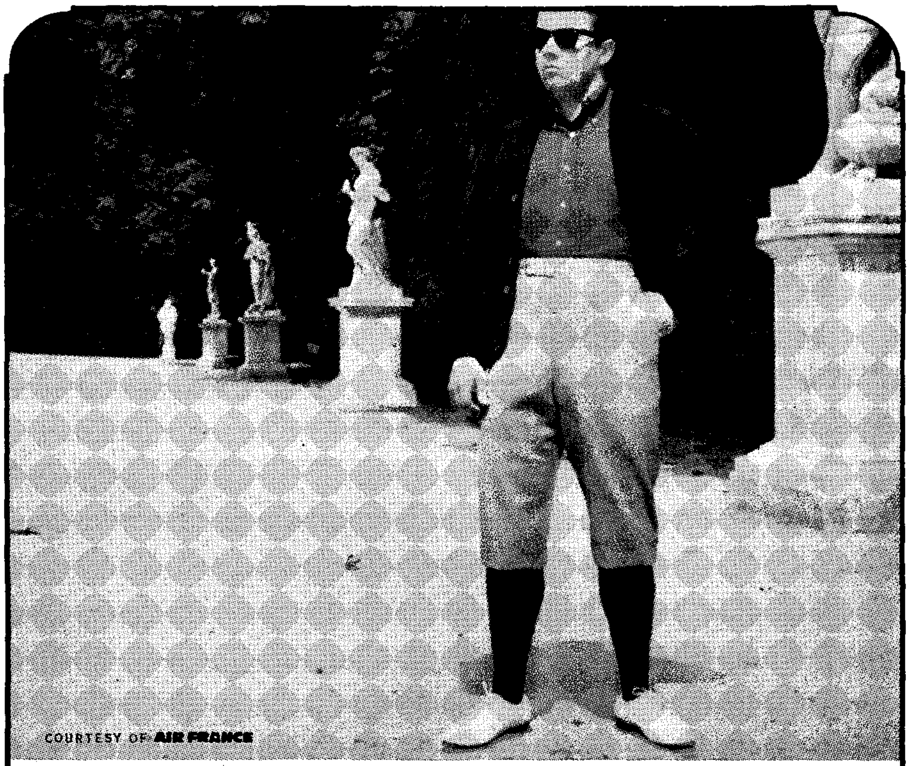

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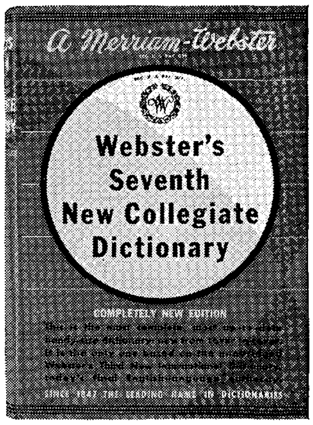
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in New York tenement neighborhoods. His father died and his mother remarried. Her second husband, by whom she had Sandy, is a rich Texan, and Sandy, who has grown up seeing his mother cheerfully assimilated into American suburban life, is all Houston. But Orson, who grew up to be a college teacher of literature, has decided that he is all Greek. Seven years before Sandy started writing in his notebook, Orson went to Greece to take possession of what he regarded as his cultural heritage. Instead, he took possession of Dora. Orson is the kind of teacher who talks about the multiplicity of meanings in works of art. Ditto in life. He can discern the entire body of Freud and Greek myth when he discusses his own and other people's motives. In justice to Orson—and in praise of Merrill, who invented the tale—the motives of Orson and Dora are so subtly tangled and their actions so entertainingly improbable that Orson-style explanatory clichés are a relief. The couple form an attachment, live together, go to the United States together, and eventually part icily, never having been lovers. Dora may be flattered by the attentions of a younger man, as Orson may be flattered by the attentions of a worldly, knowledgeable, self-assured woman; Dora may find in Orson a substitute for her disappointing son, as Orson may find in Dora a substitute for his semi-Texan mother; Dora may be pleased by Orson the American, as Orson is by Dora the Greek. (No matter how much Orson insists on his Greekness, the Greek characters see him as an American, or, at best, a Greek-American.) But all these possibilities put together do not explain Dora's and Orson's puzzling joint career. They aren't supposed to. Part of the novel's delight is its refusal to cast up accounts and balance motives like a corporate statement; the book allows room for lifelike surprises, since it rightly believes that human behavior is often too complicated to be wholly understood.

A third theme in Merrill's novel is the way Europeans and Americans meet and—sometimes correctly, but more often not—appraise each other. When Henry James elaborated this theme, the kind of person Orson is—the "hyphenated American" who does not realize that he is all at sea in his ancestors' land—was not a common phenomenon. Orson thinks he understands the Greeks, but what he has found so beguilingly "Greek" about Dora—as a rich, cosmopolitan Greek couple explain to Sandy—is not particularly

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Greek but simply European-upper-class.

In Merrill, as in O'Connor, the language does brilliant service. Merrill's, however, is a fireworks style, or styles, for Sandy writes in several. Sometimes he is just flatly putting down what happened to him that day; sometimes he is remembering, with ruefulness, nostalgia, or belated enlightenment; sometimes he is self-consciously "writing." At the opening of "The (Diblos) Notebook" is Sandy's draft of the opening of his novel, including a set piece of scenic description portraying the isles of Greece. The passage is at once fine writing and a parody of fine writing: it evokes admiration and giggles. All Sandy's styles are funny—not jolly but wry and sharp. The book's tone is high comedy. Human follies are diverting, and unexpected attitudes—such as Dora's being enchanted, on becoming a governess in New Jersey, by her exchange of the life of a European lady for the life of an American workingwoman—are delicious.

Dora is an imaginative feat, yet Orson is the novel's star, and it is his portrait that we assemble from the bits and pieces of Sandy's notebook. Orson has idiosyncrasies, but, like all of us, he is a collection of fairly familiar personalities. Merrill, in constructing him, has seen to it that these personalities combine and modify each other in a comic and unique Orson fashion. Insofar as he is besotted by an ethnic identity he has assumed, he resembles a large number of our fellow-citizens who suppose that it is appealing to describe themselves in terms of their immigrant forebears' place of origin. Orson the ethnic makes an interesting combination with Orson the eager teacher who is also a ham actor, a fellow we all have met in school. And these two Orsons blend piquantly with Orson the enthusiast and visionary, who keeps finding splendid new artistic talents to promote, and who puts a vast sash across Dora's dress before he introduces her at a party in New York, to suggest, what he himself halfway believes, that she is a noblewoman wearing the decoration of an order. All these busy, enterprising, ridiculous Orsons are Orson the optimistic emotionalist, who is always looking forward to the next friendship or the next scheme that will turn up. His biography is a series of loves and betrayals, but he is not a tragic figure. People besides Dora lose interest in him, but he always finds new audiences, new projects, new disciples. As the novel records

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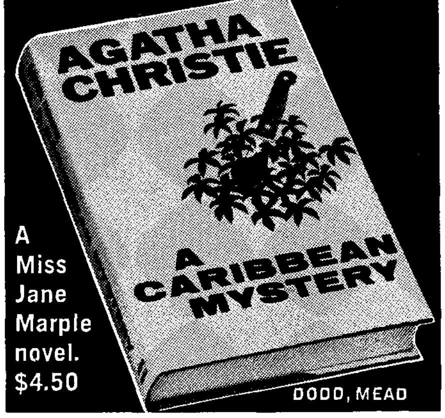

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Sandy's disenchantment with his older brother, the reader, too, realizes that Orson, the star, is not a hero but a buffoon who takes himself seriously. An extra degree of malice, I think, has gone into creating him, but not too much—not enough to spoil the comedy. Like everybody else in the novel, he will live absurdly ever after.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Erwin* (*Tenn.*) *Record*]

BY H. J. MILLER
Rt. 1, Relief, N. C.

Douglas McCoury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison McCoury of Tipton Hill section, caught a little young black and white colored duck one day last month when it came swimming down Toe River near the mouth of Bee Branch section in Yancey County.

When people who lived up and down Toe River for miles knew nothing about where the little duck could have strayed from unless someone who owned it that lived away back in one of the branch or creek stream hollows and it might even take a month or two by word by way of mouth before the news of the finding of the little duck reached its owner. The duck probably just went in the water for a swim and just kept on swimming until picked up by young McCoury.

After McCoury kept the little duck for awhile at his father's store which is located across the river from the village of Relief in Yancey County, and after he could not find out who the duck belonged to he took it to his home at Tipton Hill on Raccoon Branch. A branch stream flows right by their house and where the little duck could go swimming anytime it wanted to but it never acted like it was satisfied until they found it some buddies.

William Honeycutt who lives just above the village of Relief (Mitchell County) on the hill above the Clinchfield railroad tracks had two white ducks and after their pond went dry during the summer drought he had offered to sell them to someone. When Mr. McCoury, the merchant, heard about the ducks for sale he saw Honeycutt and bought the two ducks. When he took them home all his three ducks are now contented and not one of them is an ugly duckling if one of them is mixed up with a black and white color.

•

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Many years have gone by since we sat in the common rooms and "butt-rooms" of Exeter and talked at length about what we planned to do with our lives. We all were working toward being "complete men," sufficient unto ourselves when we went out to make our places in the world. I have found since that it is impossible to "do it all yourself." It is, instead, important to know people who can render us service when we need it.—*Letter received by an Exeter grad.*

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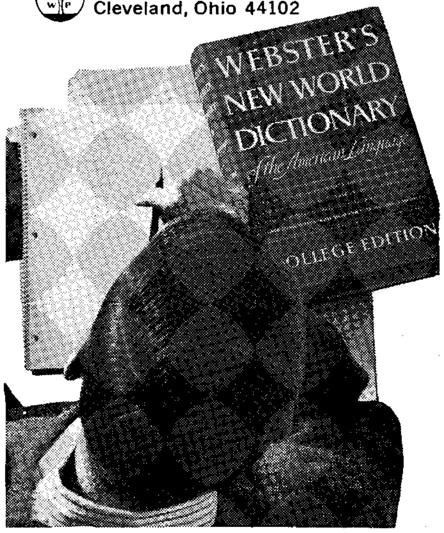

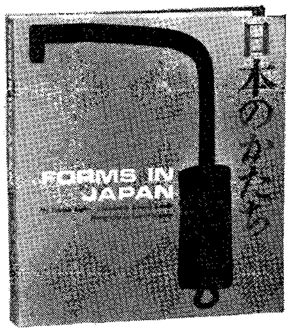

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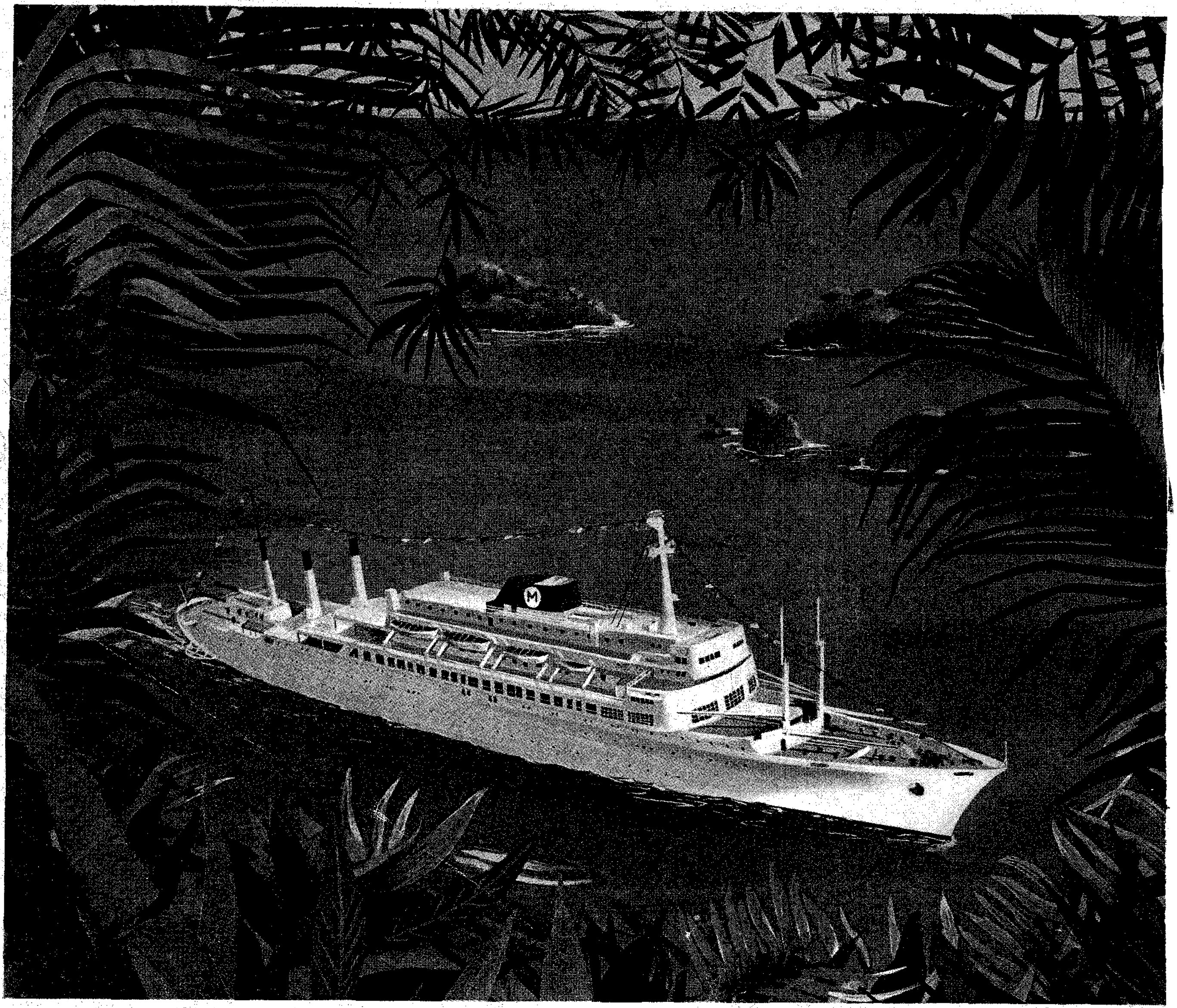

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